

herbert bayer

an interview by John Farrell

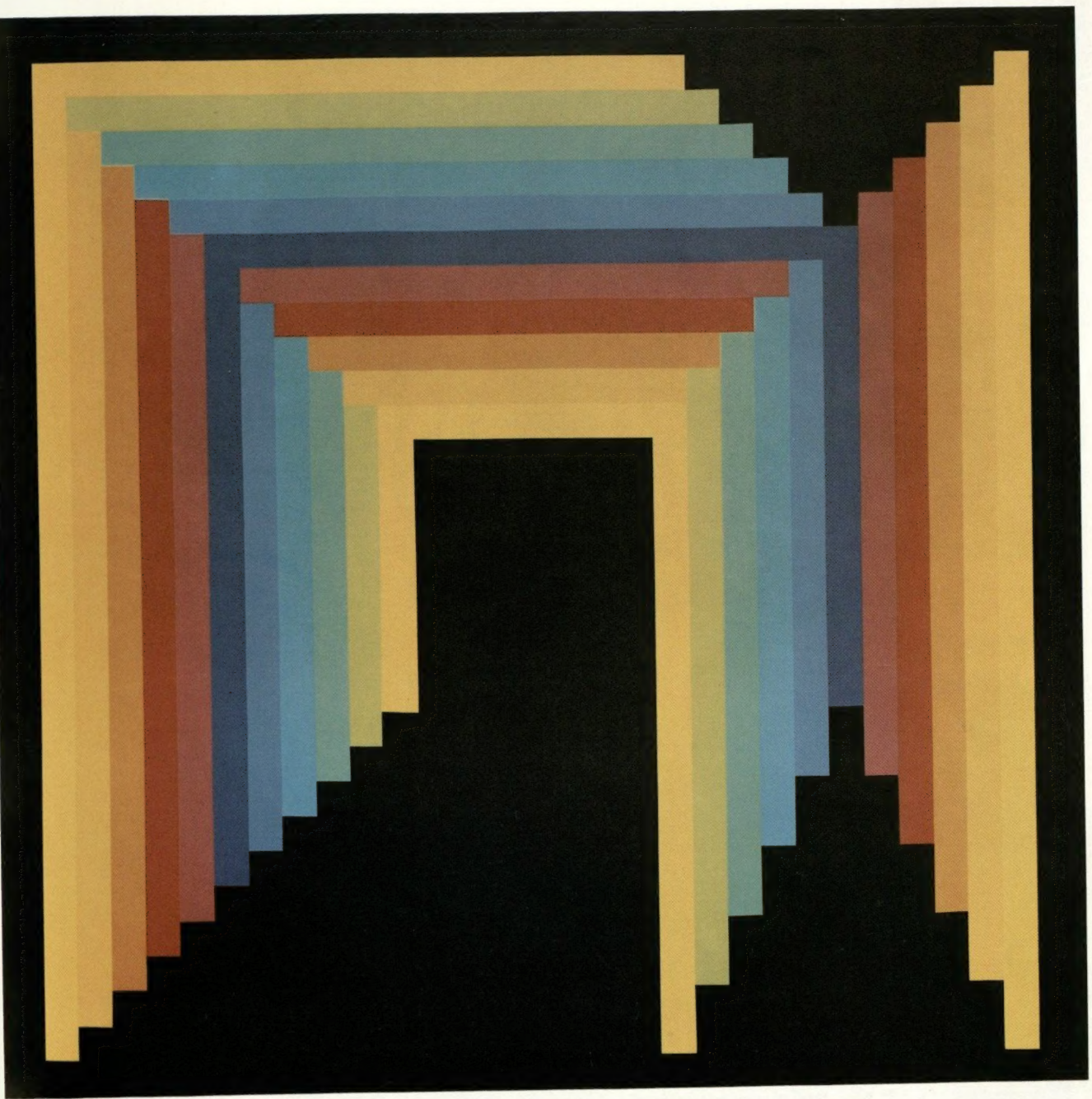
If Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Filippo Brunelleschi were to cruise our age in search of kindred spirits, their choice in Santa Barbara would no doubt be Herbert Bayer. During a lifetime that defies this century's demand to specialize, Bayer has practiced design, painting, photography, photomontage, sculpture, and architecture, all at high levels of achievement. At 81, Herbert Bayer truly deserves the accolade "renaissance man."

His house rambles without pretension in the Mediterranean style. Its entrance

is caressed by a blush of bougainvillea. A rigorously trimmed rear lawn extends to introduce a vista of the Montecito mountains. Late afternoon, late autumn light illuminates an office white, precise, and clean of line. Bayer enters from his studio.

His manner is gracious, almost courtly. His bearing is erect. White hair frames a narrow, ruddy face. Steel-blue eyes observe the world to which his mind and hands give form. The paramount impression is one of elegant intellect.

Bayer moves without haste, yet with deliberate speed. His time is highly valued and clearly limited. He apologizes for his voice. It is the day after the opening reception for an exhibition of



his paintings at the Ruth S. Schaffner Gallery.

"At gatherings like that," he rasps, "the talking is a strain for me. But in general, yesterday, that was a congenial group. There were many young people. I always like that."

Despite the temporary loss of timbre to his voice, in his ninth decade Bayer remains a vigorous man. Still active with his own sculpture, painting, and design, as well as his post as chief art and design consultant for the Atlantic Richfield Company, he seems remarkably fit. Few men of any age enjoy such a productive life.

That life began in Austria at the turn of the twentieth century. The son of a tax collector, Bayer led a disciplined child-

Opposite: Internationally acclaimed artist and designer Herbert Bayer currently makes his home in Santa Barbara, where he devotes his time to his own painting and design and to his post as chief art and design consultant for the Atlantic Richfield Company. He is shown with Acute Angled Squares (1981/25) on the left, and Segmentation with Ovoid (1973/12) at right. Above: In Egress with Appendix (1973/59) from his "Chromatic" series, the structural theme is one of a gate, symbolic of passage to another place, into a new experience.

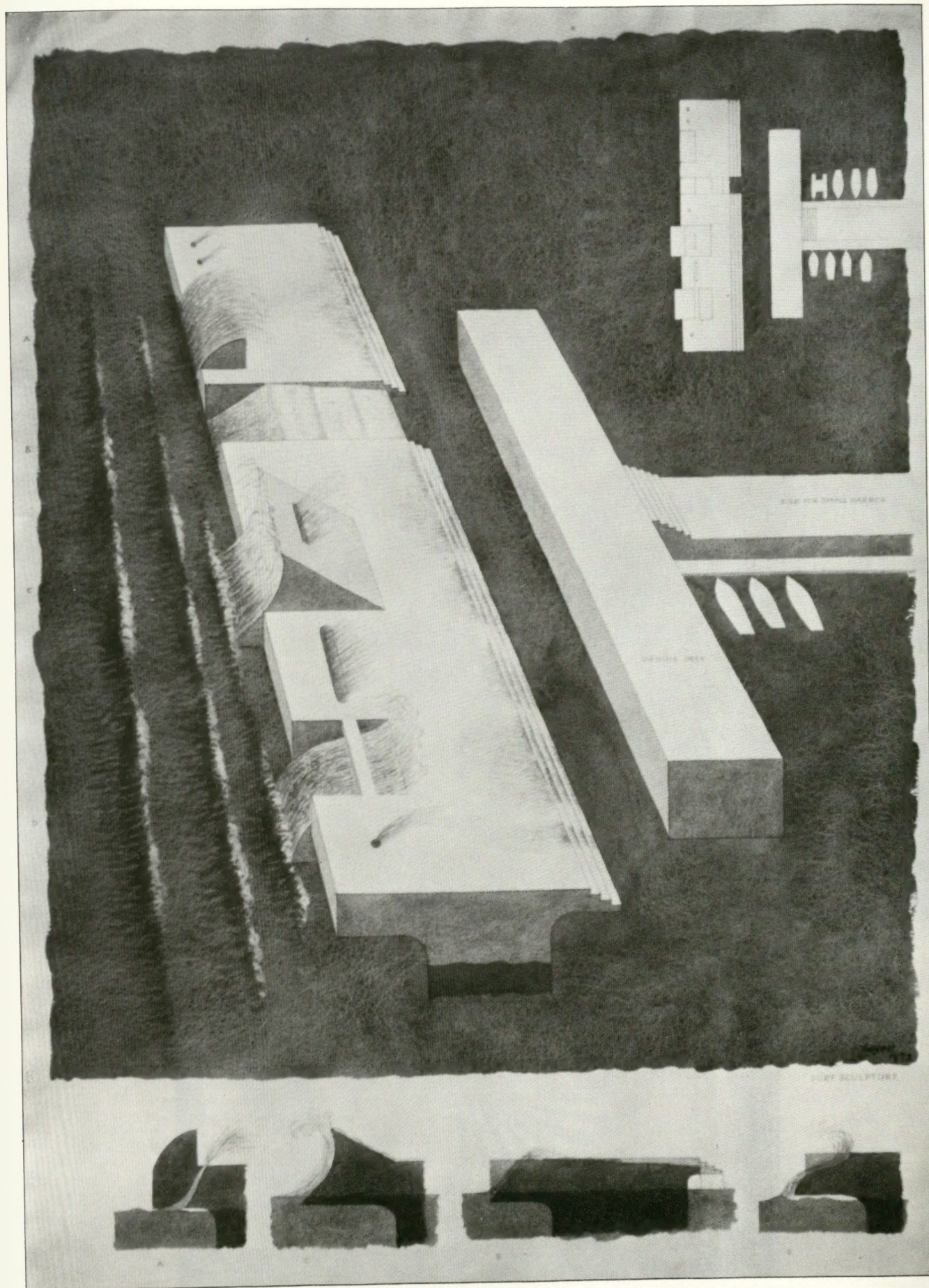


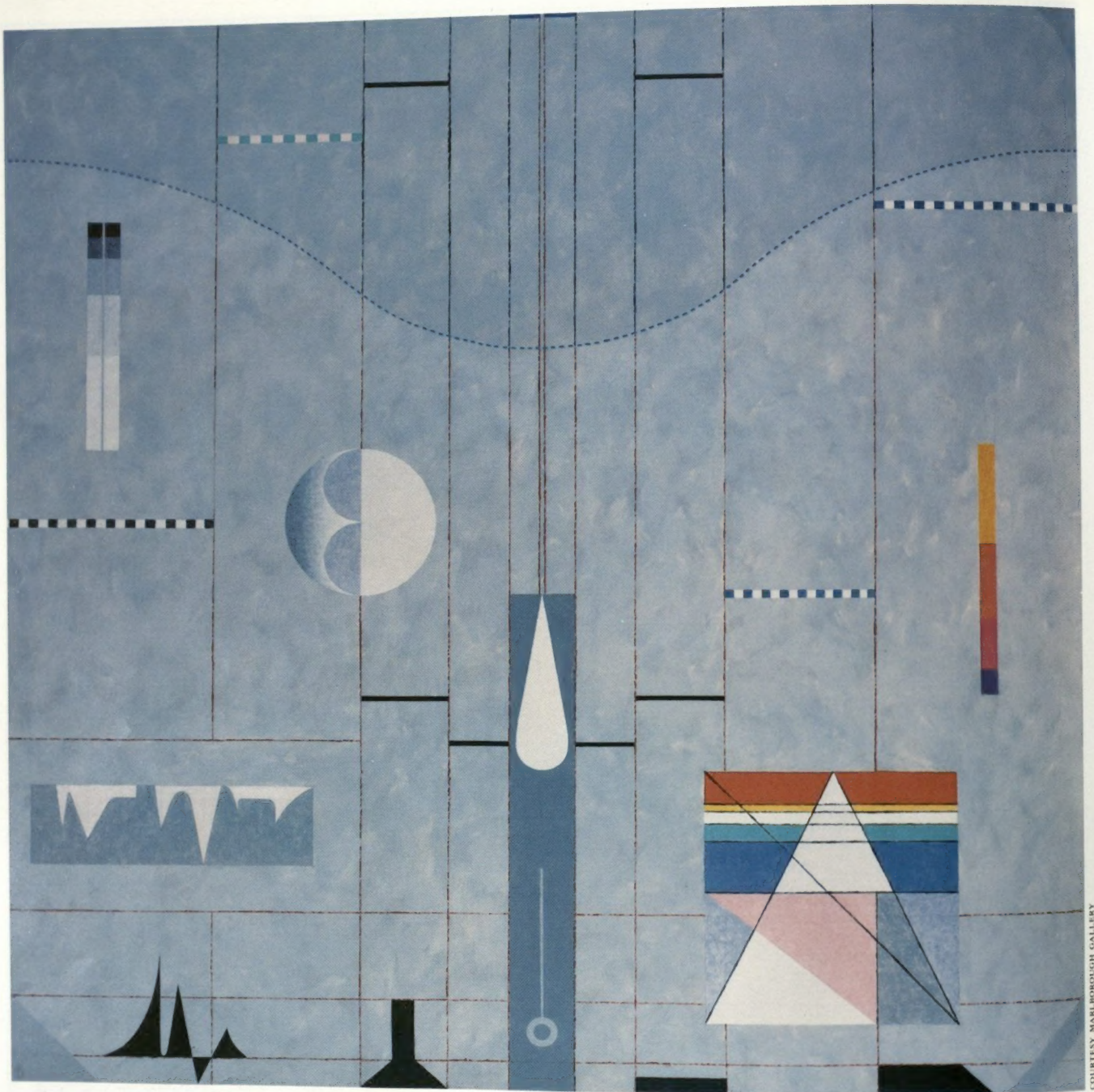
Bayer became interested in photography early in the century through a colleague at the Bauhaus. He went on to introduce the medium to his graphic design, thereby influencing generations of artists and designers. Above: His surrealistic photomontage, *Lonely Metropolitan* (1932/13) is a self-portrait of sorts from an incompleting picture story of "a dream." Opposite: Bayer's *Surf Sculpture* (possibly for the Santa Barbara harbor) playfully combines nature, intellect, form, and function.

hood he remembers as happy. But his plans to enroll in the Academy of Art in Vienna were dashed by his father's death during World War I.

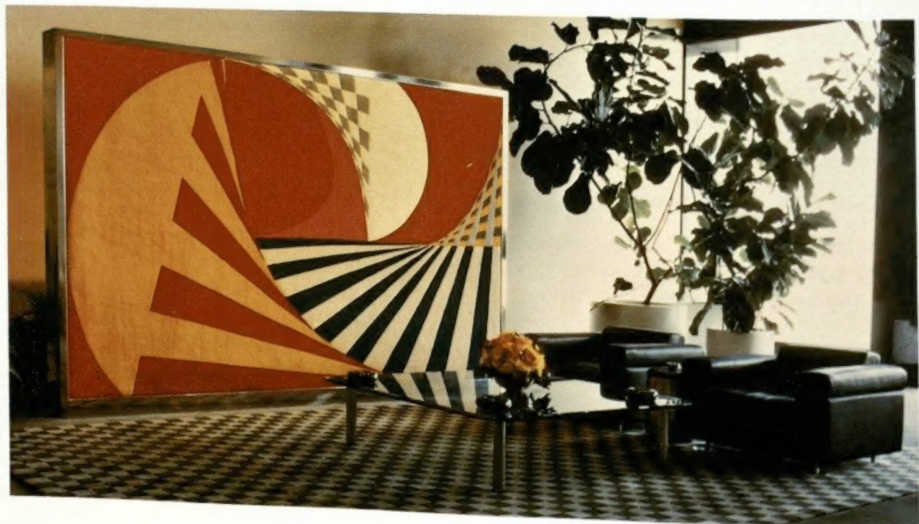
"There was no money to support me in Vienna," Bayer says, "so I was apprenticed to an architect in Linz. There I learned an overall knowledge of many techniques; and the same in Darmstadt, at the artists' colony of the Prince of Hessen where I concentrated more on graphic design."

About this time, the young apprentice chanced upon Wassily Kandinsky's book, *About the Spiritual in Art*. Its theories inspired a longing to study under the master painter at the Bauhaus in Weimar, Germany. In 1921, on less than a shoestring and with only his work





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JÜRGEN HILMER

to recommend him, Bayer left Darmstadt for Weimar.

"The Bauhaus was a radical departure," he explains, "a very extreme departure from all other art schools. It was an entirely different approach — integrating the artist into everyday life. The Bauhaus said that the artist should concern himself with the problems of his time and not just sit isolated and paint his paintings, expecting the public to understand him and to buy. At the Bauhaus, 'art' was never taught. What was taught were the fundamentals, the elements — the 'alphabet' of art."

The principles espoused by the masters of the Bauhaus are (and lately have been) too easily misunderstood. But it can safely be said that central to

Opposite above: Proportion as Harmony (1980/53) is from Bayer's "Anthologies" series, begun in 1976. Opposite below: A Bayer Tapestry, Group of Conoids (1972/33), is displayed at the ARCO Tower in Los Angeles. Above: The artist recently installed his Walk in Space Painting (1962–1981) at "The Breakers," ARCO's new corporate retreat in Santa Barbara. It represents a marriage of painting, sculpture, and architecture from a man whose lifetime is devoted to art and enhancing the human environment.



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Bauhaus teaching was the idea that form and function must be unified in and by design. A fundamental corollary was that art stems naturally from the crafting of mundane objects designed according to this unity of form and function. The word *Bauhaus* itself means "House of Building."

The eager 21-year-old applicant presented himself to a committee that included Walter Gropius and Paul Klee. The masters reviewed the young man's work and, waiving all preliminary courses, admitted Bayer on the spot.

"The Bauhaus really consisted of workshops," Bayer explains. "Let's say in the case of Marcel Breuer, he signed up with the woodworking workshop to become a cabinetmaker. He was interested in furniture, in being a carpenter. I signed up for the wall-painting workshop. There was no architecture class at the Bauhaus, not yet. That came much later because architecture was considered *the* art, the art that would combine all the other arts. So we had to be grounded in all the other disciplines first."

Rather than rely upon the German Expressionists who were then at the height of their success, Gropius instead chose instructors who had an understanding of architecture and of space, artists who understood, in Bayer's words, "more than just the picture frame." Gropius's vision went beyond that picture frame into the totality of design. What he had in mind was a reformation of aesthetic principles that would soon inform all future art and design.

These principles have lately come under attack for producing architecture that some say is unliveable in human terms. "But I don't believe that the *ideas* are faulty," Bayer insists. "They are timeless principles. The question always is, of course, are the ideas truly understood? Are they properly applied?"

"The Bauhaus was important as a place where new ideas developed, a place where the exchange between the human elements, the artists themselves, was a very intensive one. The actual work produced there was, in my opinion, less important than the principles developed. I have applied those principles in all my work, and I still do. Although my work has changed radically, I have always been true to the principles of the Bauhaus."

After graduation, 23-year-old Herbert Bayer walked through Italy for a year. "I knew very little of art history," he says, "so all of Italy was new. Naturally, it was overwhelming. Seeing it all with ignorant eyes, I missed certain things. I also discovered certain things by myself. A friend and I traveled without money. We took a job here or there to carry us again for a few more days or weeks. We

painted houses. We sold a few drawings. We worked our way through. Sicily was even more exotic than the north; we hiked all around the island and once across. Agrigento, Taormina, Siracusa — we became intimate with the landscape. Oh, yes. You see things best when you walk."

Forced out of Weimar by the already locally powerful Nazi party, Gropius moved his school to Dessau. He asked young Herbert Bayer to come with him and organize a workshop for typography and graphic design. Until 1928, Bayer served as master of this Bauhaus workshop.

"I left the Bauhaus for two reasons," Bayer says. "First, the budget had to be cut down, and second, Breuer and I had already made the decision we would leave because we wanted to work instead of teach. I felt too young to teach. I didn't believe that a teacher should learn and then turn around and teach in the same school. I believed that a teacher should gain some experience and maturity before he was truly qualified to teach."

"Breuer and I went to Berlin because it had become a very interesting city in all areas of art. Berlin was really the center in the '30s. I opened my own studio and became art director of *Vogue*. I did many posters and, of course, a great deal of graphic work, exhibition design, photography. And I painted. I painted all the time."

In the Berlin of "Cabaret," Bayer made a name for himself, particularly with his innovative graphic designs that incorporated typography, photography, and photomontage.

"Laszlo Moholy-Nagy first called my attention to photography," Bayer says. "He was enthusiastic about the medium. I just started to photograph, started to see things through the camera. We went around photographing everything."

Today, we take for granted the use of photography in advertising, largely due to Bayer's pioneering vision. "In my graphic designs," he explains, "very often illustration was needed, and I said to myself, well, the artistically painted illustration cannot be the answer for everything because there's too much individuality to it while sometimes it is necessary to have a completely impartial image. So, I thought, photography is the answer."

By the 1930s, great advances had been made in almost every aspect of technology. Yet the design of exhibitions to display these human achievements had not advanced since the world's fairs of the Victorian era.

"In exhibition design, Moholy-Nagy, Breuer, and I applied the new approaches we had experienced at the Bauhaus in relation to architectural ele-

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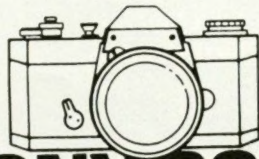
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ments and clean spaces. And I systematically analyzed the whole *idea* of exhibition design. Quite often, I used a ramp that raised the visitor so that he could view the floor also — the floor, the ceiling, and the walls — so that he was really *in* the exhibition altogether. These were usually large, complex designs; and you couldn't do it alone. This always became teamwork."

The players on the team read like a Who's Who of twentieth-century art and design. "All of us from the Bauhaus, we were all friends," Bayer says. "But did we recognize each other as leading figures? We did not. We didn't think of fame or greatness. Moholy-Nagy, Kurt Schwitters, Joseph Albers, Marcel Breuer — we didn't think of it that way. We were just doing . . . what was to be done."

As the Nazis assumed the government of Germany, they began to suppress what they called "degenerate art" as "antinational." High on the Nazi cultural hit list were the leading lights of contemporary German literature, science, and the arts — among these, the masters of the Bauhaus.

"All my friends had left years before," Bayer says. "For years the Nazis had fought our ideas as being what they called *kultur bolshevist*, and they made our lives difficult. I was the one who stayed longest in Germany. I simply could not believe that this madness would last. No one ever expected it to become as horrible as it became. But when you were there, you didn't talk about these things because you didn't know . . . can I trust this person or not? I was trusted. I worked in graphic design, and I had many Jewish clients. They were most grateful because other people — no one would touch them anymore. But I could not believe it. I just kept going to them . . . until they disappeared."

Having tried three times to get his money out of Germany and once, through blind luck, cheating the death penalty for this discovered crime, Bayer arrived in the United States with less than 25 dollars. He had a wife and daughter to support.

"I was impressed by America, impressed by the idea of freedom. I took out my citizenship papers the same day I arrived. The Container Corporation of America had gotten in touch with me just as I was leaving Germany. They were starting to think in terms of a new kind of advertising, of limiting the amount of copy to 15 words to make it primarily visual. They commissioned me to do eight pages — really the first jobs I did for American industry. And then in New York I started to work with publishers and advertising agencies as a

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Unsung Heroines: A Bicentennial Salute

By Walker A. Tompkins • Illustrations by V. Courtlandt Johnson

AS SANTA BARBARA nears its two hundredth birthday on April 21 its citizens find their interest focusing on the human beings whose time, talent, and treasure molded our unique city into the image it enjoys today.

All too often historians who list outstanding citizens of the past have tended to accentuate the masculine with names like W.W. Hollister, Max C. Fleisch-

mann, C.K.G. Billings, and Frederick Forrest Peabody, to name a few. They tend to overlook the fact that behind every thriving community often stands a host of influential women.

Santa Barbara is proof of this. On the following pages you'll find a long-overdue tribute to six remarkable women who founded some of our most important civic institutions. And these six vision-

aries—who left such indelible imprints on Santa Barbara—are only a tiny fraction of the pantheon of unsung heroines who have made major contributions, often anonymously, to the furtherance of music, art, education, recreation, and health care in our town. Today, because of two centuries of women like them, Santa Barbara is one of America's most envied cities.

Sara A. Plummer

DEBILITATED BY PNEUMONIA just short of her thirtieth birthday, Sara A. Plummer, a New York City art teacher, was advised by her physician to seek a warmer climate. In October of 1869 she boarded ship for Panama, bound for a destination recommended by a friend—Santa Barbara, a quiet little town on the California coast.

Upon her arrival she rented lodgings at Colonel B.T. Dinsmore's farm in Montecito and spent the next several months hiking in the foothills, visiting the ancient adobes, and combing the beaches.

In July of 1870 the local papers reported that Miss Plummer had been fatally injured in a horse and buggy accident, but happily the obituary was premature. Her injuries confined her to bed for several weeks, however. During her convalescence Miss Plummer's requests for reading material went unfilled because Santa Barbara had no public source of books or magazines.

Miss Plummer determined to correct that situation. She wrote to Dr. Henry Bellows, the famous Unitarian minister in Manhattan, requesting him to pick out 200 volumes of general interest and ship them west. In March of 1871 Miss Plummer opened her pioneer lending library on State Street. For an annual subscription fee of five dollars and a nickel a week for a maximum of two weeks, patrons were permitted to borrow two books. The library was an instant success.

To supplement her meager income, Miss Plummer laid in a stock of greeting cards, children's toys, stationery, and art supplies. She provided a free lounge for drop-in readers, fitted with comfortable chairs and sofas. When she added magazines and games to her stock, Miss Plummer's library became the busiest spot in town.

Miss Plummer prospered at her "Library Bookstore, News

and Stationery Depot," as it was described in newspaper advertisements of the time. An accomplished linguist—she was a graduate of the Female College and Normal School at Worcester, Massachusetts—she advertised that French, Spanish, German, and English were spoken in her shop, which became Santa Barbara's first art gallery and meeting place for fraternal organizations.

It was Miss Plummer's dream that Santa Barbara should have a city-owned free public library. Colonel W.W. Hollister, the town's leading entrepreneur, decided to subsidize Miss Plummer's ambition. When he built the Odd Fellows Hall in 1874 at State and Haley streets, Hollister set aside one of its spacious upstairs rooms for a free public library. The nucleus of that library, formally opened in July of 1874, was Miss Plummer's stock of books, which Hollister bought for \$500 and donated to the city.

An ardent amateur botanist (she discovered a local shrub which was named *Baccharis plummerae* in her honor), Miss Plummer joined the Santa Barbara Natural History Society. At one of their meetings she met John Gill Lemmon, a botanist from the Sierra Nevadas. They fell in love, were married in November of 1880, and she moved away to assist her new husband in his botanical career.

Returning to Santa Barbara for a visit in 1910, Miss Plummer told a newspaper reporter that her proudest achievement in Santa Barbara was establishing the city's first public library. Today the seed that Sara A. Plummer planted 110 years ago has flowered into a repository for 301,000 books and 625 periodicals, serving more than 700,000 patrons annually in its central edifice at Anacapa and Anapamu streets and its Eastside, Carpinteria, Goleta, Montecito, and Solvang branches, plus Bookmobile service to rural areas.

Mary A. Ashley



BY THE 1880s SANTA BARBARA was a world-renowned health center. It was considered the "in" thing for the elite to winter here, enjoying the sulphur mud baths on West Yanonali Street and the therapeutic mineral waters at Veronica Springs in the Arroyo Burro or at the famous Hot Springs in a canyon above Montecito.

To accommodate the throngs of health seekers arriving almost daily by stagecoach or steamer, entrepreneurs built the luxurious Arlington Hotel, the Lincoln House (Upham Hotel), the Hot Springs Hotel, the Miramar, and numerous smaller hostelrys downtown. However, as late as 1890 there were no medical facilities to serve the sick and disabled, not even a dispensary.

A hospital was sorely needed. The human dynamo who launched a drive to build one was another New Englander, Mary A. Ashley. She was a native of Vermont who had come to Santa Barbara in 1869 for her husband's health, at that time in her fiftieth year.

She and her husband, Dr. James B. Ashley, acquired extensive property holdings in Montecito (Ashley Road memorializes their name). She was left a widow in 1876.

In 1888, enlisting the support of other Santa Barbara women, Mrs. Ashley started collecting funds to build a cluster-style bungalow hospital in which each department—surgery, obstetrics, orthopedics, and so forth—would be housed in its own cottage. A five-acre city block bounded by Bath, Third (Pueblo), Castillo, and Fourth (Junipero) streets was purchased. The complex of bungalows would be known as

the Cottage Hospital.

The fund drive faltered by 1890. A cottage-style facility was too expensive to build. So construction began on a three-story redwood structure at the corner of Castillo and Junipero streets. A five-day festival staged at the Lobero Theater raised the final half of the \$6,000 needed to complete the project.

The 25-bed Santa Barbara Cottage Hospital (the name was retained because Mrs.

Ashley thought it had a "cozy sound") opened for business on December 8, 1891. The hundreds of Barbareños who attended the formal opening brought with them gifts of fruits, vegetables, potted plants, and groceries, giving the event the festive air of a country fair.

Dr. Jane Spaulding served at half salary to manage the new hospital. The charter board of directors, who did volunteer work to keep the hospital running, included John P. Stearns, builder of the town wharf; Peter J. Barber, a leading architect; Rhode Island financier Rowland Hazard, Sr.; retired sea captain Charles P. Low; and Channel Islands rancher Hugh Vail.

At the end of its first year of operation, Cottage Hospital showed a net profit of 51 cents!

Mrs. Ashley died in 1905. She would be proud of her Cottage Hospital in Santa Barbara's bicentennial year. Housed in an ultra-modern high-rise building, it has expanded its bed capacity from 25 to 465 patients. There are 506 doctors on the staff and 1,700 employees on an annual payroll of over \$25 million. According to administrator Rodney J. Lamb, the annual budget is now approaching \$50 million.



Anna S.C. Blake



BORN IN BOSTON IN 1844, Anna S.C. Blake was 46 years old when deteriorating health forced her to move to the sun belt. Having visited Southern California briefly as a young woman returning from a vacation in Hawaii, Miss Blake chose to become an adopted citizen of Santa Barbara, arriving to register at the Arlington Hotel on June 3, 1890.

Purchasing acreage on Constance Avenue where State Street dead-ended for many years, she built an elegant home called "Miradero," which in the 1930s would house the exclusive Santa Barbara Girls' School. One of Miss Blake's first civic activities was assisting Mary Ashley in her campaign to build Cottage Hospital.

Having been interested in teaching domestic science to girls in Massachusetts, and recognizing a need for the same in Santa Barbara, in 1891 Miss Blake set up free cooking and sewing classes in the old Congregational Church on Ortega Street, which served her needs until she could build a two-story school near the corner of De la Guerra and Santa Barbara streets, a landmark surmounted by a domed Roman cupola. Here the city's elementary-school children were given free training in cooking, sewing, and woodworking. Known as the "Sloyd School," it derived its name from the Norwegian word *slöjd* meaning manual training.

A close friend, Miss Ednah Rich, served as principal. Miss Blake paid for the building, supplies, and teachers' salaries. But rapidly worsening health due to cancer forced Miss Blake to turn her financial burden over to the city in 1893. With taxpayers' funding, an art school and gymnasium were added. Sloyd and home economics became an official part of the Santa Barbara public schools' curriculum after 1895. Starting with an enrollment of 64 students, by 1900 more than 380 children

attended the Sloyd School.

When Miss Blake died on March 21, 1899, her funeral services at Trinity Church reportedly attracted the largest crowd of mourners in Santa Barbara history.

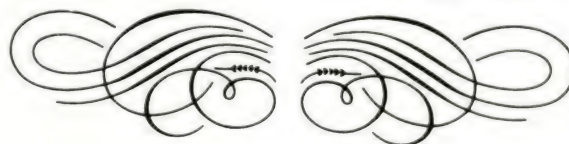
Her true monument, the Sloyd School, continued under the inspired administration of Ednah Rich. By 1909 it had outgrown the old building and moved into a huge Victorian structure at Victoria and Chapala streets, later called the Administration Annex, where it operated under the ponderous title of the Santa Barbara State Normal School of the Manual Arts and Home Economics.

In 1914 the school moved again, dragging its name behind it to a new campus on the Riviera. In 1921 it underwent a fortuitous change of nomenclature. The Santa Barbara Teachers College wore the new label until 1935 when it became the State College.

A year before her death in 1945, Ednah Rich Morse saw a dream come true: her beloved Sloyd School was integrated into the University of California family. By 1954 it had again outgrown its space and made a final move to a former U.S. Marine air training base near Goleta, where it opened as the University of California at Santa Barbara, with 1,883 students registering.

In this bicentennial year, nine decades after Anna S.C. Blake planted her tiny acorn, the mighty oak that is UCSB has evolved into a world-famous research institution. It boasts an enrollment of over 15,700 and a faculty numbering 600. Its annual operational budget now exceeds \$83 million.

How fitting it would be if UCSB alumni could erect a statue somewhere on the seaside campus to honor their founding benefactress, Anna S.C. Blake, whose name is almost forgotten in Santa Barbara!



Margaret Baylor



IN 1910 THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS of Santa Barbara's Neighborhood House imported Margaret Baylor, the young social worker who had founded Cincinnati's famous Anna Louise Inn for Women, and put her in full charge of local social service activities.

Miss Baylor's first appraisal of Santa Barbara was that while wealthy tourists were well served, the town's youth were sadly neglected. She also saw a crying need for clean, low-cost housing for single working women. Miss Baylor embarked on a one-woman crusade to correct both deficiencies.

Spearheading a fund drive in both public and private sectors, she raised enough money to buy the corner lot at 100 East Carrillo Street, site of a former Historical Society museum. Early in 1914 Margaret Baylor broke ground for a brick building to house a city recreation center. Upstairs rooms were reserved for transient women to give them a comfortable place to stay while they sought employment in Santa Barbara. Miss Ellen Chamberlain, step-granddaughter of the famous Colonel W.W. Hollister, donated \$25,000 for the auditorium, which would provide young people with a more wholesome atmosphere for dancing than the commercial dance halls. The maple floor was mounted on steel springs which gives dancers a bouncy underfooting to this day.

The weekend dances that the Recreation Center sponsored drew crowds of up to 400 couples, with live music provided by a jazz orchestra led by a local shoe merchant, Ralph Runkle. Very quickly Margaret Baylor's project assumed a major role in Santa Barbara's social life. Soon after the outbreak of World War I in Europe, the American Red Cross and the French and

Belgian war relief agencies preempted the Rec Center for the duration as headquarters for emergency work. To provide needed room, \$40,000 was raised to build an addition that was converted into a gymnasium after the war.

Miss Baylor established a free employment service for women. In addition to renting single girls rooms for 50 to 75 cents a night, she maintained free listings of lodging and boarding facilities available to young business and professional women, filling an urgent need in Santa Barbara at the time.

Margaret Baylor's charitable work did not confine itself to helping the young, however. The Rec Center became a gathering place and hobby shop for senior citizens, and a rent-free facility for such worthy organizations as the Grand Army of the Republic, thereby doubling as a Civil War veterans' clubhouse.

An untimely death claimed Miss Baylor in 1934. Among her private papers were found complete plans for a hotel for single women, to be built on a lot in the rear of the Rec Center facing Anacapa Street. Santa Barbarans led by Pearl Chase and Caroline Hazard launched a campaign that in 1928 built the four-story hotel. It was christened the Margaret Baylor Inn, later changed to the Lobero Hotel. It is now the Lobero Building for offices.

During the Depression of the 1930s the Recreation Center got into financial difficulties and in the spring of 1944 was taken over by the city recreation department. Today the Lobero Building and the Recreation Center are a living memorial to a woman who left Santa Barbara an infinitely better place than she found it.



Caroline Hazard



A WEALTHY RHODE ISLANDER, Rowland Hazard Sr., spent the winter of 1885 through '86 at the Arlington Hotel in Santa Barbara. He fell in love with the sleepy little winter resort and began assembling parcels of land for a homesite that formed an acreage of live oaks and boulders immediately north of the Old Mission overlooking Mission Creek (then called Pedregoso Creek) and north of the creek as far as Sycamore Avenue, now Puesta Del Sol Road.

On the mesa above the creek Hazard built a mansion that now serves as St. Mary's Retreat House at 505 East Los Olivos Street. The Hazard mansion and surrounding property, including the stone bridge that linked Los Olivos Street with Mission Canyon Road near the entrance to Rocky Nook County Park, was bequeathed to Miss Caroline Hazard upon the death of her mother in 1895.

Miss Hazard was born in Rhode Island in 1856 and became one of America's foremost educators. From 1899 through 1910 she served as president of Wellesley College.

Adjoining the Hazard property across Puesta Del Sol Road was a modest home where a local ornithologist and oologist, Leon Dawson, kept his lifetime collection of birds' eggs. Dawson had two primary ambitions in life: to complete a definitive four-volume work called the *Birds of California*, which he accomplished; and to build a museum on the Riviera to house his collections, which did not materialize.

In 1917 Caroline's brother Rowland Hazard, Jr., joined the board of directors of Dawson's oology museum-to-be, since he too had a sizeable egg collection. He served less than a year, dying on January 23, 1918. His place on the board was taken by his sister Caroline, then a woman in her early 60s. It was Miss Hazard's belief that Santa Barbara deserved a museum that would encompass more than a bird's-egg collection, one that would include all facets of natural history. The board concurred, much to the frustration of Dawson, who in 1923 angrily

quit the oology museum board, leaving Caroline Hazard free to act on her own plans.

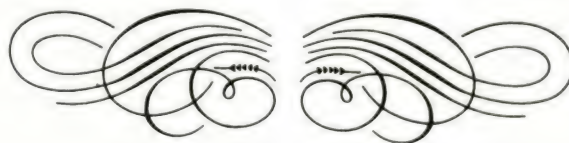
She and her recently widowed sister-in-law, Mrs. Rowland Hazard, erected a Spanish-style museum down in the canyon on the north bank of Mission Creek, dedicating it as a memorial to their brother and husband. Thus came into existence the original Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History and Comparative Oology.

Designed to resemble a Spanish hacienda with wings enclosing a paved patio, the fledgling Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History was on its way. A noted taxidermist, Egmont Z. Rett, arrived from Denver to take on the years-long task of mounting specimens for the bird hall. Harold S. Gladwin was named curator, Ralph Hoffmann director. Gladwin began preparing entomology exhibits, donating many of the prize insect specimens from his own extensive private collection.

A talented young sculptress, Elizabeth Mason, began preparing miniature dioramas showing the primitive Chumash Indian culture of the South Coast, some of which are still on display. Archaeologist David Banks Rogers joined the staff in 1923 to start a 15-year association with the museum. Later, anthropologist Phil C. Orr became famous for his excavations and discoveries on Santa Rosa Island, including prehistoric Indian and animal fossils.

Millionaire philanthropists donated exhibition halls. A zoo, planetarium, and children's department were added.

Director Hoffmann died while on a collecting trip to San Miguel Island in 1932. Paul M. Rea succeeded him until 1937 when Arthur Sterry Coggeshall took over as director. Miss Hazard died during his term, in 1945. Dr. Coggeshall, formerly of the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh, served as director until 1959, and Dr. Dennis Power is currently serving as director of Miss Hazard's memorial project, one of the finest small-town museums of its kind in the United States.



Anna Dorinda Bliss



EVER SINCE THE FIRST SPAN-
IARDS arrived in Santa Bar-
bara two centuries ago, Mission
Canyon has been a scenic area of
surpassing interest. Franciscan
grey friars hiked the banks of Ped-
regoso (Mission) Creek, following
in the moccasin tracks of prehistoric
Indians. Soldiers of the *Presidio Real*
hunted bear and deer in the canyon's
halcyon dells.

In 1926, developers announced plans to
embellish the Richter Tract on the floor of
lower Mission Canyon with 13 acres of roads and
tract houses, which would destroy the sylvan character
of the environment beyond retrieval. Among the shocked and
horrified citizens who heard this news was Anna Dorinda Bliss
of Montecito, who fortunately had the money to buy out the
developers and turn the land over to the custody of the Museum
of Natural History, along with an endowment to support a
botanic garden to be named in honor of her father, Henry
Blaksley. Later her daughter, Mrs. Robert Bliss, donated addi-
tional contiguous acreage. Today the complex known since
1939 as the Santa Barbara Botanic Garden totals 65 acres, with
50 acres open to the public.

Mrs. Bliss was born Anna Dorinda Blaksley in 1851 in Saint
Louis, Missouri, where her father was a wealthy merchant.
She traveled extensively as a child and was educated in the
finest private schools available. She married Demus Barnes,
who died shortly afterward leaving her with a child and the
multimillion-dollar fortune of the Fletcher's Castoria
Corporation.

In April of 1894 Anna married William Henry Bliss, the
United States district attorney for Saint Louis, and a high-
ranking official of the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad. With
unlimited money to indulge her pet projects, Mrs. Bliss as-

sociated herself with the League
of Political Education in New
York, which led to her donating
half a million dollars to establish
the famous Town Hall music cen-
ter in Manhattan.

Mr. and Mrs. Bliss moved to
Santa Barbara while World War I
was raging in Europe. Their fabulous
Casa Dorinda estate was one of the few
major estates developed in Montecito
during the war years.

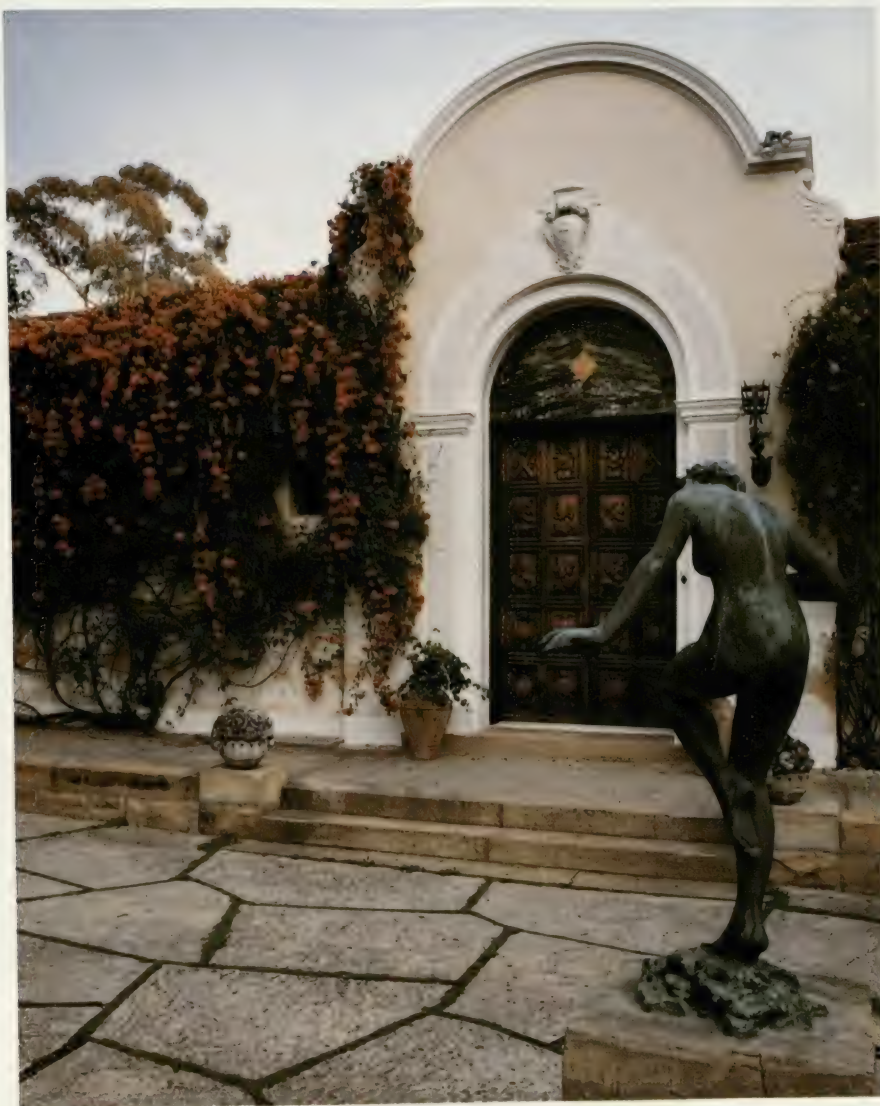
With Casa Dorinda as a showcase, Mrs.
Bliss, without her husband's cooperation, accel-
erated her philanthropic and social activities to a dizzy
pace. She invited such virtuosos as Kreisler, Heifetz, and
Paderewski to perform at private soirees in the music room of
the mansion. Among her many local benefactions was the
Bliss Children's Wing at Cottage Hospital, built the same year
she established the Blaksley Botanic Garden.

After Mrs. Bliss's death in 1935, Casa Dorinda served first
as a naval officers' rest and recreation facility and then as the
Montecito School for Girls. Today the mansion has been
converted into a luxury home for wealthy retirees.

Her botanic garden is one of Santa Barbara's outstanding
attractions, specializing in California flora, and offering
specimens from the rare ironwood to the giant redwood. The
garden directors, serving under a board of trustees, started in
1926 with Dr. Frederick E. Clements, followed by Dr. Elmer
J. Bissell, Maunsell Van Rensselaer, and Dr. Katherine Kinsel
Muller. The fifth and present director, Dr. Ralph Philbrick,
reports that more than 250,000 visitors come every year to
enjoy the garden's five miles of well-maintained scenic trails,
the strawberry and wildflower meadow, the "Indian dam" of
1807, and the myriad horticultural displays of the ceanothus,
island, and cactus sections.







Las Tejas

By Anne Gilbar • Photography by Jürgen Hilmer

*'Tis not my garden by real ownership
Nor yet because my genius made its art
But cherished by my love and tenderness
That place is mine which lives within my heart.*

SO SAYS THE RUSTY PLAQUE nailed to a hidden garden wall. And so it has always been: mystical, ethereal, mesmerizing—simply beautiful.

From the first it was called Las Tejas, this gentle land that sits so quietly and majestically behind protective arches and gates, with integrity and surprisingly without pretension, preserving the history it has known. It has always been tendered by the loving hands of those who lived in it, who loved it, who nurtured and cared for and worked on it, who

built it and rebuilt it but who never possessed it.

Las Tejas is a house. No, more than a house—a large (not huge), simple (not at

Opposite: Las Tejas has been enjoyed, nurtured, and preserved for well over a century. The dramatic facade and gardens below the balcony were inspired by the casino and garden of the Farnese Palace near Rome. Above: Santa Barbara architect George Washington Smith redesigned the front entrance in 1926.





CARA MOORE



Top: In 1898 William Alston Hayne II built Las Tejas from local adobe and red roof tiles. It was called the "apotheosis of the adobe." Above: In 1917, Helen Thorne and architect Francis W. Wilson rebuilt Las Tejas in the style of the Italian Renaissance. Opposite: Today, Teri and Manuel Rojas have restored and enhanced the estate. "The place is best when it's full of people," says Teri. Here it sets the stage for a Summer Solstice Parade benefit.

all pompous), carefully detailed (not elaborate) villa with a presence all its own. Las Tejas is a garden. No, more than a garden—it is 26 acres of lush, manicured, and carefully planned lawns and flower beds; of Japanese gardens with meandering streams and fish-filled ponds and carved bridges and a captivating teahouse; of eucalyptus forests and riding trails and orchid greenhouses and vegetable patches and olive orchards—all surrounded by a natural fence of trees that protects this awesome beauty from the outside world.

It is magnificent. But it is old, and it is large, and it is difficult to take care of in a world that seems to honor multiple cookie-cutter clapboard houses more than it cherishes the land. And so it sits, its soil somewhat scattered, its flowers sometimes bent, its edges ever so slightly tattered. It is cared for, this beloved Las Tejas; it is still nurtured—with determination, with hard work, and with a lot of love. But the future of "The Tiles" is yet to be written.

It all began in 1868 when Colonel William Alston Hayne I left South Carolina



and acquired 200 acres of land in Montecito, where he was the first to bring the citrus crop to the area. In 1894 his son William Alston II decided to build a house on the land for himself and his fiancée, who remained in the East. Before long he was obsessed with creating his authentic and beautiful Spanish home.

He spent months working with the more experienced workmen, building the foundation of the house out of local stone. He wrote his fiancée, Maud Bourn, that he'd ordered 32,000 adobe bricks to be made, then explained his unorthodox method of procuring the authentic old tiles for the roof: "I have been able to get my tiles in Santa Barbara by agreeing to unroof old houses and replacing them with shingles. The trouble with the old houses was that the timber that



supported the tiles was giving way — and consequently had to be replaced — so they let me replace the tiles with shingles. I now have 8,500 — the number my house will require."

In 1898 "dear old Las Tejas" was completed, and it was a magnificent

Some say it's the gardens that give the estate its magical air. Above: Helen Thorne designed many formal settings, lavishing them in reflection pools, fountains, and exquisite statuary. Left: She also created the authentic Japanese garden with its fish-filled ponds, running brooks, and perfectly detailed teahouse. Opposite: In another hidden corner she fashioned this romantic gazebo of fifteenth century Romanesque columns from the south of France.











structure. A magazine article at the time called it "the apotheosis of the adobe," and went on to describe the home: "The house is a Spanish-Moresque square, surrounding a blooming patio with ferns, violets, roses, begonias and giant daisies. . . . A view of the mountains in the background is gained from the open entrance arch over the tiled roof of the rear portion of the building which is one story, the slope giving two in front. The upper story is the main one, containing large reception rooms on the right and sleeping apartments on the left. Wide steps lead up to the grand portal and arched entrance. White lime and redwood compose the ceilings, floors, and casements. The thick walls and massive pillars are solid and are finished with cement, then delicately tinted to the taste of the most hypercritical individual. There is no pretense of anything anywhere. Only to stand a moment on that

spacious portal with face turned to the sea—that is benediction."

In 1898, shortly after Las Tejas was completed, Alston Hayne went broke. Building the home of his dreams ruined him, and he was forced to sell the estate to his older brother, Robert Hayne.

Then in 1917 Mrs. Oakleigh (Helen) Thorne acquired the Las Tejas estate, and together with Santa Barbara architect Francis W. Wilson (he designed the Southern Pacific railroad station and the original Music Academy of the West,

Previous pages: At the heart of the home, the solarium was originally an open-air courtyard. George Washington Smith turned it into an interior space with a roll-back glass ceiling. Left: Once dark and somber, the living room became an inviting, modern space with the addition of arched doorways and comfortable, elegant furnishings. Above: The dining room's design took its cue from a painting by the owner and from the carpet, also of her design. Right: Restoration and interior design throughout the home are by the current mistress of Las Tejas, Teri Rojas, seen here on the terrace overlooking the gardens and the sea.





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among other Santa Barbara landmarks), proceeded to rebuild the house and redesign the gardens, modeling it all after the sixteenth century Italian Renaissance casino and garden at the Farnese Palace near Viterbo, north of Rome. (Built by the Italian architect Vignola, the Farnese Palace is considered one of the finest examples of Renaissance design in the world.)

The remodeling of the house was Wilson's task, and according to Santa Barbara architectural historian David Gebhard, he did an authentically excellent job; but the gardens belonged to Helen Thorne. At one time president of the Garden Clubs of America, Mrs. Thorne was completely engrossed with creating the elaborately detailed gardens, keeping meticulous notes as to the precise placement of trees and flower beds, often taking photographs of certain sections of the gardens and then analyzing and criticizing (in an almost spiritual tone) the color, shape, and height of the ensuing arrangements.

Her photograph of the front rose gardens solicited these comments: "The mountains are a deep pinkish rose touched with greens, while the great creamy rocks on the mountains are in lighter tones. The background trees are olives and deep green live oaks. The marble columns are fifteenth century Venetian—pinkish mottled cream with dark gray. The roses are all pinks and yellows tinged with orange, [and the nearby] beds of sky blue violas define the points of the rose beds. On the right are giant standard rose bushes with masses of small roses the size of a quarter—yellow suffused with pink. It is a wonderfully beautiful color interlude."

The heliotrope garden was also organized by Mrs. Thorne: "In the far distance are eucalyptus. The hedge is a pretty dark shrub called eugenia; the path, a dark rose gravel; the borders, soft terra-cotta tiles; and the patterns are broken glass in colors of aquamarine and bronze topaz. The underplanting is of yellow rock roses. The tiny old French leads (statuettes) are gilded but worn soft." Thus the then-president of the Garden Clubs of America developed the grand passion of her life—creating the gardens at Las Tejas.

It was Mrs. Thorne who took that poem quoted here, written by Mrs. Basil Taylor, had it forged in iron, and mounted the plaque on a garden wall, forever ensuring that future generations at Las Tejas would remember that no one could ever truly possess this land—they

could only care for it. It was Mrs. Thorne who put in the eucalyptus forest. It was she who created the large and incredibly authentic Japanese garden complete with a teahouse, several pools housing golden carp, bridges over lovely streams, and Japanese plants and flowers everywhere. It is today still a surprise—this enchanting piece of another land so perfectly recreated here. In fact, others who have lived in or visited Las Tejas have often said that it is these astounding, magical gardens that make the estate so memorable and so unique.

In 1926 Mrs. Thorne hired George Washington Smith, the renowned Santa Barbara architect (and her good friend), to do additional remodeling on the house. He redesigned the main entrance, put a metal roof over the dining room, and then proceeded to redesign the patio which had been the outdoor courtyard around which Alston Hayne had constructed the original adobe house.

Smith redesigned the "Italian patio" to be an interior space, adding arches, columns of imitation marble, and stone fireplace mantels, all to complete and enhance the aura of Italian architecture. "Smith simply made it more architecturally sophisticated," explains David Gebhard, who has the original drawings and notes of the Smith remodeling in his archives at UCSB.

George Washington Smith also added his own clever touches. For example, he gave Mrs. Thorne the option of using the patio as an indoor or outdoor space by designing a roll-back ceiling—a glass-paned roof that at the touch of a button (powered by a motor on the roof of the house) would roll back to bring in the sky.

It was Smith, too, who proceeded to give the gardens near the front of the house their unpretentious yet impressive, almost regal air. "In the Spanish garden," he said, "the long open vista of the Italian garden is transformed into a vista through many gateways, so that a feeling of intimacy and mystery is achieved rather than an effect of formality and grandeur. One is not overcome by seeing it all at once, but one has new surprises as he progresses through the gardens." By connecting the many gardens by a myriad of paths and fountains, by bordering them with specifically placed trees and walls, by designing architectural facades to guide the eye from one exquisite vision to another, Smith added to the estate's lasting, simple majesty, and Helen Thorne was delighted. In a letter to Smith toward the end of the year she wrote, "It is wonderful to see you going on and



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on in your beautiful work for I feel that you have given and have still more to give to the world in the creation of the beautiful."

Suddenly, surprisingly, in 1941 Mrs. Thorne sold Las Tejas—lock, stock, and barrel. The sale was a shock to those who knew of her devotion to the estate. They say she was certain that the Japanese would bomb Santa Barbara. They say that even 34 years in this town could not assuage her alarm. And so she fled, selling Las Tejas with all the furniture (including priceless antiques), trucks, cars—everything—to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick William Leadbetter for the grand sum of \$40,000.

So in 1945 the new tenants moved in. Caroline Pittack and Frederick William Leadbetter were already well known in Santa Barbara. In 1903 they had bought Thomas Dibblee's "Castillo" on Castle Point, where Mr. Leadbetter built the first polo field in Santa Barbara. In 1925 the earthquake damaged the home, prompting Leadbetter to sell the land to the University of California (it is now the campus of Santa Barbara City College).

Soon after they bought Las Tejas Mr. Leadbetter died, leaving his wife to run the estate for the next 25 years. For the rest of her life Caroline Leadbetter was to make Las Tejas her home, leaving it just as it was when Mrs. Thorne made her hasty exit. The furniture remained the same (except for the questionable addition of a linoleum floor in the solarium) and the gardens bloomed on and on, year after year, while the new lady of the house traveled all over the world. As the years passed, the Italian gardens waned. The olive orchard, the many walking paths, the gazebos and terraced flower pads and meandering gardens became so overgrown with brush that many disappeared completely. Finally, in 1972 at the age of 102, Caroline Leadbetter died, leaving behind a worn-out and decaying Las Tejas.

Enter Teri Rojas. Young, energetic, enthusiastic, eager for challenges, with artist's eyes that see mystical beauty everywhere, the new mistress of Las Tejas arrived. "Here I was in 1973," she remembers, "living with my husband Manuel and our four children in Los Angeles. The smog was annoying, the house was too small, and I was ready to undertake a new project. We came to spend a weekend at the Biltmore Hotel and discovered the beauty of Santa Barbara. It was like a secret opened up—it was so special, so fabulous, that we decided to find a house here. I called a local

real estate firm, and an agent said she had one place—a large estate in probate—that we could see immediately. And we were hooked from the minute we drove up the incredible driveway. It was absolutely magical from the very first! I felt a kind of spiritual force, a big hug telling me that I was needed here, that this was a place of comfort, of safety, of healing peace. I felt at home."

The aura of history, the beauty of the meandering estate, the views of Montecito's mountains on one side and the spectacular ocean on the other, mesmerized the Rojases. But reality intervened. The house that was once a fabulous adobe and then a spectacular Italian villa was now a large white elephant—dark, old, run down, neglected, inhabited only by the caretaker, 85-year-old Mrs. Helrung, who had been Mrs. Lead-

better's nurse.

"I remember all this dark Spanish furniture," says Teri, "and old heavy satin drapes. It was so black in there, I just couldn't stand it! I walked over and opened the drapes (the old lady turned to me with astonishment and said, 'You know, those drapes haven't been opened for 20 years!'), and the dust flew every which way. But the sun came streaming in, and suddenly the room was not so dark but a beautiful space that led to a terrace with the most unbelievable view I had ever seen. It was instant magic. I knew this was it."

Some weeks of soul-searching later, the Rojases returned to Las Tejas, decided it was destined to be theirs, and got it. "No one else even bid on it," remembers Teri. "It was so strange—like it was meant to be ours."

And so the new mistress of Las Tejas ("It really was always run by women, you know") took over. "I became, and have remained the caretaker of this place. I've never felt like I was living in a luxurious environment. Remember, the house was just a grand facade. Inside, it was a mess! Like with any old house, it has been work, work, work."

It started with loading about 800 truckloads of rubbish, dead branches, and leaves, thereby uncovering rock gardens and pathways and flower pads of all kinds. Next Teri became her own contractor, renovating the large old guest house while the family still lived in Los Angeles. "Then we moved into the guest house—kids, cats, dogs, and all—while we worked on the main house. And that was a full-time job.

"At first it was like taking a dust rag



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and cleaning the surface to find out what was underneath. Some things just needed cleaning up. Others needed structural changes, or they had just never been finished. Many times we simply carried out what had been intended in the first place. I set up a table in the solarium and contracted away. We removed walls, redid the electrical and plumbing systems, reworked the heating. It took about six months of constant hard work, but it was a true labor of love."

The project was totally absorbing. When the linoleum that Mrs. Leadbetter had installed was removed, a new floor had to be found, so Teri and stone craftsman Ozzi Duross made their own molds and cast a new floor in subtle pastel colors, using a handmade stamp for the fleur-de-lis pattern. When the two existing bedrooms, three maids' rooms, and library needed reorganizing, Teri and her craftsmen redesigned the spaces to be appropriate for modern use but still faithful to the intent of the original architecture of the house. And so it went, as each room was renovated.

The coffered living room ceiling was cleaned only to discover the squares had been beautifully, elaborately painted. The painted black floors were stripped to

show fine cherrywood. Small doorways made way for larger, arched entries. Bathrooms were added, guest rooms were decorated (many in a Balinese motif that is a favorite of the Rojases), the chauffeur's cottage became a painting studio for Teri, an open field turned into a riding ring and stables for Manuel and the girls, and a swimming pool and tennis court were built. And finally, the beautiful gardens were restored.

Today, eight years and much money later, Las Tejas is indeed extraordinary again. The spiritual, peaceful beauty has been restored. The magic lives on.

But the Rojases are concerned that rising taxes and the high cost of upkeep will soon make it unaffordable to keep Las Tejas as it has been all these years. Developers are eager to subdivide the valuable property and build a new community of homes. But Teri is adamantly trying to save this historical masterpiece of Montecito. She has shared the estate with the community by holding benefits on the property ("Remember the plaque?" she says. "Las Tejas belongs not to me but to everyone!"). Last year Las Tejas was the setting for a party to benefit the Mime Caravan's Summer Solstice Parade and Celebration in Santa Barbara. Nearly 500

people roamed the grounds, antique cars lined the long driveway, a '40s band serenaded the crowd, and the Rojases were delighted. "The place is best when it is full of people," explains Teri. "We really would like to share it with our community." To help with the burden of high upkeep, the Rojases are entertaining other proposals through which Las Tejas might be used by other groups.

But why try so hard? Why not let go of the memories and leave Las Tejas to what may be its natural fate? "It's so simple," says Teri Rojases quietly. "Las Tejas is a special place. It is important in the history of the area, a rare moment in the story of Montecito. And it is such a beautiful place that we feel such beauty should be preserved. There is enough growth and change in the world. So much history is now gone. I just don't want it to happen to Las Tejas."

"Here you can find peace, an inner healing of the soul. It's hard to get depressed here. Frazzled, yes—it takes time and money and work to keep it up—and that's hard. But here you can walk among the gardens and be glad to be alive. Here you can appreciate the beauty of history, of growth, of living things. Here there is still time to smell a rose."

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SANTA BARBARA HAS ITS

FAULTS

BY COLIN CAMPBELL

THE FARMERS' ALMANAC says to watch for earthquakes when the moon runs high. Charlotte King of Salem, Oregon, predicts seismic activity according to the intensity and duration of her migraine headaches. Biologist Marsha Adams sees correlations between solar flares and earthquakes. Stock market prophet Joseph Granville made the front pages with his prediction that a Richter magnitude 8 quake would strike Los Angeles on April 10, 1981. John Gribben and Stephen Plagemann claim in their book *The Jupiter Effect* that the unusual planetary alignment of March 10, 1982, will trigger disastrous quakes in southern California.

"But Granville was wrong, wasn't he?" says Professor Arthur Sylvester, 43, a geologist and earthquake researcher at UCSB. "Granville doesn't understand earthquakes any more than Edgar Cayce or any of the other psychics do. A friend of mine once discovered a one-to-one correlation between cycles of earthquakes and cycles in the stock market. If you believe the psychics, then maybe you should use earthquakes to predict the stock market."

Professor Sylvester's methods are not

designed to thrill the readers of *National Enquirer*. He uses laser beams to measure the slow changes in distance between points on the mainland and points on the Channel Islands, and for the last four years he's been in charge of the radon gas sampling program at UCSB.

"Mark Shapiro of Cal Tech isn't predicting any quakes," says Professor Sylvester, "but he's discovered that radon gas in deep wells along the San Andreas fault bubbled up faster just before the 1979 Imperial Valley quake. Then last fall his radon detectors at Lake Hughes and Lytle Creek again showed increases." Also last fall, Professor Sylvester announced significant increases in radon at the detectors along the Mission Ridge, More Ranch, and Mesa faults in Santa Barbara.

The Santa Barbara Channel is one of the most seismically active zones in California: nearly 500 quakes have struck here since the turn of the century. The city itself rides a crustal block bordered by the Mission Ridge fault to the north and the Mesa fault to the south. The Mesa fault extends west from Stearns Wharf to Haley Street, parallels Highway 101 to Modoc Road, then goes under La

Left: State and Ortega streets, June 29, 1925. A magnitude 6.3 quake kindled earthquake consciousness in local engineers, architects, politicians, and geologists.

Cumbre Plaza, where it meets the Mission Ridge fault and continues as the More Ranch fault into the Goleta slough. The Mission Ridge fault passes directly under the Sheffield Reservoir, follows Foothill Road west, then bends behind the Santa Barbara Mission to cross State Street at De La Vina on the way to La Cumbre Plaza.

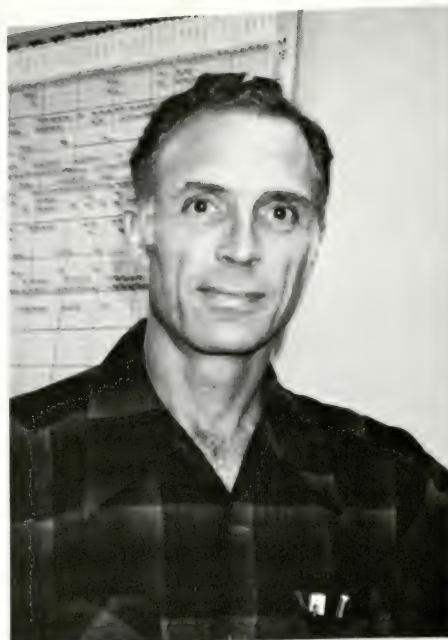
"Our radon increases turned out to be a false alarm, though," says Dr. Sylvester. "Mark Shapiro's radon samples came from deep wells that seem to be more reliable. We've been using a different method that measures radon gas at the surface. We put a sensitive film strip in holes two feet deep, and once a month we develop the film to count the number of radon 'hits.'"

"These surface sampling stations suddenly showed an increase here and all over the state. Then we found out the manufacturer had changed the chemistry of the film. When we recalibrated to adjust to the increased sensitivity of the film, there wasn't any increase at all."

Radon gas as an earthquake precursor was first noticed by Russian chemists who were routinely sampling the hot waters of a spa. They were puzzled by sudden dramatic increases in various gasses—methane, nitrogen, oxides of sulphur, chlorine, fluorine, and radon. While they were pondering this event, a big quake struck 700 miles away. Hindsight showed that there might be a relationship. Radon is the easiest of the gasses to measure, and although there is no real understanding of why these gasses should bubble up faster before a quake, it is generally acknowledged to be a precursor. But precursors don't always mean a quake is on the way; sometimes radon will bubble madly, and no quake will strike.

The crust of the planet Earth is broken into a series of thick, rigid sections, or plates, that are in constant relative motion over the hotter, softer rocks below. The divisions between the plates are called faults, where movement takes place. Global plate tectonics can be likened to a lake frozen over with ice on a winter's day: imagine a mighty rotor beneath the ice churning the water, breaking the ice into separate sections—plates. The jostling might thrust one plate beneath another; elsewhere, water would spurt up to fill gaps, only to freeze and become fresh ice.

The analogy is useful but far from exact because the fastest continental plates move only three inches a year. Where plates are colliding head on,



Geologist Arthur Sylvester measures changes in the earth and conducts the radon gas sampling program at UCSB.

mountain ranges like the Himalayas and the Alps are squeezed up. Where the plates are sliding horizontally past each other, as along the San Andreas fault, the rock of the crust has only a certain amount of elastic strength before it must yield to the strain. We feel the earth shudder when it yields.

"Santa Barbara's faults are not obviously related to the San Andreas fault," says Dr. Sylvester, "and they don't fit well into the plate tectonics scheme, either. The part of California west of the San Andreas fault slips toward the northwest—in 30 million years we'll be a suburb of San Francisco. The San Andreas is called a right-lateral, strike-slip fault, because if you stand on either side of the fault line and look across, the other side has always slipped to the right. Here in Santa Barbara the terrain moves relatively to the left."

"All our local faults are along the Western Transverse Range. Our mountains and valleys and geological folds in the earth ignore the prevailing northwest and southeast structural grain of California and instead march steadily east and west. Paleomagnetic studies by my colleague Bruce Luyendyk suggest that our Transverse Range once ran north and south, but has rotated 90 degrees clockwise in the last ten million years."

Earthquakes in the Santa Barbara area take place five to fifteen kilometers deep. That's the brittle part of the crust where things snap and break. Beneath fifteen kilometers, heat and pressure make the

crust flow like Silly Putty. The transition between brittle and ductile crust depends on how fast the material is moving. Silly Putty lying on a desk will flow smoothly and evenly. If you bend it quickly, it will snap and fracture.

When the ground is ready to fail 15 kilometers down, the surface of the earth may also be warped. It's like breaking a stick: you know that just before the stick breaks it will be at its maximum bend. Geologists measure these surface deformations and other possible earthquake precursors with tiltmeters, creepmeters, strainmeters, magnetometers, seismometers, gravity meters, and other instruments.

All major quakes in southern California for the last 20 years have been preceded by flurries of foreshocks in the general area of the eventual larger quake. A swarm of quakes clustered around the San Jacinto fault near Hemet in February of 1981, but no large quake has followed. Another indication that points to that area as a likely spot for a magnitude 6 or 7 quake is a 30-kilometer stretch of the fault that hasn't slipped since 1899. There's a seismic hole there.

Cal Tech seismologist Karen McNally has detected a pattern of earthquake "bursts," or clusters of quakes, of magnitude 7 or greater in California during the years 1932 to 1934, 1940 to 1942, and 1952 to 1956.

But there's been a 25-year lull. No quakes of magnitude 7 occurred from 1956 until the 1981 quake off the northern coast near Eureka. Magnitude-6 quakes were rare during this time, too. There were two every five years instead of the historical average of two a year.

The lull seems to be over. Thirty-four quakes of magnitude 5 have struck California since August 1978, and five quakes of magnitude 6 since October 1979. We may be merely returning to normal seismic activity—or we may be entering a new burst.

Or it may be just another false alarm. In the summer of 1968, 66 earthquakes struck Santa Barbara, 22 of them large enough to be felt, all under magnitude 5.2. Ten years passed before a larger quake hit—and there is no evidence that the 1968 and 1978 events are related.

Folklore says that animals behave abnormally before earthquakes. One explanation is that animals lying on the ground would be more apt to feel a quake's P wave, the initial pressure wave that arrives before the shock of the main S wave. You might feel the P wave as a slight bump. It travels at the speed of

sound in the ground, and is followed by the shake wave that everyone feels. The further away the quake is, the more separated the two waves will be.

Most American seismologists think it is nonsense, but the Chinese believe the animals are detecting something other than P waves, though they can't say what. They put a high value on animal studies in the prediction of earthquakes.

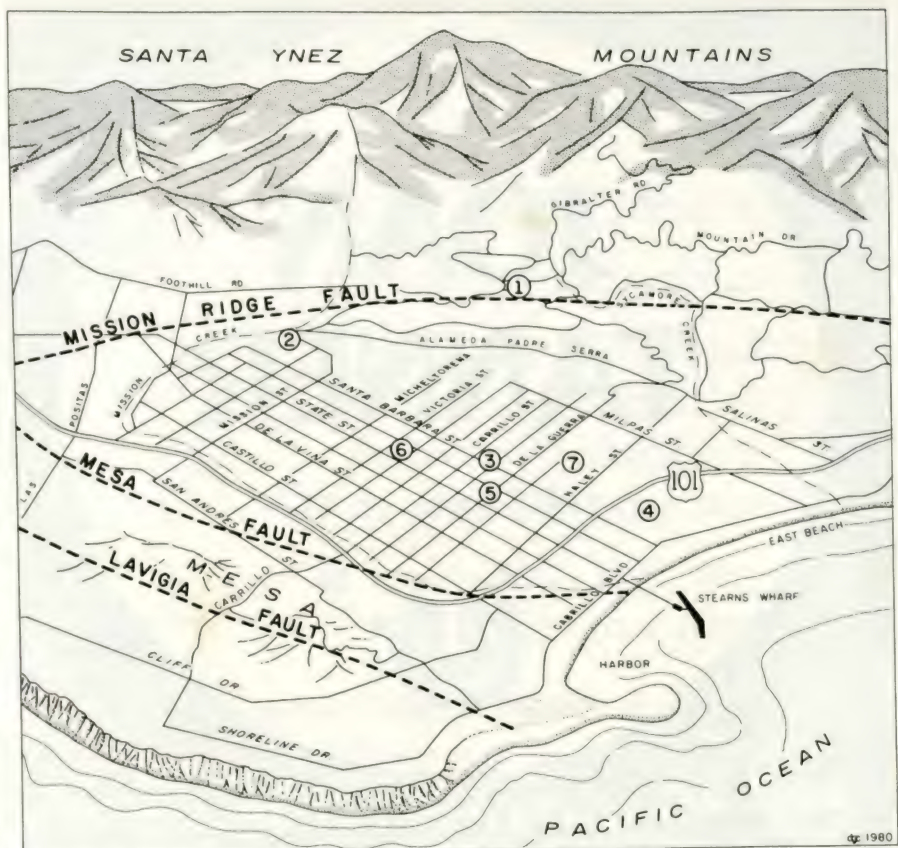
On February 4, 1975, officials of the Manchurian province of Lianong issued an urgent warning: a strong quake would jolt the area within 24 hours. There were many precursors. The ground along the Jinzhou fault had been rising at 20 times the normal rate for a year, and there had been many small quakes. Then snakes began crawling out of the ground, and other animals began acting strangely. At the official warning, the populace went outdoors and stayed out despite the bitter winter weather. At 7:36 that evening a magnitude 7.3 quake struck, demolishing 90 percent of the homes in some areas. Because of the warning, only a few people were killed out of a population of three million.

But no animals predicted the Tangshan disaster a year and a half later 400 kilometers to the southeast. There, without warning, a magnitude-8 quake shook the ground for nearly two minutes, turning factories and bridges and railroads into instant junk heaps, while 650,000 sleeping citizens were crushed under the debris of their own homes.

Today Stanford Research Institute has an earthquake hotline for animal studies: a network of 4H youngsters watching their lambs and calves, ranchers observing their horses, zookeepers and pet owners—all watching systematically. Whenever they perceive unusual behavior, they send a postcard to the institute. If there is anything to this animal prediction business, Stanford reasons, there should be an influx of postcards after a shake. But how many people have recorded their dog's actions 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, so that they know how often the dog decides to prance down the hall sideways?

Not even the Chinese can explain what their animals are reacting to that our instruments are not detecting. Perhaps the animals react to changes in the concentration of positive or negative ions in the air, the way Santa Ana winds are supposed to agitate people. Or perhaps the animals are warned by their sense of smell when the bubbling gasses carry traces of various chemicals to the surface.

Three hours before the June 29, 1925



Above: This schematic index map of Santa Barbara's faults shows Sheffield Reservoir (1), Santa Barbara Mission (2), the presidio (3), El Estero Waste Water Treatment Plant (4), Santa Barbara City Hall (5), the Granada Building (6), and the Laguna Park area (7). All faults, valleys, and mountains trend east and west, in contrast to California's prevailing northwest and southeast structural grain.

Santa Barbara quake, city manager Herbert Nunn woke and could not go back to sleep because of the sudden strong odor of crude oil permeating his home overlooking East Beach. The magnitude 6.3 quake killed 13 Santa Barbarans, ruined the old courthouse, and collapsed the Sheffield Reservoir, sending 45 million gallons of water down Sycamore Canyon through Milpas Street to the ocean. The Mesa fault is the major suspect in that quake, although seismometers never positively identified the epicenter. The greatest intensities were felt along the base of the Mesa, where unconsolidated alluvial fill shook and shifted, and in the Laguna Park area in the southeastern portion of the city, where the high water table contributed to seismically induced liquefaction of the soil.

The big shake of 1925 demonstrated that unreinforced concrete, brick, and masonry buildings were unsuitable, and that buildings of superior design, materials, and workmanship were more likely to survive. One result of the disaster was the stringent Santa Barbara building code.

"The point of the building code is to make sure that the building is tied together throughout so it will overcome inertia and move with the earth as a unit, not as an unrelated assembly of parts," says Professor Sylvester. "Our codes are mostly adequate—but we still don't know everything. The \$8-million County Services Administration Building in El Centro was supposed to be earthquake resistant, but it was so badly damaged in the 1979 Imperial Valley quake that it was a total loss.

"Perhaps the most glaring example of poor construction was in the 1964 Caracas quake in Venezuela. Ten-story buildings simply pancaked because the floors and ceilings were inadequately tied together. When everything started shaking, the walls fell outward, and the floors all fell on top of each other.

"Our wooden frame houses in Santa Barbara are pretty safe. I do think, though, that it is prudent to tie down bookcases, and not to have a big potted plant hanging directly over your bed.

"The greatest hazard here in Santa Barbara is to mobile homes. They're up

JOAN TANNER

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on little stilts—big heavy weights sitting on toothpicks. The ground suddenly moves and the big heavy weight stays behind. We studied a quake at Mammoth Lakes where 300 trailers all stayed up. There they build good sturdy wooden underpinnings because they don't want cold and snow getting under the trailers. Here the trailers have little corrugated metal skirts just for looks."

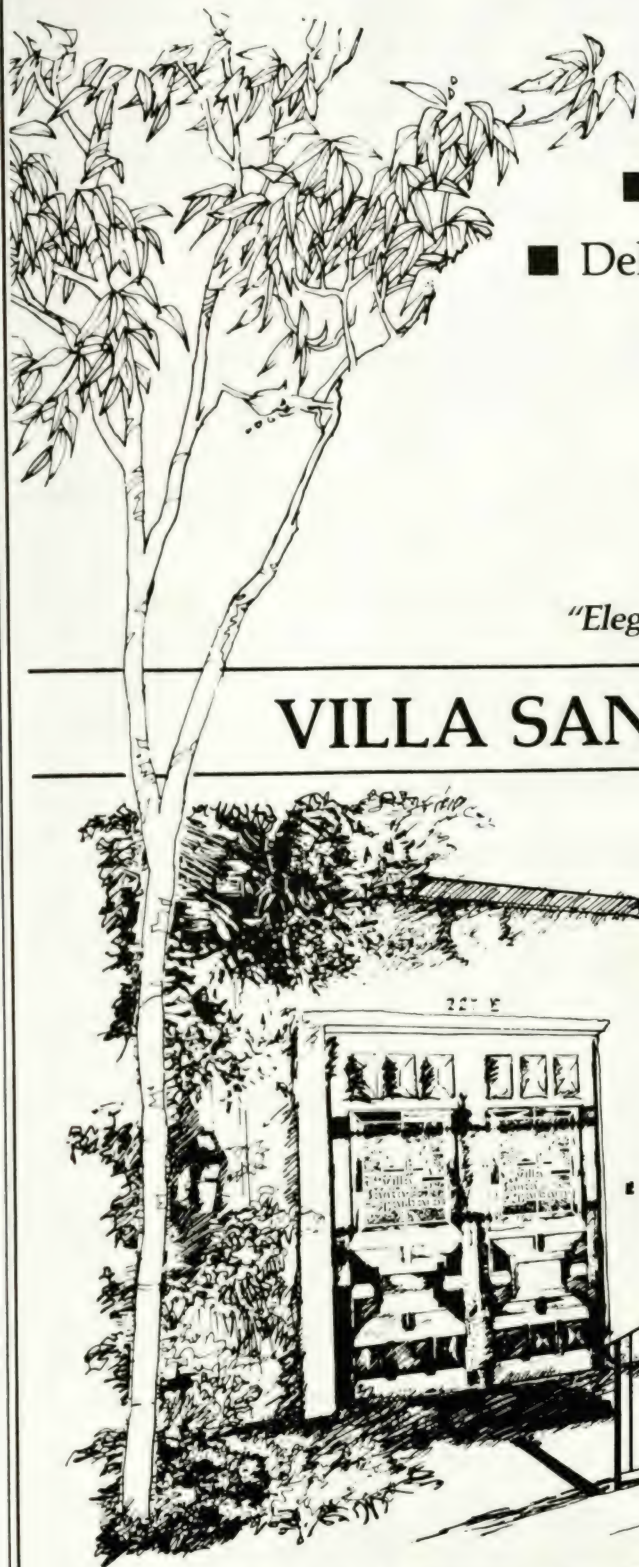
The largest quake on record for Santa Barbara was the estimated magnitude 7.5 quake of 1812 which is said to have generated seismic sea waves that washed a sailing ship far up Refugio Canyon. It was one of the largest quakes in California history. Another quake of magnitude 7.5 struck in 1927 off Point Arguello, but there was no damage.

The San Andreas fault has not had a major rupture in southern California since the magnitude 8 Fort Tejon quake of 1857. Santa Barbara was strongly shaken, but there was little major damage—cracked adobe here and there. In Ventura the effect was quite severe: the Santa Clara River was thrown completely out of its banks. The San Andreas is mentioned in *The Jupiter Effect*, a book by John Gribben and Stephen Plagemann who suggest that the planetary alignment of March 10, 1982, will trigger catastrophic earthquakes along the fault.

"But if you look at that planetary alignment in three dimensions," says Professor Sylvester, "you see that the planets are not in a straight line at all. It just looks that way from Earth. The planets will be within 100 degrees of each other, it's true; but this arrangement happens every 179 years—and the years 1803, 1624, and 1445 were not notably seismic. What generally isn't realized by Jupiter Effect believers is that 99.5 percent of all tidal stresses on March tenth will be imparted by the moon—as usual. Four-tenths of one percent will be imparted by the sun, and Jupiter and all the rest of the planets combined will account for only the last one-tenth of one percent.

"We can forecast that a quake of magnitude 6 may happen here in Santa Barbara at any moment. But that's a *forecast*, not a prediction. A prediction spells out exactly where a quake will be, when it will happen, and what its magnitude will be. Not one of these questions can be answered with certainty by any method anywhere in the world.

"The probability is that we'll come through any magnitude 6 quake here with minimal damage. We can't predict the big one, the quake of over magnitude 7, but sooner or later there will be another



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tain inhibitions, certain hurdles with
yourself. That is true. On the other
I believe a happy person can, in gen-
eral, produce good works more
than somebody who has had a hard
life."

By 1948, despite fruitful and fa-
vorable relationships with both the Corning
Corporation and the Museum of Modern
Art, for whom he organized and de-
signed the definitive American exhi-
bition of Bauhaus art, Bayer turned his
back on "career" and fled New York
for a new possibility presented itself: the
chance to create a total environment
in design in Aspen, Colorado.

"I went to Aspen because I saw it
as an ideal opportunity to create a com-
munity," Bayer says. "At that time, Aspen
was more or less a ghost town."

Walter Paepcke, the man who
founded the new Aspen, commissioned
Bayer to design a city that would at-
tract and elicit excellence in all human
endeavors. "We were too idealistic to be
sure," Bayer says, "but at that time it
sounded as if Aspen would be the place
for me. I was excited by the possibility
of the project and preferred to live in the
country, in the hopes that we could
bring culture to Aspen. We had won-
derful years there, adventurous years, and
we made something out of it. Aspen be-
came not only a sports center, but also
a place of culture. We brought many in-
teresting people to the Aspen Institute.
But in less than 30 years, Aspen was al-
ready on the way down, towards being
a typical tourist town."

Having suffered a heart attack, and
under doctor's orders to restrain his ac-
tivity at high altitudes, Bayer decided
that the time had come to leave an
Aspen whose development had bur-
geoned far beyond his exquisite design.
In 1978, with all the world to choose from,
Herbert Bayer came to Santa Barbara.

"In development and in enlargement
particularly," he notes, "Santa Barbara
has been going relatively slowly. Zoning
regulations were instituted very early
here. In fact, at the time I started to de-
sign Aspen, I studied the regulations
from Santa Barbara. In some ways, this
city was my model."

"There are many places here which
one would redesign, of course, espe-
cially along the shore. The shoreline is a
very special element of Santa Barbara,
and I feel it has not enjoyed the close at-
tention it deserves. But Santa Barbara
still has a chance to be clever, to restrict
its growth. I understand there is a big
hotel going up down there. Now, that
will introduce an entirely new aspect to
Santa Barbara, because what it will
bring in its wake, one does not foresee.
There will be side effects which we do
not understand: more people, more
crowds, more this, more that — and

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Los Soldados de Cuera

A SENSE OF HISTORY — some connection between yesterday, today, and tomorrow—is indispensable to civilized man. Europeans absorb it with their morning gruel; in the ancient cultures of the East, the past is always at one's elbow. We Americans, by contrast, live in a world of rapid and spectacular change where events tumble over one another to bewildering effect. As my late friend Ed Murrow once observed, "You and I have a choice: between being broadly cultivated—or topically informed."

That was 20 years ago. Today the dilemma is compounded by space-age travel, computer games, and taped cassettes—a thousand stimuli competing for our immediate attention. Chief victims of this frenzied pace are our children. Too many of them are growing up under the dangerous illusion that history began with them; too many are falling into a self-preoccupied detachment that makes little allowance for other viewpoints, other ways.

Here in Santa Barbara a movement is afoot that holds promise to at least modify that situation. In this two hundredth anniversary year of the city's founding, the bold plan just launched by the Santa Barbara Trust for Historic Preservation is to restore the entire colorful presidio complex, much in the manner of colonial Williamsburg or the reconstructed Springfield, Illinois of Abe Lincoln. The intent is to recreate not merely stones but

an entire era, to offer a time machine into the past before history disappears in a cloud of electronic gadgetry and science-fiction fantasies.

Standing on the corner of Anacapa and Canon Perdido streets in Santa Barbara, surrounded by camera shops, gasoline pumps, and the U.S. Post Office, it is a little difficult to sweep aside the artifacts of the twentieth century and return to an age of rugged foot trails winding down the hills to a lonely Spanish garrison. Yet only half a block away is where the Royal Presidio, founded in 1782 as headquarters for the Santa Barbara Military District, exercised the authority of Spain's Carlos III over all territory from San Luis Obispo through the drowsy little pueblo of Los Angeles. The last and most imposing of the colonial military bastions in Alta California, it had major responsibility for protecting five coastal missions, for fending off roving buccaneers, and for frustrating the ambitions of Carlos's rivals in England, France, and Russia.

On a recent afternoon I visited the reconstruction site. Thanks to earthquakes and urbanization, today no more than a faint echo of the early settlement lingers in a handful of rooms linked by rough foundation stones. I threaded my way through the ruins of the presidio's once-cherished chapel. Within minutes the hum of traffic fell away. I stood transfixed before a shallow grave where several years before a team of volunteers found the traces of a Spanish musketeer:

a few bones, some tattered cloth, and a dozen brass uniform buttons.

Other characters floated up to troop across the stage of my imagination: gray-robed Franciscan friars and sweaty cannoneers; muscular braves trading fish for hair ribbons; garrison wives baking tortillas on hot stones. I paused before a crumbling wall where sentries once changed posts under the vigilant eye of the *commandante*.

In the twilit silence I could almost hear the thud of galloping hooves, the twang of a distant guitar. It was sobering, and at the same time comforting, to realize amid our fast-food restaurants and copying machines that on this very patch of earth centuries of humans have labored and prayed, loved and died... cradled by the same timeless mountains, lulled by the same ocean waves.

SUPERIMPOSED ON A PRESENT-DAY street map, the eighteenth-century Royal Presidio can be visualized as a rectangle hanging somewhat askew over the intersection of Canon Perdido and Santa Barbara streets. The bulk of the presidio's square-block expanse stretches northward toward Carrillo Street, with the bottom third heading down toward De La Guerra. A rendering by Santa Barbara artist-historian Russell A. Ruiz depicts a symmetrical structure in a quiet basin at the foot of gentle-contoured mountains. Red tile roofs are set off by a whitewashed bell tower;

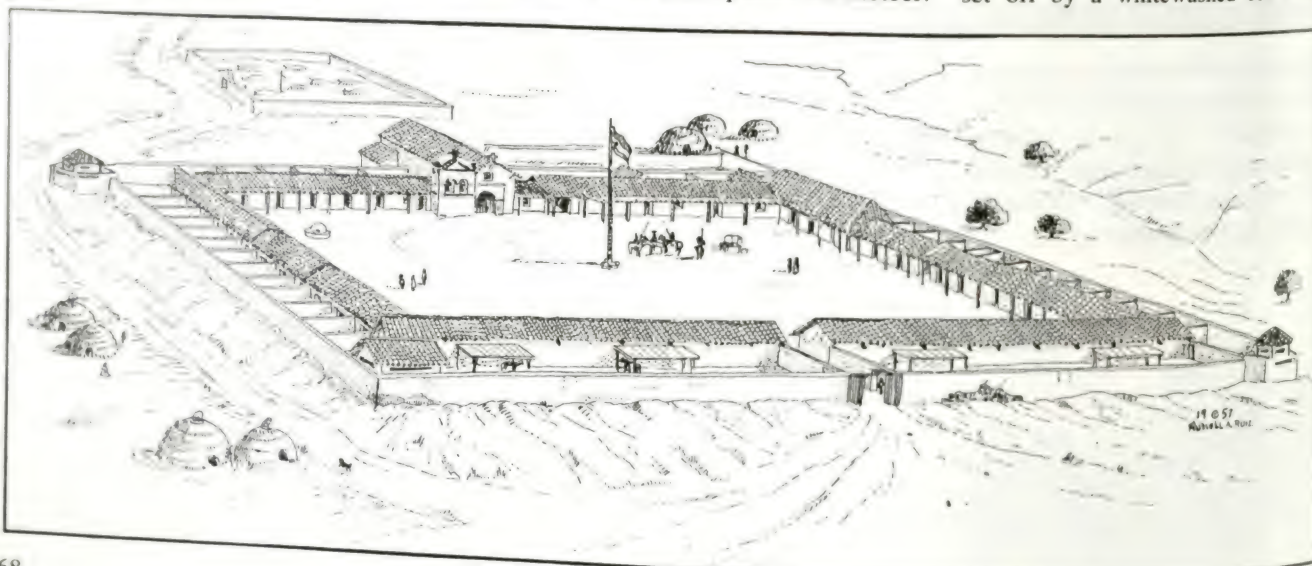


ILLUSTRATION COURTESY RUSSELL A. RUIZ

mounted lancers rove through a central plaza under a fluttering emblem.

This plaza or parade ground was boxed in by neat rows of adobe buildings. Cannons were mounted on two corners, and a stout 400-foot defense wall enclosed the entire complex. A few scattered trees dotted a neighboring landscape broken otherwise only by Indian villages near the shore and, after 1786, the Santa Barbara Mission a mile to the north.

The main entrance was on the beach side, directly across the open square from the chapel, which was flanked to the right by the three-room suite of the *commandancia* and to the left by the chaplain's quarters. Running down the east and west sides were 42 rooms for garrison families, each with its own rear garden. Unmarried soldiers had barracks in the southern wing, which also held the guardhouse and prison cells, craft areas and storage rooms, and corrals for 40 horses.

The presidio was manned by a military force unique to New Spain: the *soldados de cuera*, or "leather soldiers," so called because of their long sleeveless doeskin jackets. The *soldados* were not only crack marksmen and riders — fore-runners of the Southwest cowboy tradition—but also a kind of early-day Peace Corps, equipped to instruct the indigenous population in such crafts as ironwork and tanning. Some of these Mexico-born frontiersmen, in their embroidered jackets and broad, flat sombreros, guarded 7,000 square miles of country heavily populated by Indian tribes. At any given time, half of the garrison was on duty elsewhere; all of Los Angeles was defended by four men under a sergeant. According to Russell Ruiz, it was mainly the *soldados de cuera*—overworked, underpaid, indomitable—who stood between Spain and the expansionist plans of Russia's Catherine the Great, preserving California for Western culture.

Happily for the Spaniards, the 10,000 Chumash Indians populating the nearby beaches and mountain passes were quite unlike the fierce Apaches to the southeast. The Chumash were a seagoing people, talented canoe builders, with some indications of Polynesian influence in their language and customs. By the testimony of the padres, they were both intelligent and amiable. If on both sides there was a certain wariness of strangers, there is little record of physical hostility, religious coercion, or forced labor. The 75 Spaniards were hardly in a position to impose their will; and the multitudes of

tribesmen evidently preferred employment and commercial exchange to warfare. Relations were friendly—sometimes in the eyes of the padres alarmingly so, given the proximity of healthy young soldiers to a native female population unencumbered by European clothing or mores. The priestly response was to offer Indian maidens free instruction in the domestic arts at the mission—and to lock them in after dark whenever possible.

Indian accounts of this period are, not surprisingly, less rosy. Victor Lopez, an elder of the Santa Barbara Chumash community, says: "The Spaniards were relatively tame compared to other European settlers in North America—the presidio officers paid our workers. But the missionaries enslaved the Chumash nation mentally and spiritually. They took advantage of our credulous natures—and the soldiers took advantage of our women."

Of all the presidio complex, only two structures have survived. *El Cuartel*—the Soldier's Quarters—was once part of the west wing. Although modified in layout, and somewhat truncated when Canon Perdido Street cut through, it stands today a few yards from the post office. The Trust for Historic Preservation purchased the structure in 1963, and deeded it three years later to the state as the first step in creating a State Historic Park. *El Cuartel* is now the oldest building owned by California.

Diagonally across Canon Perdido, in what was the western corner of the north wing, is the Cañeda Adobe, once occupied by garrison officers. The padre's quarters alongside have already been largely reconstructed, with sturdy roof beams topped by thong-tied reeds and red clay tiles. The next target for rebuilding is the 105-foot-long chapel, where extensive excavation by volunteers over the past dozen years uncovered the sandstone foundations and the possible outlines of a bell tower.

Rounding out the physical restoration of the presidio will be interior furnishings of the period, and dramatization of its everyday life. The chapel decor—rich altar cloths, pine candelabra, a Nativity scene—will be reproduced from inventories kept at the mission. *El Cuartel* as well as the more elaborate suite of the *commandante* will be stocked with sturdy chairs, sleeping mats, iron cooking vessels, and period weaponry. In the yards and south wing workshops, volunteers will demonstrate the techniques of tile making and blacksmithing. There will also be Chumash exhibits and scenes

from the later Mexican period. Further along on the drawing board are plans for reenacting a trading session, perhaps a formal dance, a trial. And on the spacious plaza, cavalry drills will be held in authentic costume.

ACQUISITIONS AND THE RELOCATION of existing structures—especially historic adobes—have been thoroughly mapped. Resolutions in support of the project have been passed by both the Santa Barbara City Council and the County Board of Supervisors. Design fees for the new chapel have been met by a federal block grant from H.U.D., and the Santa Barbara Foundation is subsidizing preparation of its adobe bricks. Though much more money will be needed in the decade ahead, project director Jarrell Jackman estimates that the total costs will be matched by increased tourist revenues during the first two years of operation.


And the intangible benefits in a world steadily more fragmented and dehumanized are beyond measure. Without some grasp of history, it is impossible to see the world whole. One becomes mired in a very narrow frame from which there is access to no more than a small fraction of global reality: the last five years, the Reagan presidency, the next five minutes. Does the MX missile represent "progress?" Or is it a return to the presidio barricades, to the old sloganeering of "us" versus "them"—despite our satellite photos of a single fragile sphere spinning a lonely circuit through space?

Our children especially are being short-changed. We provide them with a maximum of know-how and a minimum of know-what—then wonder why so many of them are at the pep-pill counter groping for values. Today whole school districts are curled up behind their television sets and instant calculators, sinking behind a wall of noninvolvement. Recreation of the presidio can help punch a hole in that wall. It is an opportunity to restore not only buildings but perspective.

Vivan los soldados de cuera! They may have something to tell us.

Ted Berkman is an ex-foreign correspondent, a prizewinning author and scenarist, and a regular contributor to Santa Barbara Magazine.

Editor's note: Those wishing to help with the reconstruction of the presidio may send contributions to the Santa Barbara Trust for Historic Preservation, P.O. Box 388, Santa Barbara, CA 93102.



UNI: THE GOLDEN HARVEST

BY GARY KARASIK

MOMMY, LOOK! IT'S ALIVE!"

The little girl is pointing to an odd-looking magenta creature sitting on the pier. And in fact its spines *are* moving, waving slowly in the air, much the same as they wave slowly under water.

"It's alive?" Daddy asks me, drawing the girl a little nearer.

"Does it bite?" she asks.

"Looks like a ruddy purple porcupine," says a dark, wiry fellow with a British accent. He stands among a group that has gathered to watch the unloading of the boats.

"Cockney?" I ask.

He stiffens slightly and stands a bit straighter. "New Zealand," he says.


"It's a sea urchin," I quickly answer the little girl, resolving never to make that mistake again.

"What are they for?" she asks. She is about eight, with as many freckles as snow flowing her face as there are sea urchins overflowing the deck of the *Providence*, the dive boat I worked on all day.

"They're food," I explain. "People eat them."

"Eat them?" She is horrified.

It seems we divers are always having to explain about the urchins. It's part of the job, especially during the warm months when people are out at night wandering around the harbor. The bright lights of the Navy Pier, the moaning of the hoists, and the rumble of the overloaded urchin trucks attract all kinds of people looking for diversion. And many of them have never even heard of sea urchins, much less seen any.



tourists, and I guess I can understand. Tourists can be so wonderfully credulous. One of them will usually ask, "How do you get them?" And there's one diver who always answers, "With an urchin whistle. We stand on deck and blow the whistle and they swim up and climb into the nets."

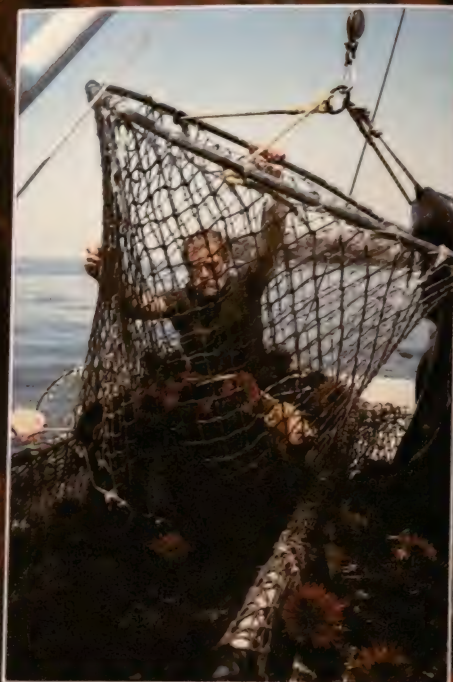
"Really?" the tourist will say. "Imagine that."

But I like the tourists. I spent a year as

Above and right: Santa Barbara's newest multimillion-dollar business revolves around one of nature's most bizarre creatures, the giant red sea urchin. Until recently thought of as a pest, urchins are now gathered from the seafloor by the ton, prized for their bright yellow "roe."



PHOTOS BY BOB EVANS



a conductor on San Francisco's cable cars answering every imaginable kind of question, some of them quite bizarre, so this seems easy by comparison. When someone asks me how we catch the urchins, I'll answer, "We dive for them, and scrape them off the rocks with a small rake that looks like a garden weeder."

I'll go on to tell them that 95 percent of the urchins we bring in will be jettied to Japan the next day and eaten in sushi bars. If the group seems able to handle it, I'll tell them that the Japanese consider sea urchin roe an aphrodisiac. At which point someone will invariably ask, "Oh, may I try some?"

"Okay," I'll nod, "but you'll have to go over there and see Wes." I'll point to the large hoist at the end of the pier,

Last year Santa Barbara divers gathered 20 million pounds of uni, shipping it overnight to Japan where it is considered an aphrodisiac. Top left: Divers use stainless steel rakes to avoid the urchins' sharp, brittle spines.

Top right: A tender at the surface winches the net from the channel and drops it on deck while the diver goes back for more.

Above: At the sushi bar of the local restaurant Something's Fishy Here, master chef Naoki Hongo combines uni roe with seaweed, rice, and bright orange crab eggs. His devotees claim the taste is like a breath of fresh air from the sea.



PHOTO BY CAROLINE PRENDERGAST

Delphine Gallery



Watercolor

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usually run by Wesley Carpenter. Wes not only runs the big hoist, he runs the entire sea urchin business in Santa Barbara, which provides most of the sea urchins consumed in the world. I send tourists to Wes because he puts on a great show. With a curly mass of sandy hair and beard, he resembles a short Ulysses. Holding the hoist's remote control, lifting huge cargo nets from the decks of boats tied below, he directs traffic in tones that can range from polite requests to decisive command, this latter tone picked up during a stint as a point man in Vietnam. When Wes says "Duck!" you duck.

The tourists eat it up. And Wesley, like every good showman, successfully pretends he is unaware of them while he orchestrates the show.

"Can we try some?" a tourist will get up the courage to yell.

Wes nods, and while lifting and dumping 2,000-pound cargo nets and yelling out which boats will unload next he manages to get an urchin from the truck behind him, turn it over, break the shell with a heavy work boot, and scoop out the reproductive glands, called roe.

And now that the asker has caused the death of one of God's creatures, he is morally compelled to try some roe, although having seen the method of extraction he has usually lost his appetite.

"Go ahead, honey," say the spouse, giving him a little push.

"Raw?" asks honey.

Prime urchin roe is bright yellow and thick, tasting salty and sweet at the same time. I have been told that it is an acquired taste. If it is, I have not acquired it in four years. But some people like it a lot, most notably the Italians and the Japanese. Uni (pronounced "oo-nee") roe is a great delicacy in Japan, and Santa Barbara divers gathered 20 million pounds in 1981, selling it to processors in Oxnard and Los Angeles who in turn sell it to the Japanese. This is a great deal of weight, but it seems an especially impressive figure when one considers that the business did not exist 15 years ago. The California Department of Fish and Game only began recording the annual catch of sea urchins in 1971. The record shows that in that year California divers brought in a total of 200 pounds throughout the state, valued at \$36. Three years later the figure was 7,108,000 pounds, valued at \$520,000, with sea urchins ranking thirteenth in total tonnage of all species of seafood landed in the state. That's 200 pounds to 7,000,000 pounds in three years; from \$36 to \$520,000.

And the value of 1981's catch exceeded \$4,000,000, making a small, but significant dent in this country's balance of payments deficit, and making a large contribution to the local economy.

After the urchins are loaded onto the processors' trucks they are driven to the plants. There, crews break open the shells, scoop out the strips of roe, and pack them into special chill trays. The trays are packed in boxes, the boxes loaded on jets, and off to Japan they go. Five to ten percent of the total weight of each urchin, and therefore of the total catch, is roe. The remainder of the weight—shell, organs, and seawater—is discarded.

The price of urchins has increased dramatically during the last four years. In 1978 divers received 11 cents a pound for urchins containing first quality roe. In

1981 the price more than doubled to 28 cents a pound.

Several factors account for this increase. The dollar has dropped in value as opposed to the yen, so processors receive more dollars for their roe and can afford to pay divers more. Second, the supply of urchins is dwindling due to overfishing. As urchins become scarcer, prices rise. Third, the cost of fuel has escalated wildly. Boats use enormous amounts of fuel. Steadily pushing a boat through the water is like constantly driving a car uphill. The divers have asked for more money to defray higher fuel costs.

This is a business that looks extremely good on paper, especially as the price of urchins goes up. Divers are drawn by glowing tales of the urchin that gave the golden eggs, certain the financial yield

will justify the huge expense of a boat and gear. The increase in the number of regularly working boats in the last few years has been staggering, rising from 17 to over 60, with another 25 or so boats working part-time.

Urchins can grow to pickable size (approximately four inches across) in about three years. But with so many boats working, few beds are left alone for very long, and there is insufficient time for the supply to renew itself. It becomes increasingly difficult to find workable concentrations of urchins, and to bring in large loads.

Repeated small loads, high fuel costs, and frequent bad weather all nibble at profits. Insurance premiums, taxes, and harbor fees nibble more. Add the high cost of constant maintenance required by workboats, and the diver soon begins to



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feel that the stories that drew him to the business were fairy tales.

There are well over 700 species of sea urchins. The variety we harvest along the Pacific Coast is the giant red urchin, *Strongylocentrotus franciscanus*. It is usually found on rocks (though occasionally on sand) from the tide line down to more than 300 feet.

By human standards, the urchin—an echinoderm (related to starfish and sea cucumbers)—is built upside down, its mouth on the bottom, its anus at the top. It feeds on algae (kelp) and other matter that it comes across while slowly moving itself with its spines and small, sucker-tipped tube feet. When food is impaled on its spines by the current the urchin passes it along from spine to spine till it is brought under the shell (called the *test* by biologists) to the five-toothed jaw structure, called Aristotle's lantern because of its unique shape.

Divers gather urchins using stainless steel rakes, breathing through air hoses attached to compressors on their boats (called hookah gear because of its similarity to the Turkish water pipe). Urchins are pulled from the rocks and deposited in nets. When a net is full, the diver inflates a float that lifts the net to the surface. At the surface a tender aboard the boat will winch the net from the water and drop it on the deck while the diver goes back down for more.

In this way, in an area where urchins are plentiful, an individual diver can gather as many as five to six thousand pounds of urchins a day (and sometimes more). But because of the shrinking supply, loads of this size have become rarities, and a catch of two to three thousand pounds is now considered a good load.

Though spines of some warm-water urchins are poisonous, those of local urchins are not. They are extremely brittle and sharp, however, and can penetrate thick rubber, leather, even wood, and can cause painful injuries. Urchin spines are an occupational hazard for divers, and when lodged in a joint—an elbow, knee, or knuckle—will frequently require surgery. Doctors in local emergency rooms are rapidly becoming expert in treating urchin spine injuries.

Virtually all urchins are gathered for food, except for a small percentage that is used for decoration and jewelry. Because of the many small pores in the shell which let light through in symmetrical patterns, novelty and gift shops sometimes sell a night light that uses an urchin shell as a lampshade. These stores also

sell necklaces and bracelets made of small urchin shells. (The shells of urchins gathered for food cannot be used decoratively because they must be broken to extract the roe.)

To prepare a shell for display the urchin should be boiled for half an hour in fresh water. This will soften the cartilaginous material that anchors the spines to the shell. Most of the spines can then be washed off with a garden hose, and those that remain can be picked or brushed off, though this must be done carefully as the shell is light and fragile and the spines are still dangerous. Remaining cartilage can be scraped off with a fingernail, and the hose turned inside the shell to rinse it out. If desired, the shell can be whitened by placing it in a solution of one part bleach to five parts water for about fifteen minutes. It should then be rinsed again.

This procedure is fully as messy and as complicated as it sounds, but the resulting shells are quite lovely.

Sea urchin roe is usually eaten raw. Should you like to try some straight off the boat, go down to the Navy Pier at the harbor almost any night and ask for Wes Carpenter.

If you dive, or if you are under 16 or have a fishing license and find a purple urchin in shallow water and would like to try roe when it is freshest, carefully remove the urchin and bring it ashore. Place it on a rock or other hard surface and turn it upside down. (The side with the smallest spines is the bottom.) Gently break the shell with a rock or stick, then pick away the pieces of broken shell. The roe will be attached to the inside of the shell in five alternating yellow strips. Carefully lift the roe from the shell, clean away everything that is not yellow, and pop it into your mouth. (Do remember that it is reputed to be an aphrodisiac.)

Or if you want to sample this exotic delicacy in the Japanese fashion, uni roe is served at the following Santa Barbara restaurants and sushi bars (call ahead to make sure they have it on any particular day): Kyoto, 3232 State Street, 687-1252; Santa Barbara Shellfish Company, 230 Stearns Wharf, 962-2722; Something's Fishy Here, 720 Chapala (in Ott's Oldtown Mall), 963-7760; Suishin, 511 State Street, 962-1495; and Tokyo Inn, 2710 De La Vina, 687-1210.

Gary Karasik is a professional diver, an English teacher at UCSB, and a freelance writer of fiction, essays, and magazine features. His writing ranges in topic from sealife to motorcycles.

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DIA



When Crown met Cross at Santa Barbara

Two hundred years ago this month, politicians and priests joined in an uneasy truce to create the presidio-pueblo of Santa Barbara.

By Walker A. Tompkins

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, the feast day of Saint Joseph fell on the twenty-first day of April. Catholic historians agree that on that day Padre Junípero Serra, president of the California missions, experienced one of the most euphoric hours of his life—and shortly thereafter acute heartbreak—when he and Felipe de Neve, governor of Baja and Alta California, met to found the Royal Presidio that has since grown into the modern city of Santa Barbara.

This month, the bicentennial anniversary of that founding climaxes a year of commemorative observances by Barbareños. Among the birthday events that day will be a special morning Mass and a reenactment of the original Serra-de Neve ceremonies on the site of Santa Barbara's birth (125 East Canon Perdido Street) by the Santa Barbara Trust for Historic Preservation. Civic, ethnic, and church groups will unite in paying tribute to a beautiful city that in two cen-

turies has grown from a primitive *eria* into a modern city with a population of over 75,000.

This outwelling of community money did not exist on the day Santa Barbara was born, however. The ending of Spain's final military outpost in the New World took place in the very year a raging political hurricane that in the end pitted the Crown against the Cross.

The reigning king of Spain at the time, Carlos III, and his viceroy in Mexico City were worried because the Russian bear and the British lion had exposed designs on their northernmost province of Alta California. More than 200 years before, Sir Frances Drake had laid claim to California for England under the name "New Albion." The Russians were conducting explorations along the northern coast and would eventually erect a military base at Fort Ross, north of the Golden Gate. Spain made its first move to defend and colonize the Californias with the Portolá expedition of 1769. At that time a presidio was established at San Diego along with the first of an eventual 21 Franciscan missions strung like a string up the California coast.

A Majorcan priest, Fr. Junípero Serra, had been assigned to head the California missions. His original intention was to build the second mission at Monterey (which he did) and the third along the Santa Barbara Channel, because it would be midway between the two. Circumstances, however, dictated that by 1782 Padre Serra had founded missions instead at San Antonio de Padua, San Gabriel, San Luis Obispo, San Francisco, San Juan Capistrano, and Santa Clara, in that order.

So far as King Carlos III was concerned, the Christianizing of California's native Indians was of secondary importance to gaining military supremacy in the province. Undaunted, Serra carried on his tireless crusade to establish a mission wherever he found concentrations of Indians.

Because he had personally traversed the length of El Camino Real, both on foot and by muleback, the aging Padre Serra knew that more Indians dwelt along the coast of the Santa Barbara Channel between Points Mugu and Concepción than anywhere else in California.

Serra's master plan called for three so-called Channel Missions to serve this Indian population. They would be located at San Buenaventura, at Santa Barbara, and at La Purísima Concepción in

Right: Saintly Padre Junípero Serra, first president of the California mission system, dreamed of founding the Queen of the Missions along with the Spanish Royal Presidio at Santa Barbara. His temporal nemesis, Governor Felipe de Neve, handed him a cruel surprise and a crushing disappointment.



the Lompoc Valley. But his dream would not be fulfilled until 1787, three years after his death.

Up until 1782, the tens of thousands of Chumash living along the channel coast were without the services of a Christian missionary. The nearest missions were at San Gabriel and San Luis Obispo, 200 miles apart, and the friars had learned from experience that they could not recruit neophytes any farther than 30 miles from the native *rancherías*.

Early in March of 1782 the matter of establishing the long-delayed Channel Missions was ready to be taken up by the governor of California, Felipe de Neve. It was high on the agenda of a conference held at Mission San Gabriel, attended by Governor de Neve, who represented the state and who made no attempt to disguise his animosity toward religious interests; Padre Serra, who represented the Cross; and Lieutenant José Francisco de Ortega, who represented the military arm of the government. Ortega, trail scout for the original Portolá expedition in 1769, would be in charge of building a presidio near the channel and later would serve as its first commandant.

The personality conflicts between Governor de Neve and the father-president of the California missions reached a flashpoint at the San Gabriel conference. The basic bone of contention between them had to do with budgeting money for the new missions.

Serra contended that the historic "Pious Fund," which was collected by the Jesuit black friars prior to their expulsion from Mexico in 1767 for the purpose of building and maintaining new missions in Baja California, should now become the treasury of the Franciscan grey friars who needed the money for the same holy purpose in Alta California.

De Neve disagreed. He caustically reminded Serra that Pope Alexander VI, in his papal *patronado* of 1493, had placed administration of the Pious Fund in the hands of the reigning king of Spain, who in 1782 was Carlos III. The king's chief interest in far-off California was to keep it from falling under the influence of hostile foreign powers. After all, the desolate *terra incognita* that was California yielded not one *peso* of profit to the royal coffers, so why waste money on nonessentials like Christianizing the primitive natives? The king, therefore, had passed control of the black friars' Pious Fund to Governor de Neve. This placed Padre Serra at a serious disadvan-

tage in the negotiations.

The historic meeting at San Gabriel ended in a grudging compromise that was unsatisfactory to both sides. Instead of the minimum of three missions needed along the Santa Barbara Channel, de Neve would approve funding for only two—one at San Buenaventura and the other ten leagues farther up the coast where de Neve was planning to locate the fourth and last of the California presidios. De Neve had already selected the name "Santa Barbara" for the new presidio, which would shoulder the awesome responsibility of protecting Spain's interests in a territory that stretched from San Luis Obispo to San Gabriel.

The governor was unexpectedly called away to restore order among the Indians at Yuma on the Colorado River. In his absence Padre Serra and Lieutenant Ortega journeyed to San Buenaventura and built a temporary mission that was formally dedicated to the glory of God on Easter Sunday, March 31, 1782. By the time Governor de Neve arrived in mid-April to get on with the establishment of Santa Barbara, he found the new mission at San Buenaventura had taken root and was thriving.

At long last, Padre Serra's most cherished dream was about to come true, or so he thought—the founding of a mission and presidio at Santa Barbara. In the Catholic calendar of saints' days, the third Sunday after Easter was designated the feast day of Saint Joseph. Serra suggested to Governor de Neve that this would be a most propitious day to consecrate the site of Santa Barbara. With an

indifferent shrug, de Neve agreed.

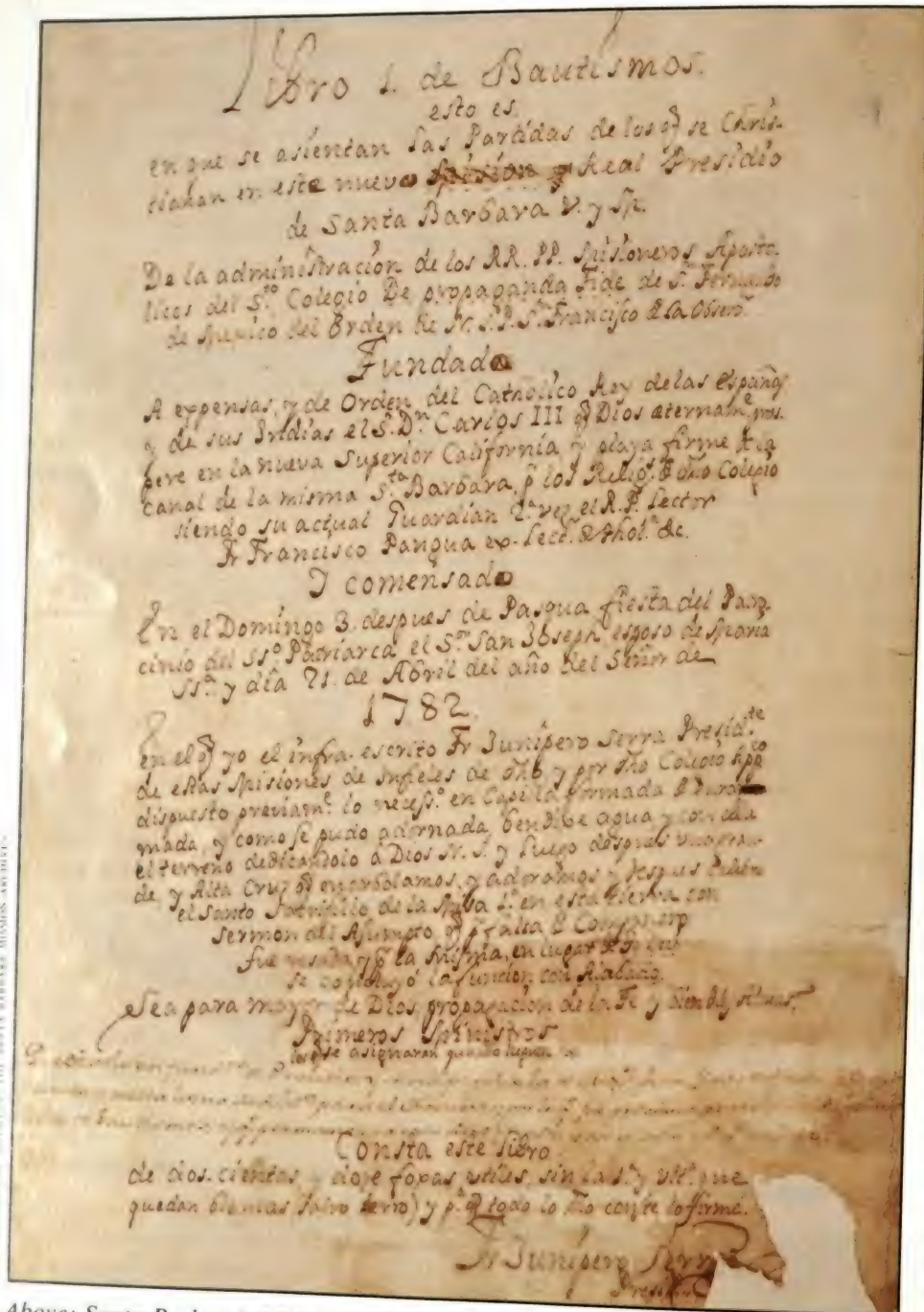
Under command of one sergeant, a squad of 14 *soldados de cuera* (so named because they wore arrow-proof laminated leather jackets, replacing the bulky steel armor which the invention of gunpowder had rendered obsolete) was left to guard the mission named in honor of Saint Bonaventure, with Fr. Pedro Benito Cambón remaining to carry on the Christianization program launched by Padre Serra.

De Neve and Lieutenant Ortega were in the vanguard of troops and pack-mule train, with Padre Serra (then 68 and in deteriorating health due to an infected leg) bringing up the rear of the column. They left San Buenaventura on Monday, April 15.

Franciscan diarist Fr. Francisco Palóu described the march in his *Noticias*: "They traveled by way of the shore of the channel opposite the islands which form this channel. After marching about nine leagues they came to a place which they judged to be about half way to the end of the channel [the narrow valley that separates the Carpinteria and Goleta valleys]. Here the governor ordered the troops to halt. Then with Padre Serra and some of the soldiers he explored the region and found a very favorable site for the presidio within view of the beach, which here forms a bay where vessels might anchor, and where there was a large Indian settlement. The governor gave orders that camp be pitched in a suitable place; whereupon they began cutting timbers for the large Cross, for the little structure to be used as a chapel, and for the altar.



Left: The crown of Spain at the time, King Carlos III, held that salvation of California's native population was of secondary importance to gaining military supremacy in the desolate province. His representatives cut Padre Serra off from the money and labor necessary to fulfill his most cherished dream.



Above: Santa Barbara's "birth certificate" proves that on April 21, 1782, Padre Serra thought he had founded the tenth California mission. Four years later, Serra's successor Fr. Fermin Lasuén scratched out the word "Mission" and added: "Actually, only the presidio was founded [in 1782] and the founding of the mission was suspended until the end of the year 1786."

The spot had been called since the [1769 Portolá] expedition 'San Joaquin de la Laguna.' It is in north latitude 34 degrees and a few minutes, 120 degrees west longitude."

The "very favorable location" for the Santa Barbara presidio was about 50 feet above sea level and a mile (or two miles) from the beach. It was selected because it most nearly met the criteria laid down by the viceroy for locating frontier fortresses; that is, there was a ready supply of fieldstone for constructing foundations, a supply of wood which grew in abundance along San Joaquin and Mission creeks, proximity to a large concentration of Indians, and a good water supply in the form of artesian springs near the present intersection of Ortega and Garden streets.

The concentration of Indians lived in the native village of Siujin, located on a rise of ground overlooking West Beach between modern Chapala and Bath streets. Yanonalit, the chieftan or ruler, was not inclined to be friendly at first, but was soon won over by the fat and jolly Lieutenant Ortega. The mission register of baptisms reveals that Yanonalit was rather slow to accept Christianity, however. He was not baptized until September 17, 1797, after being exposed to Christian teachings for 15 years. At that time the old chief was christened "Pedro."

Serra was not happy with de Neve's choice for Santa Barbara. Historians agree that the missions' father-president would have preferred the Goleta Valley as a site. Serra once wrote, "In my poor judgement it is not a good place for either a presidio or a mission." Fr. Juan Crespi, the diarist of the Portolá expedition, had described the Santa Barbara area as "treeless and dismal." But de Neve's whim was law.

On the eve of Santa Barbara's creation, Lieutenant Ortega called the muster roll of his leather-jacket soldiers by the flickering gleam of a campfire. It is significant that today, 200 years later, the descendants of many of Ortega's military roster are listed in the Santa Barbara telephone directory. The surnames in the order they were called that night are:

Cota, Arguello, Carrillo, Ortega, Oliv-

era, Amador, Rodriguez, Soto, Felix, Fernandez, Valdez, Lobo, Dominguez, Lugo, Villa, Sanchez, Reyes, Ayala, Gonzales, Cervantes, Rochin, Ruiz, German, Valencia, Quijada, Valenzuela, Leyva, Flores, Martinez, Garcia, Peña, Ballesteros, Romero, Machado, and Valdez. Indians attached to the garrison bore the Christian names of Loreto, Salazar, Orcha, Ramon, Gerardo, Verela, Carlos, Yaquis, and Calixto.

Thus dawned the historic day whose bicentennial Santa Barbarans have been celebrating for the past 12 months: Sunday, April 21, 1782.

Following a breakfast feast of the Patronage of Saint Joseph, everyone gathered at a point near the present intersection of Canon Perdido and Santa Barbara streets. Governor de Neve, with an attendant carrying the royal banner of Spain, was on hand to represent the state. The military was represented by Lieutenant Ortega with his ensigns, sergeants, corporals, 36 leather-jacket soldiers, and nine Indian attendants. The religious arm was represented by Padre Serra, decked out with alb and stole over his gray habit.

While a few awe-struck aborigines from Chief Yanonalit's village looked on from a discrete distance, Governor de Neve and the soldiers formed a square around the temporary ramada which covered the crude altar. They laid down their swords and muskets and knelt as one. Padre Serra, raising his arms aloft, blessed the environs of the future city of Santa Barbara, and then called upon a crew of husky soldiers to raise the heavy timbered *Santa Cruz*, or Holy Cross, which the padre venerated in accordance with centuries-old custom, invoking the protection and indulgence of the Holy Trinity on the mission-presidio of Santa Barbara.

Because his assistant priest had been left behind in San Buenaventura, Padre Serra sang a Low Mass followed by a sermon, the text of which has regrettably been lost to history. However, as archivist Fr. Maynard Geiger said in his

Life and Times of Junipero Serra, "it is not difficult to reconstruct Serra's basic theme from his many other statements concerning the Channel foundations.

"In 1913 when the Serra Memorial Cross was erected in front of the Old Mission, Serra's sermon was done in a verse pageant written by Francis De Sales Gliebe, O.F.M., and performed by his students at Saint Anthony's Seminary. It was titled 'Planting of the Cross at Santa Barbara' " and read as follows:

"My honored countrymen and most dear children,
Blessed are we today to witness here
And celebrate the newest victory
Of our great king and leader, Christ the Lord.
Behold the Cross, the banner of God's might!
'Tis lifted high in triumph to the skies,
Unfolding glorious conquests made—of souls . . .
Oft have I prayed to do what now is done:
Long years my soul hath yearned here on this ground
In Santa Barbara's honor named, to plant
The Cross of Christ, and build a mission burgh,
To make citizens with saints, and God's
Domestics, built on Apostolic base,
Whose cornerstone is Jesus Christ, the Lord."

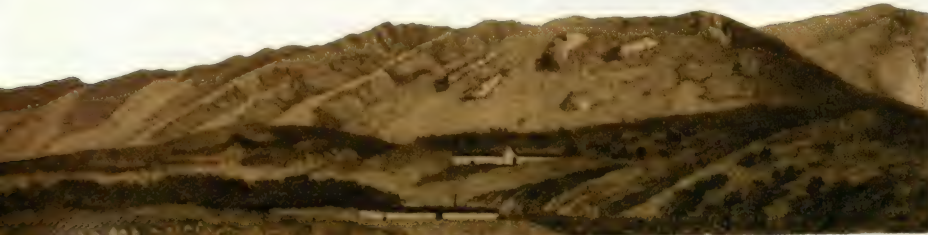
Several weeks later Padre Serra wrote to his superiors at the College of San Fernando in Mexico, "In place of the *Te Deum* the *Alabado* was chanted, which is equivalent to the *Laudamus*. Because I was alone, there was only a Low Mass."

Group singing of the *Alabado* concluded the ritual. Santa Barbara was officially born.

Padre Serra's first official act was to inscribe the title pages of the presidio's registers for births, deaths, and baptisms. On each he lettered the words "this new



On Santa Barbara's birthday exactly two hundred years ago, Padre Serra blessed the environs of the presidio and future city. Above: Saint Barbara, the city's namesake and patron saint, is said to protect seafarers, military men, and others in grave danger. This rendition of the benevolent saint is by the sixteenth century artist Michael Coxie.



Left: In 1786 the first crude mission finally arose behind the Spanish Royal Presidio. In November of 1793 Captain George Vancouver's voyage of discovery happened by, with surveyor John Sykes sketching this "picturesque" scene from the deck of the ship.



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Mission and Royal Presidio of Santa Barbara," proof that he believed that on this day he had not only consecrated the site of the Royal Presidio, but had also founded the tenth of the California missions.

In that belief Padre Serra was grossly mistaken. Later, when discussing a site for the new Santa Barbara mission edifice he assumed would rise along with the presidio buildings, the old padre was stunned when Governor de Neve told him that his first responsibility was to make the coast safe for colonists to settle in, not to promote the Christianization of the native population. For that reason, no money from the Pious Fund would be available, nor would any labor be furnished, for the building of Santa Barbara Mission until the presidio was fully completed and functioning.

This was a cruel surprise and a crushing disappointment for Serra to absorb, sensing that his own days were numbered. Years might elapse before the adobe and stone ramparts surrounding the new fortress could be completed. Barracks storehouses, a chapel; quarters for the padres, the commandant and his non-commissioned officers, and the unmarried soldiers—all these had to be built literally from the ground up, for dried mud bricks and tiles would be the basic materials for construction.

In a numbed state, Padre Serra wrote a letter to a fellow priest: "I do not have the spirit to describe that dismal foundation nor what I see and hear while I remain in Santa Barbara. The governor is becoming a missionary! He told me that we did not have a good method of founding and maintaining our missions..."

On May 5, Serra addressed a memorandum to the governor: "Señor, since I am not needed here, as the mission is not now to be founded, I will return to Monterey for the supply ships from Mexico cannot be long in coming. Meanwhile, lest so great a number of people be without Mass and priestly ministrations, I will call up one of my missionaries from San Juan Capistrano to serve in Santa Barbara..."

Before he left a few days later, Padre Serra saw Lieutenant Ortega and his soldiers, with Indian labor supplied by Chief Yanonalit, begin the construction of a temporary timber-and-brush presidio. Ortega would serve as commandant of the garrison for two years before being transferred and replaced by Lt. Felipe de Goycochea.

During those two years, Serra marked time in Monterey until in 1784 he learned

that Governor de Neve had been transferred to military duty in Sonora province. The viceroy indicated that as soon as missionaries could be sent to Santa Barbara from the Franciscan college of San Fernando, construction of the new mission could begin.

But the end of the Junípero Serra story is not a happy one. He had run out of time. The humble padre who is currently a candidate for sainthood died on his rawhide pallet in a cubicle at Mission San Carlos Borromeo de Carmelo on August 28, 1784, in his seventieth year.

His temporal nemesis, Felipe de Neve, died a week later while riding on a trail in Sonora, Mexico. . . .

Padre Serra's successor as president of the California mission system was his close friend Fr. Fermín Lasuén. Another two years elapsed before Lasuén arrived in Santa Barbara to found the Queen of the Missions.

His first official act was to correct the title page of the first book of baptisms that Serra had labeled the "Mission and Presidio of Santa Bárbara." The book is in the Franciscan archives and library at the Old Mission, where the presidio records were moved. A perusal of the vellum flyleaf will show where Lasuén crossed out the word "Mission," which Serra inscribed so euphorically on that glorious morning 200 years ago. Lower down the page appears a notation in Lasuén's spidery script. Translated from the archaic Spanish, it reveals this poignant message: "Actually, only the presidio was founded [in 1782] and the founding of the mission was suspended until the end of the year 1786."

Lasuén rejected an earlier selection of a Montecito site, deeming it too far from the protection of the presidio. Instead, the mission was located at the mouth of Pedregoso (Mission) Canyon near the site of a prehistoric Indian village. The rites of dedication took place on the feast day of Saint Barbara, December 4, 1786. It was not until September 1833 that Santa Barbara Mission took on the appearance so often photographed by tourists today, with its arcaded monastery and twin-towered façade unique among the 21 California missions.

The Royal Presidio that Serra cofounded was completed in tile and adobe form by Lieutenant Goycochea in 1792. The Santa Barbara Trust for Historic Preservation is currently restoring it to the appearance of the original, situated in the heart of the beautiful resort city that Junípero Serra blessed on that April morning 200 years ago.

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THE FRENCH REFLECTION

By Cork Millner
Photography by Jürgen Hilmer

JEAN LOUIS, a diminutive Frenchman with a boulevardier's eye for beauty, studies the model's reflection in the mirror. He fusses with the skirt of the gown she is wearing, motions for her to turn, and the material billows and swirls in a blur of satin organza. He nods his head watching the multiple reflected images in the mirrors, then says in an accent that

has the pouting lilt of Maurice Chevalier, "Ah, perfection . . . femininity."

For most of his 74 years Jean Louis's eye has been studying "femininity," trying to discover the figure's best angles, its most perfect shape. The gown the model is wearing is one of his designs, one of the thousands he has created over the past 50 years to enhance the classic





Opposite: Originally from Paris, then Hollywood, the world's most noted glamour designer now makes his home in Santa Barbara. Above: Model Dolores Greer shows off a gown from Jean Louis's latest spring collection.

beauty of the female form.

Jean Louis turns to the model in the mirror again and studies the reflection of his latest gown for one more moment, recalling other glamorous gowns he has designed for some of the world's most beautiful women: Elizabeth Taylor, Katherine Hepburn, Rosalind Russell, Marilyn Monroe, Loretta Young, Rita Hayworth—and Betty Grable, the GIs' favorite pin-up girl of World War II.

"Betty Grable gave me more trouble than any other movie star," Jean Louis remembers, leaning against his own image in the long mirrored hallway of his Montecito home. "She rejected the first sketch I brought to her. She said the bustline was designed too low. 'That's where I want them!' she told me, then showed me. I asked her, 'Why? Your natural line is not up there.' She said, 'Yes, but if *they* are higher it will appear I have longer legs.'" Jean Louis sighs. "So I did it the way she wanted." He puts the flat of his hand under his chin and laughs, "She was right—she had longer legs, but her bosom was up to here!"

"Janet Leigh was another difficult actress to design for," Jean Louis says, warming to his subject. "She had this enormous bosom, and she was very narrow through the body, yet she wanted suits very fitted. It was a nightmare. What do you do with this big bosom in a tight-fitted suit? Well, I did the suits, but I wasn't very happy with them."

He steps away from the mirrored hallway, and with a soft "Thank you" motions the model away.

Jean Louis walks into a bright room with picture windows that lead to an outdoor patio. The floor of the room is covered with zebra skins, their black and white stripes magnified through several glass-topped tables. There are a few photos on a bookshelf, including one of Nancy and Ronald Reagan.

"Nancy Reagan would come to me from time to time and order dresses," Jean Louis explains, settling comfortably in a chair. "She would look at the new line of clothes and say, 'I like this and this.' I would sell her a certain dress then be careful not to sell any others like it." Jean Louis's eyes sparkle and he whis-

pers as if revealing a secret, "But of course, some of the same design would already have been sold in different colors and fabrics."

One of the reasons famous women rely on Jean Louis is that his fashion philosophy never sidesteps good sense. He champions the classic tradition: well cut basic design with elegant details that are interesting and fashionable without being freakish. He realizes that the seasonal French and Italian editions of the current vogue sometimes reach the point of fantastical, and that the designs sometimes seem lavish to the point of being grotesque. Although he keeps an eye on the latest showings, he feels it is necessary to "mellow" the extreme designs before they can be acceptable.

"I don't design for the trend," he says, "but rather to glorify the female figure, to simply make a woman look pretty. You see, femininity is beautiful to me."

The embodiment of this quest to enhance the classic beauty of the female form was a totally unique creation—a gown made for Marlene Dietrich and unveiled at her celebrated Las Vegas Sahara Hotel opening in 1952. When the curtains parted, the black-tie crowd let out a startled gasp: Dietrich's gown was a confection of shimmering sensuality, a flowing garment that created the illusion of nudity. It became known as the original "see-through dress."

"Marlene Dietrich was a perfectionist," Jean Louis says. "She disliked balance, so not one bead on the dress was the same as another. No, she was not difficult or temperamental, she just wanted perfection. It took six months before she agreed the gown was totally right for her."

It's not hard to imagine the patience it must have taken to deal with such a perfectionist. But then Jean Louis is a shy, relaxed man, far from the stereotyped image of the arrogant French designer who screams and berates his models and throws material around in a rage. "I suppose I should do that to get interest," he says. Then to poke a little fun at the creative temperament of his compatriots, he adds, "But I've always thought that when your designs are not too good, it is then you must have 'character.'"

No, it is not temperament—it is taste, talent, and a bit of luck that have earned Jean Louis the title of the world's most noted glamour designer.

Born in Paris in 1907, Jean Louis be-



Jean Louis

lieves he was destined to become a fashion designer. "The first thing I remember sketching was the figure eight, he says. "I put the figure on its side, drew on a crown, and it was a hat. Then a few minutes later I added the price tag!" Later, the talented young Frenchman sketched whole wardrobes in his textbooks and drifted naturally into art school, which eventually became his entrée into the salons of the *haute couture* houses of Paris. During the day he worked for such designers as Patou and Drecoll, sketching the ideas of others. At night, secluded in his small Montmartre room, he drew and dreamed his own ideas.

At the age of 18 an unusual stroke of fate changed his life forever—he was knocked down by a madly honking taxi as he crossed the *Place de l'Opéra*. His arm broken, his designs scattered in disarray around him, he promptly sat up, looked the taxi driver in the eye, and said he would sue him—which he did.

With the 8,000 francs he collected he took his sketchbook and bought a tourist ticket on a cruiser to America. A shipboard acquaintance introduced young Jean Louis to a promoter who looked at

his sketches and immediately predicted a great career for the talented artist. He quickly got Jean Louis to sign a lifetime contract, a signature that the new designer would soon regret.

At the promoter's urging, Jean Louis postponed his sight-seeing trip of New York and spent two weeks in his hotel room sketching dresses, waiting for an interview with the dean of American designers, Hattie Carnegie.

"Carnegie was a very good house," Jean Louis says. "It was the first house of New York in 1935. I finally got to bring my drawings to Hattie and she seemed to like them. I couldn't speak any English, of course, so she put me with a fitter who was also French, and we started to make up a few of my own designs."

A few months later a special customer of Hattie Carnegie's happened in and noticed a sketch that Jean Louis had done of a blue satin evening gown. She asked to see the dress. Carnegie hustled an assistant out, whispering, "Tell the little Frenchman to bring his clothes—on a model." Jean Louis had made up eight gowns from his designs, and these were modeled for the customer who was en-

"EVERY STAR HAS A CERTAIN STYLE..."

For nearly two decades Jean Louis complemented the figures of Hollywood's top stars while working with Columbia Pictures. Above: His gown for Marlene Dietrich caused a sensation at her Las Vegas opening in 1952. Right: The designer won an Academy Award for his transformation of actress Judy Holliday from a frumpy office girl to a sophisticated lady in *The Solid Gold Cadillac*.



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chanted by the freshness of the ideas. She bought three. As she left, Jean Louis asked his employer, "Who was that elegant lady?" Hattie smiled at her new designer and said, "Why, don't you know? That was Irene Dunne, the movie actress."

Jean Louis worked four months for Carnegie on his visitor's visa before he had to return briefly to Paris in order to re-enter the United States under the emigration quota. Unfortunately, when he arrived in New York the promotor with whom he had signed the lifetime contract met him. He showed Jean Louis the signature that meant the Frenchman had signed away a percentage of his earnings—for life. It took a lawyer and a large outlay of cash before Jean Louis could shake off this leech. Even today the designer refuses to sign anything until it has been studied by experts.

Jean Louis decided he had to learn to speak English, a task he accomplished by seeing two American movies a night. He was enraptured with the beauty of the film stars he saw on the screen. Little did he realize that his fascination would eventually lead to an occupation designing for a motion picture studio.

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During the early 1940s he continued working in the Carnegie custom shop creating original designs for the world's best dressed women, women such as Gertrude Lawrence and the Duchess of Windsor. He also spent several years designing the Carnegie wholesale collection where his flair and creativity enlivened the commercial line. This period was the most successful in Carnegie history.

Then World War II began, and due to the lessening demand for high fashion clothes Hattie asked her top designers to take salary cuts. Jean Louis did this willingly, but soon discovered that his newly hired assistant was making twice as much as he. He also discovered that his wage reduction was merely adding to the house's profit. Holding his French anger inside and maintaining his Gallic shrewdness, Jean Louis continued sketching, finished the fall line—then waited.

Three thousand miles away in Hollywood another man was waiting—for his breakfast eggs. His name was Harry Cohn, and he was president of Columbia Pictures. When his wife, Joan, walked in wearing a French sailor-type sweater

over casual free-flowing slacks, Cohn perked up and asked, "Where did you get that outfit?"

"From Carnegie's," answered Mrs. Cohn who had also bought several evening gowns from Hattie. The gowns always brought a smile of approval from her husband.

"Nice," Cohn added as the maid served his breakfast.

"It's by a new young designer, a Frenchman named Jean Louis."

"Yeah, well, if this Jean Louis fellow could make my movie stars look as good . . ." and he dug into his eggs.

But the idea had been planted, and the next time Harry Cohn went to New York he let Jean Louis know that if he ever wanted to set his talent to work in the movies designing dresses for the stars, to contact him in Hollywood.

Jean Louis considered this carefully, remembering his nightly excursions to the movies, then took Hattie Carnegie to Le Pavilion and treated her to an expensive lunch. Over French coffee he told her he was leaving for Hollywood, that he had been offered a position designing for the movies. Hattie exploded.

"She called me a Nazi!" Jean Louis

remembers, his eyes widening. "She wept and jumped up from the table yelling, 'Nazi! Nazi!' over and over." Jean Louis sat through the storm of abuse thinking of the salary cut he had taken, but most of all thinking about his contract that Hattie had neglected to renew two months earlier. Hattie finally collapsed in her chair saying, "You have knifed me in the back." (Shortly afterward she sued Harry Cohn for one million dollars for stealing her top designer—and lost, both the lawsuit and Jean Louis.)

Jean Louis was a little saddened by leaving Carnegie. He knew that working for such a great house of design was like receiving a Princeton degree in the fashion world. But he had to look forward, not behind him, and up ahead was Hollywood.

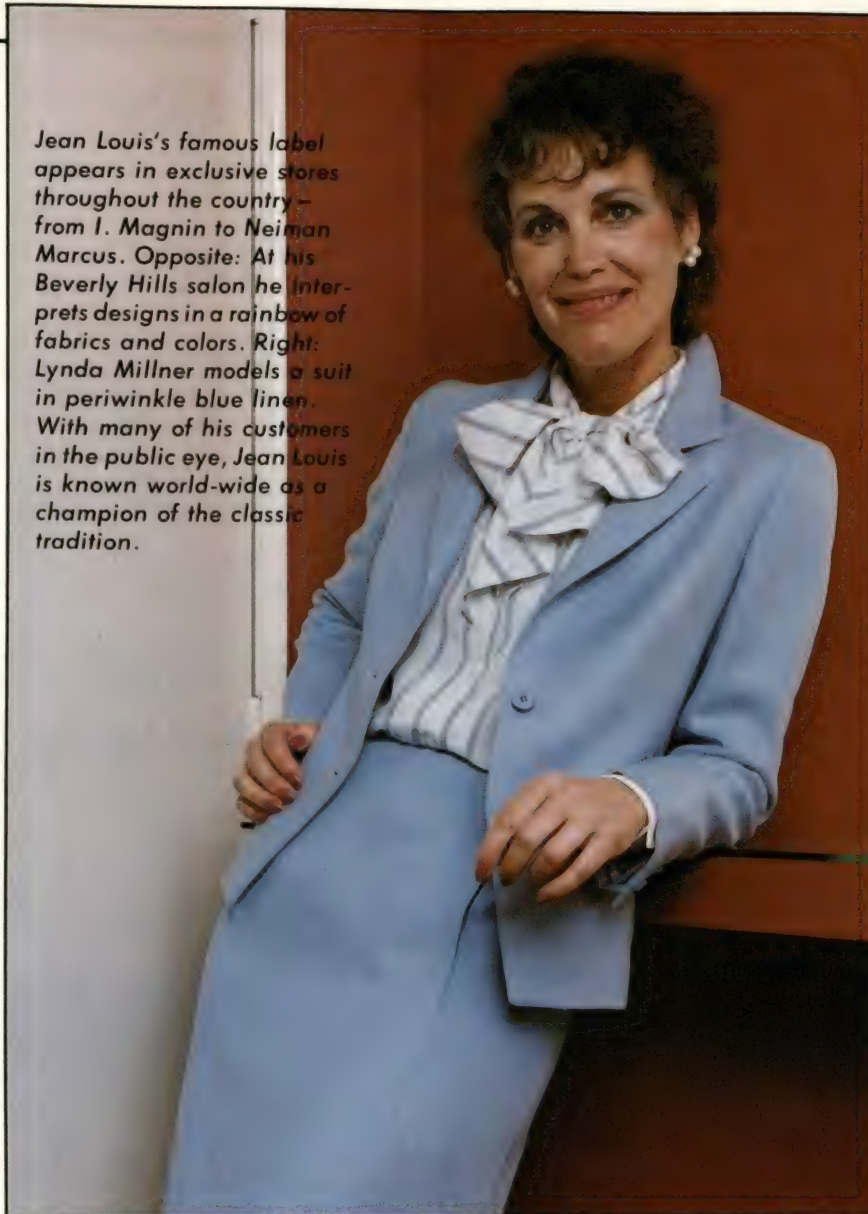
When Jean Louis stepped off the Super Chief in Los Angeles he was surrounded by press agents who hurried him into a waiting limousine and whisked him off to the set of the Rita Hayworth film *Cover Girl*. Standing next to such Hollywood beauties as Jinx Falkenburg, Evelyn Keyes, and Rita Hayworth (who became his favorite actress to design for), the shy Frenchman grinned helplessly as flashbulbs popped in his face.

Fleeing to the relative security of the wardrobe studio he received his first assignment: to design the clothes for the movie *Together Again*. Fittingly enough, the star was Irene Dunne who bought the first gown he had made in America. The designs he created for her in the movie won critics' raves as "a fresh new look—at last!"

The diminutive designer continued to win raves for the next 17 years, and he was nominated for the Academy Award in costume design nearly every year. Eventually he won an Oscar for his designs in *The Solid Gold Cadillac*, in which he transformed actress Judy Holliday from a frumpy office girl to a sophisticated socialite.

Movie critics and moviegoers alike still talk about the wisps of transparent veils he designed for Rita Hayworth in the movie *Salome*; the famous bathing suit he did for Deborah Kerr in *From Here To Eternity*; the celebrated polka-dot bikini Marilyn Monroe wore in the *Misfits*; Kim Novak's bewitching dresses in *Bell, Book and Candle*; Doris Day's evening wear in *Pillow Talk*; and the 1920s flapper costumes worn by Mary Tyler Moore, Julie Andrews, and Carol

Jean Louis's famous label appears in exclusive stores throughout the country—from I. Magnin to Neiman Marcus. Opposite: At his Beverly Hills salon he interprets designs in a rainbow of fabrics and colors. Right: Lynda Millner models a suit in periwinkle blue linen. With many of his customers in the public eye, Jean Louis is known world-wide as a champion of the classic tradition.



THE "CLASSIC" LOOK OF THE 1980'S...

Channing in *Thoroughly Modern Millie*.

"Every star has a certain style, and I had to take this into consideration when I designed for them," Jean Louis says. "I also had to take into consideration their figures and try to complement them." In the two decades he worked for Columbia Pictures he complemented the figures of thousands of stars and starlets, designing for everyone from ingenue to chorus girl. There was also one "personal star" that he had dressed many years before in New York, one he rediscovered in the Hollywood galaxy quite by accident—his wife Maggy.

"It was long ago in New York," Jean Louis begins. A hand touches his arm and Maggy, a tall attractive woman, set-

tles into the chair next to him.

"It wasn't that long ago, Jean," she interrupts. "Well, perhaps... We were both very young when Jean came to Carnegie's to design. I became one of his models. We worked together for two years and never dated."

Maggy gave up her modeling career when she began writing, directing, and producing television shows for NBC and ABC. On assignment she was sent to California to do a story and fell in love with the West Coast. Back in New York she had a strong compulsion to return to California and made a promise to herself that she would, but it took nine more years before she could keep that promise.

"I finally made it to Los Angeles,"

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Maggy says, "working as the West Coast editor of *Radio and Television Daily* I needed a place to stay and was shown this charming little house. I told the housekeeper that I thought it was beautiful and that I loved it, but it was too big for one person. 'That's what Jean Louis says,' the housekeeper told me. 'Jean Louis' I said. I hadn't seen him since New York so many years before."

Her husband leans closer, on the edge of his chair, and continues the story. "The housekeeper told me someone looked at the house, but she couldn't remember the name. She could only say, 'She said she will call.' I waited and waited, and three months later Maggy called and said in this tiny voice, 'Guess who?'"

Maggy and Jean were married shortly thereafter (in 1954) and lived in the little house together. It was just the right size for two.

There is a cliché about the cobbler's wife never having any shoes to wear. Does this apply to a clothing designer's wife? Maggy, sitting comfortably in tailored slacks and a sweater, smiles at the question. "When Jean owned his own company I was extremely well dressed. He still designs clothes for the company, but now I must pay the same price as the customer." Then with an appreciative smile at her husband she adds, "I consider myself well dressed because Jean chooses everything I wear."

Maggy and Jean Louis lived near Hollywood until his contract with Columbia ran out in 1959. "I wanted to renew," Jean Louis says, "but it was getting too expensive for the studio to keep an in-house designer, so..." He shrugs. "*C'est la vie.*"

In 1960 he started a fashion house in California under his own name, designing for the general public as a champion of the classic tradition in his clothing line. He also designed a line of men's clothing for Hart Schaffner & Marx, and was selected by United Airlines to redesign and update the uniforms worn by their 5,000 stewardesses in the largest nonmilitary contract ever awarded.

He eventually sold his company, becoming weary with the day-by-day management details. He moved to Santa Barbara where he found time to paint (realistic style), a personal form of creativity that he finds "totally relaxing." But he still finds time to commute to Beverly Hills and the fashion world. His elegant clothes bearing the famous Jean Louis label are sold in major stores throughout the country, from I. Magnin

to Neiman Marcus.

"I suppose the reason I keep designing clothes is that it is a fascinating profession," he says, loosening the silk scarf around his neck. "It keeps changing; there is always the necessity for something new."

There will always be something "new" on some designer's drawing board, but will there be another revolution in fashion like Dior's dropped hemline of 1947 or the sudden shock of mini-skirts in the late '60s? "Today I feel there is not one designer offering anything that is truly fresh and new. There is no revolution, there is nothing fantastic being formed in the fashion industry. Unfortunately, that makes it very confusing for the woman of today who is trying to be stylish." He reflects for a moment then continues, "Perhaps it cannot be done; perhaps there are too many people to satisfy, too many women who each want to dress their own way."

What then is in store for the future?

"It will probably be like it is in China," Jean Louis says, crossing his arms in finality. "Design will be a uniform. Just look, it has already started with the blue jean. It really is a uniform—a unisex uniform."

Jean Louis stands. "Design will all be done by computer anyway. Punch in your color, your height and weight, then add a piece of fringe from a flapper's skirt, lace from a Southern belle's gown, perhaps a patch of crinoline from a homecoming queen's dress and, *voila!* a new fashion creation! Ah, but there is one problem..." Jean Louis sighs and shakes his head. "No originality."

Jean Louis has survived a myriad of fashion trends and upheavals in his lifetime, from the slender "elegance" of the 1930s through the "sweater girl" fad of the 1940s and the "new look" long skirts of the 1950s. He has emerged unscathed from the "freaky" look of the 1960s with its micro-minis and hot pants and the "slovenly" era of the 1970s when blue jeans took over the sidewalks. The designs he's created over these decades can be looked upon now with awe, as something that "could be worn today." And today especially, his designs are the perfect prescription for the "classic" look of the 1980s, the look of taste and freshness and femininity.

Cork Millner is a regular contributor to Santa Barbara Magazine. He also writes screenplays, stage comedies, and other free-lance articles at his home in Santa Barbara.

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Article by John Farrell
Illustration by Don Wood
Photos by Jürgen Hilmer

chips. But nicely bulging the jackpot are jobs, profits, air quality, taxes, wildlife habitats, parks, traffic congestion, even sewers.

Politicians call the shots. But politi-

cians—like all dealers—come and go. It's the players who keep the house open. So meet here nine high rollers, committed to the game.

We have four champions per side. New in town as kibbitzing referee, Dianne Guzman, novice director of the County Department of Resource Management, gets stuck in the middle.





**"... if we don't
do something,
Santa Barbara will
be like any other
place in California
that has been wide
open to development.
... It's obvious.
Eventually you
choke on yourself."**

**— Richard
Applebaum**

Counting with care the cards that lie faceup, county supervisors press close, peer for the most part silently over the players' shoulders.

Arrayed on left and right, each team has its entourage of vocal boosters and leg-men: for the Go-getters, the shock troops of the Chamber of Commerce; for

Left: UCSB professor and urban sociologist Richard Applebaum studies the effects of urban growth on Santa Barbara. His conclusions led to a population ceiling on the town of no more than 85,000 people.

the Whoa Theres, Network, a private citizens' lobby. The cheap seats in the balcony are for the rest of us.

On one side of the table stands a loose alliance of commercial and industrial heavyweights, historically accustomed to having things their way. Representing industry is Frank Umanzio of Raytheon Electromagnetic Systems Division; for real estate, Peter Jackson, owner of Mariposa Corporation. Builders weigh in with elder statesman Michael Towbes. Developers, always on the frontier, are led by eagle-eyed Fess Parker.

Opposing them is a tightly knit crowd of lithe-minded "social engineers." Relying on quickness more than clout, this crew includes Paul Relis of the Community Environmental Council, Richard Applebaum and Harvey Molotch, both UCSB urban sociologists, and Robert Klausner, a financially independent entrepreneur and president of the Citizens Planning Association.

In the last ten years, this new bunch has won a water moratorium and (twice) control of city council. But they have been once defeated in the city, and lately stalled in the county. The Whoa Theres may well be losing momentum. Go-getters perceive national trends to have turned in their own favor.

Particularly vigorous in opposition to controls on industrial expansion, Frank Umanzio first came to Santa Barbara in 1976. A lawyer turned industrial relations manager, he arrived from Paris where he was assigned to support a Raytheon-designed, NATO-based missile system. To Frank Umanzio, Boston bred and Paris polished, Santa Barbara proved a shock.

"When I flew in from Paris," Umanzio explains, "the approach from the airport was, I would say, less than glamorous. In fact, I thought I must have landed down in Tijuana. Incredible! I drove down Fairview past the cement factory, the auto wrecking place, Don Vito's Spaghetti Syndicate, the drive-in movie, the tire place, the palm reader, the Taco Bell. 'My God!' I said, 'where have they sent me?'"

Although Umanzio soon came to know and enjoy the merits of Santa Barbara, he continues to feel the need for regular big-city excursions "just to pick

up the tempo a bit." Not so for Harvey Molotch, who favors tighter controls on industrial growth.

Urban sociologist Molotch came to Santa Barbara in 1968. He was fresh from the University of Chicago with a brand new Ph.D. Except for intermittent visiting professorships abroad that reflect what Molotch calls his "minor fame," he has lived in Santa Barbara ever since.

"I think Santa Barbara is exciting," he contends. "To try to do something rational and intelligent is always a very high risk. The question I ask about Santa Barbara is, under optimum conditions, can a majority of citizens, a clear majority, who are outspent at virtually every election, who are out-yelled in just about every forum, can they effectively make policy? It's really an experiment in democracy: the struggle for citizens to control the resource base of their own turf, to exploit it for the benefit of the people who live here. We're on the cutting edge of that fight."

After holding steady for the 60 years prior to 1900, Santa Barbara's population began the seemingly inexorable rise that became cause for concern in the late 1960s, with the tremendous increase in the Goleta Valley population brought about by the construction and expansion of the UCSB campus.

By 1974, with city population at 73,000 and climbing, the city council commissioned a group of expert citizens headed by UCSB professor Richard Applebaum to study the effects of urban growth upon Santa Barbara's unique environment. Their multivolume study was comprehensive, exhaustive, well documented, and largely ignored.

That study did result, however, in one significant decision: the city determined to change its zoning laws to allow less density of population. What had been a maximum density of 170,000 under existing regulations was drastically reduced. No more than 85,000 people would be allowed to live within the Santa Barbara city limits.

Such regulations irk Go-getters Fess Parker who applauds the efforts of such early civic boosters as former senator and Santa Barbara News-Press publisher Thomas M. Storke, the man largely responsible for luring a state university to Santa Barbara. At 57, Parker maintains the physique that once led him to star in the roles of frontier heroes Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett. In recent years, Parker has turned from acting to real estate development, much of it in Santa Barbara where he has lived since 1958.

"Most of us have this fantasy," Parker observes, "that Santa Barbara is somehow extraordinary. But you know, Oxnard and Ventura have made great progress along their waterfronts . . . I really do feel that Santa Barbara has not come to grips with what it *could* be. I also think this town did pretty well as a free community, without anything more than the guidance of the prominent powers like Storke. When you put a population limit on the town, I think that cuts too much into individual property rights."

Paul Relis, at 35 a veteran of the environmental wars, used to serve as an alternate on the regional coastal commission. A UCSB graduate on the Whoa There team, Relis now heads the Community Environmental Council whose efforts include the Santa Barbara Recycling Center and the Mesa Project, a center for conservation technology. Along with Applebaum and Molotch, Relis was a major contributor to the 1974 study that led to the 85,000 population ceiling.

"When we presented our findings to the city," Relis points out, "we said, 'Look, population and jobs are interre-

lated. You can't limit one without the other. If you strictly limit housing to control your population but do nothing about commercial and industrial expansion, you're going to see the housing situation deteriorate—especially rental housing.' And that's exactly what happened. But we issued a very clear warning that the two go hand in hand."

Neither Frank Umanzio nor any other member of the Santa Barbara Industrial Association is likely ever to agree. If jobs and population growth are officially determined to be linked, then firms like Raytheon might be forced by the county to build housing in direct proportion to the new employees their expansion attracts.

Under the California Environmental Quality Act (CEQUA), mitigation of the impact of expansion is required unless an overriding public benefit can be shown. The industrialists insist that the jobs their expansion would create are, in fact, an overriding public benefit in today's depressed economy. They point to Santa Barbara's growth problems as unique, insisting that the cost of Santa Barbara housing coupled with the city's population ceiling is already more than sufficient to prevent large-scale expansion.

Their opponents see potential growth benefits as being largely private, especially when compared to the impact such expansion would have on local re-

sources, which they see as already stretched to the limit. Until recently Whoa Theres hoped to convince county supervisors to pass a comprehensive growth management plan that would, in part, reaffirm CEQUA's intent and include unassailable controls on commercial and industrial expansion. They claim Go-getters simply want to maintain their opportunity to influence the county supervisors to override CEQUA on a case-by-case basis.

"But people come to Santa Barbara not for jobs," Umanzio argues, "people come to Santa Barbara for what Santa Barbara is. Job opportunity is secondary here. It's just incredible to me that the average family income for houses sold in

"We object to . . . the logic that suggests we should subsidize new housing. It's ludicrous to think Santa Barbara can compete effectively if its business and industry have those kinds of constraints."

— Frank Umanzio

Below: Frank Umanzio of Raytheon is in staunch opposition to controls on industry. He insists that the cost of housing coupled with the population ceiling is more than sufficient to prevent large-scale expansion.



Right: Dianne Guzman, director of the County Department of Resource Management, is hard at work on an overall plan for the county's future. She often finds herself in the middle of conflicting views.

almost any neighborhood today is well up into the fifty to sixty thousand dollar a year level. Surely that's not your average working-class person. So who is it? *Somebody's* coming to Santa Barbara. Homes are being sold."

Umanzio finds fault with both the Applebaum study and another study recently completed for the county by General Research Corporation. That 1980 report, called REGIS (for Regional Growth Impact Study), also found a correlation between industrial expansion and population growth. This caused some Go-getters to predict an avalanche of Orwellian controls and to scramble for statistics and studies of their own.

Harry Fox, a member of the technical staff at General Research Corporation, claims that both REGIS and the Applebaum study failed to take into account the unique nature of Santa Barbara, especially the high proportion here of people who receive "transfer payments" such as interest on investments, pensions, welfare, rents, royalties—any income from business or government "for which no service is rendered." Transfer payments imply a higher than average proportion of wealthy residents, retired people, and young "sun-and-surfers," all of whom presumably have not come here looking for work and would not take a job even if one became available.

Urban sociologist Molotch bristles. "It's practically the starting point of *thinking* that expansion of the basic economy is what stimulates population migration and growth," he says. "It's not just an opinion, it's a fundamental

"There is a time-frame question too. What's good for mankind over the long term, good for the earth, versus what are we going to do for people here and now, people who live here today?"

— Dianne Guzman







Left: In the past 21 years builder Michael Towbes has put up 250 subsidized housing units on the South Coast. He no longer builds in Santa Barbara, frustrated with local regulation and the price of land.

"The community has a right to decide... The problem is that these issues are decided on emotion, without the people really understanding the consequences."

— Michael Towbes

principle of urban economics. To deny that runs counter to the wisdom of all people who think about these things professionally, anyone who has any legitimate standing. In a field of economics where there is enormous conflict between Marxists and Friedmanites and Keynesians, that's not even on the agenda of argument. Everybody agrees—everybody but the Industrial Association and their 'scientist,' Harry Fox."

Richard Applebaum, UCSB associate professor and another Chicago Ph.D., takes great satisfaction in political involvement that shapes the world he occupies. Of his own many studies on growth management, he explains, "Academics do a lot of work that usually winds up on shelves. This stuff doesn't." Of the Fox thesis, Applebaum asserts that the figures are completely and totally wrong.

"That's because both Fox and REGIS

asked the wrong question," he elaborates. "The question they asked to find out if a person had come here in response to a job was, 'Where did you live when you had your last job?' But when you apply for a job you always give a local address if at all possible. So their data is sure to be skewed. The relevant question to ask is, 'Where did you have your last full-time job?' If you ask people that, you will find a much higher percentage hired at all levels come from outside."

And so we approach the crux of the matter. No matter how many studies, no matter how professional and unbiased, the truth remains a matter of opinion. "Since it's all based 90 percent on assumption," Applebaum candidly notes, "it's very easy to refute anyone simply by saying, 'Well, who knows?' Then everyone just falls back on his own set of political beliefs."

This tussle is not only over land. It is essentially about power: who runs the town and how and why.

Dianne Guzman, 37, arrived in Santa Barbara last August as one of the nation's youngest directors of a county planning office. After graduation from the University of Arizona, she rose rapidly through the ranks in San Bernardino County, then served two more years apprenticeship as San Diego County deputy director. In Santa Barbara she was quick to recognize ideological aspects to the conflict.

"There is a lot of 'Who's in charge here?'" she confirms, "irrespective of the issue. If it weren't growth management, it would be something else. Left wing versus right wing, free market versus controlled economy, that's the obvious split. But there is a time-frame question too. What's good for mankind over the long term, good for the earth, versus what are we going to do for people here and now, people who live here today?"

And times do change. "When we did the study in '74," Richard Applebaum recalls, "Bud Eyman was on the city council. We made the mistake of putting a red cover on the study, and he stood and held it up and called it the 'Red Manifesto.' We were virtually accused of being communists. We were vilified simply because we'd come up with this study that implied that some restrictions ought

to be put on developers. Nowadays, just about everyone endorses the concept of growth limitation. You can't, at this time, achieve political power in Santa Barbara, on the South Coast anyway, without assuming at least a moderate position on growth controls."

In 1978, voters in Santa Barbara County approved by 52 percent two advisory measures sponsored by Supervisor David Yager that proposed to limit county population by limiting the construction of new housing. This notion found favor with 60 percent of the voters along the South Coast, from the Ventura county line to Gaviota. Faced with such evident popular support for growth control, industrialists soon sought to confine controls to the housing market alone.

"I haven't heard anybody in the industrial sector suggest for one minute," Umanzio declares, "that there should be unlimited growth. We're not opposed to growth management. It's just a question of how you achieve it. What we object to is the inclusion of commercial and industrial controls and the logic that suggests we should subsidize construction of new housing. It's ludicrous to think that Santa Barbara can compete effectively if its business and industry have those kinds of constraints. If you want to control growth, limiting the housing stock alone is obviously enough."

Supervisor Yager agrees with Umanzio. Supervisor Bill Wallace doesn't. No two other supervisors, neither Robert Kallman, DeWayne Holmdahl, nor Harrell Fletcher, can bring themselves to agree with either Wallace or Yager. So no regional action will be taken for some time on either housing or commercial and industrial controls. This frustrates some who believe that half a loaf is better than none. Harvey Molotch disagrees.

"If you give me a choice between the free market and ridiculous planning, absurd planning," he maintains, "I'll take the market anytime. The Yager plan would be the worst possible thing. A nightmare. Lunacy. Housing controls alone are crazy because if you limit housing but let industry expand, you just put an arbitrary limit on something that a continuing flow of people need. You might just as well limit the sale of ground beef, try to keep people out that way. In a country that has structured unemployment, people will follow the jobs. They won't not come. They'll just go hungry, share the same ground beef. They'll pay more for it. And they'll use more Hamburger Helper."

For the problems of low- and mod-

erate-income residents, forced to double and triple occupancy of a limited supply of often substandard housing, Peter Jackson finds no solution in government intervention. Jackson, a hefty 37-year-old graduate of UCSB, founded and directs Mariposa Management, a real estate investment and management firm that prospered with the boom years of the '70s. Past president of the Real Estate Association, Jackson argues the Go-getters' case against housing controls (or any other) as a staunch, free-market ideologue.

"I don't believe," Jackson professes, "that any government can figure out a growth management system that is both effective and does not increase costs. People of low and moderate income comprise about 70 percent of the population. When we talk about subsidizing 70 percent of the population, I think we're in serious trouble. But if that's going to happen, then the subsidy ought to be paid by the society as a whole, not just by the developer or the expanding industry. And there has to be some better mechanism to determine who really needs that subsidy. Out of 70 percent, how can any government make any kind of rational or fair decision? How can they choose? There isn't any way. They will, in essence, just pull numbers from a hat."

Another Go-getter, Michael Towbes has been at work in Santa Barbara for the past 21 years. His many prize-winning developments include the 222 East Carillo office building downtown and the Shepard Place housing project in Carpinteria. Distressed by the fact that homes offered ten years ago for \$25,950 now sell for \$125,000, frustrated because local development is so heavily regulated, Towbes no longer builds in or around Santa Barbara.

"I've built 250 subsidized housing units on the South Coast," Towbes explains, "more than anybody else. Every one of those projects caused a lawsuit by opponents. In theory, everybody is in favor of low and moderate income housing. But nobody wants it in their neighborhood. In theory, everybody favors building within existing development, not leapfrogging out beyond the urban boundaries. But when you try to in-fill, the coastal commission says, 'It's a good

idea, but it's not a good idea here.' My Shepard Place project was that kind of Catch-22. I was very fortunate to ever get it approved. It's a terrific project, and we even won an award from the coastal commission, but the whole experience was just horrible for me."

Fess Parker suffered even more prolonged deliberations on his waterfront hotel and conference center project. He tenaciously offered eight different proposals until all public regulatory tribunals were finally satisfied. Before the project is complete, Parker will have devoted eight years of his life to it. But his frustrations are tempered in part by his love for the possibilities of land.

"The first time I ever made \$400 a week," Parker recalls, "I called my dad and I said, 'Dad, I'm making \$400 a week, and I'm probably going to get 12 weeks work!' And he said, 'Son, you send that money home.' So I sent it home and he bought me a 150-acre farm. I've still got it. I think anybody who grew up in Texas, anybody of my generation, has almost a fetish about land. Both my grandfathers were farmers, and one was a rancher too. In those days, you know, there just weren't any retirement programs. The government wasn't paying you five or six hundred dollars a month to wait out your golden years. You had to make your own retirement. So with me, I think, land was instinctive."

Parker's penchant to develop land for intensive human use collides with the view of those who equally instinctively seek to limit the number of humans using

the land. But Richard Applebaum rejects the accusation that the Whoa Theres want to slam the door on growth.

"The 85,000 limitation," he points out, "still permits growth of twelve to fifteen thousand people in the city. At the rate of the past decade, that would take until 1995 to achieve. But when it comes to the cost of housing, larger economic trends have overridden local measures. We've got interest rates, tight money, and the extremely high price of land that stems directly from land speculation. No one is building rental housing because it's just not profitable. Tenants can't afford to pay the rents necessary for the owner to buy the land and pay the interest. It's fashionable now to blame environmentalists, government regulation, growth controls for the lack of housing,

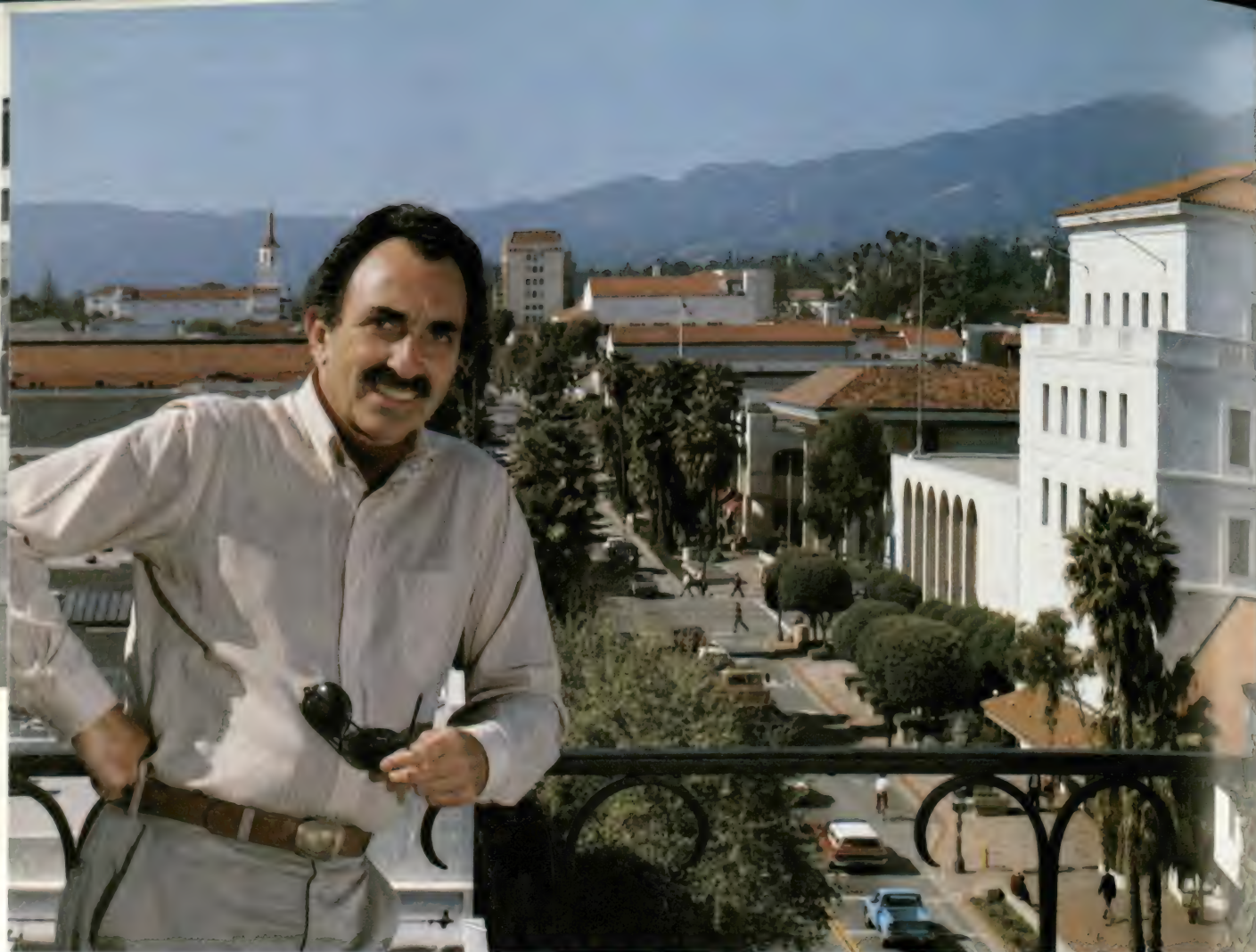
"I urge all the people who are having a hard time with growth management to go down and spend a few months living in L.A. again.

... or to Houston where they don't even zone, and see how you like it."

— Paul Relis



Right: Paul Relis of the Community Environmental Council opposes importing state water and favors controls on both industry and housing. "The free market is incapable of regulating itself," he says.



"I don't want this town to end up all rich and boring. I want to see a middle class, a real professional class, and working people too. I want vitality. I want it stimulating."

— Robert Klausner

but that's strictly a smoke screen. It's blaming the wrong thing."

Builder Towbes agrees that speculation in land is to blame for much of the increased cost of housing. But he also blames regulation for increasing the demand for land by removing much of it from the developable supply.

"Another thing that's driven prices up," Towbes contends, "is the uncertainty in the building business. We don't need people increasing our risks. There are a tremendous number of risks in the

business as it is. Whether or not the market will remain strong, interest rates, building costs, the risk that you will even build the right kind of project—you've already got all those risks. If you add the further risk of spending very large sums of money with no certainty that your project will ever be approved, the builder will naturally try to go for an even greater reward. You say, 'God! I've worked my way through the maze. I finally got a project approved.' By the time you see the end of the rainbow, you feel that you deserve the biggest pot of gold."

"We keep going around in circles," Applebaum complains. "You get the industrialists saying, 'OK, control housing. We like that better.' You get Peter Jackson saying, 'I don't want any controls because I don't want limits on housing.' Of course not. Housing is his bread and butter. But the bottom line is that if we don't do something, Santa Barbara will be like any other place in California that has been wide open to development. Even Fort Worth, Texas, is now starting to consider growth limitations. It's obvious. Eventually, you choke on yourself."

But, responds builder Towbes, if the

Above: Robert Klausner, a businessman with interests outside Santa Barbara, keeps an office in the Balboa building on State Street. As president of the Citizens Planning Association, he staunchly opposes unrestrained growth on the South Coast.

choice is to choke or to starve, should not such a crucial choice be made dispassionately? "Development is controversial," he says, "because it's so obvious. If you take a lemon grove in the Goleta Valley and bulldoze it down, that's very obvious. And for most people, looking at houses is not as desirable as looking at that lemon grove. OK, I understand that."

"If you say, 'We're not going to build the housing, we're going to keep this lemon grove,' that's OK too. But you ought to understand what other things happen as a result. Families with children may have to move out of the area because they can't afford to live here. Industry may stagnate and close down because it can't find housing for its people. If the community says, 'We understand all this, and we're willing to make that trade-off to keep our lemon grove,' well, that

community has a right to decide that. The problem is that these issues are decided on emotion, without the people really understanding what the potential consequences are."

Utterly rational is Robert Klausner. He can afford to be. Klausner's economically unfettered intelligence becomes, to the Go-getters, dangerously unpredictable, the proverbial loose cannon on a rolling deck. Klausner, 54, came to Santa Barbara in 1973. Semiretired from the textile business, he soon allied himself with Whoa There interests. His downtown Santa Barbara office, on the top floor of the Balboa Building, provides a lofty, yet intimate perspective.

"I don't want this town to end up all rich and boring," Klausner asserts. "I want to see a middle class, a real professional class, and working people too. I

Below: Actor and real estate developer Fess Parker has lived in Santa Barbara since 1958. After eight separate proposals, his luxury hotel and convention center along Cabrillo Boulevard is now slated for completion in 1984.

want vitality. I want it stimulating. Now, that is a real challenge. And when I'm successful on any given point—you just can't buy the satisfaction that brings. When you win here in Santa Barbara, you get a real high, because the community is still small enough that you can walk down the street and say that you yourself did or didn't do it. That's very satisfying. Monetarily, growth management doesn't mean a thing to me one way or the other. I don't fall into a normal pattern on this deal. They can't pin a vested interest on me." Klausner enjoys a taut, ironic grin. "So they have a problem—let them have a problem or two."

The Go-getters do have problems now, burdens that men accustomed to command find difficult to bear. Throughout the commercial and industrial sectors, feelings of rejection and civic ingratitude run deep. Industrialists especially feel themselves to be unfairly singled out as targets for growth control. They point to the university and government itself as potentially equal culprits.

Whoa Theres agree that the burden of controls should be borne equally, but they argue that demographic trends and

university financial pressures preclude expansion in this decade and that government employment is already being cut back.

Above all, Whoa Theres contend, growth controls must focus on large-scale commercial and industrial expansion for the very reason that industrialists believe the law should favor and protect them: because industry imports money to Santa Barbara. Retail trade, Whoa Theres point out, is not covered by pro-

"I'd like to see more people involved. Even folks like some of those who got involved to try and stop my project. ... Santa Barbara is our town. It's only what we choose to make of it."

— Fess Parker



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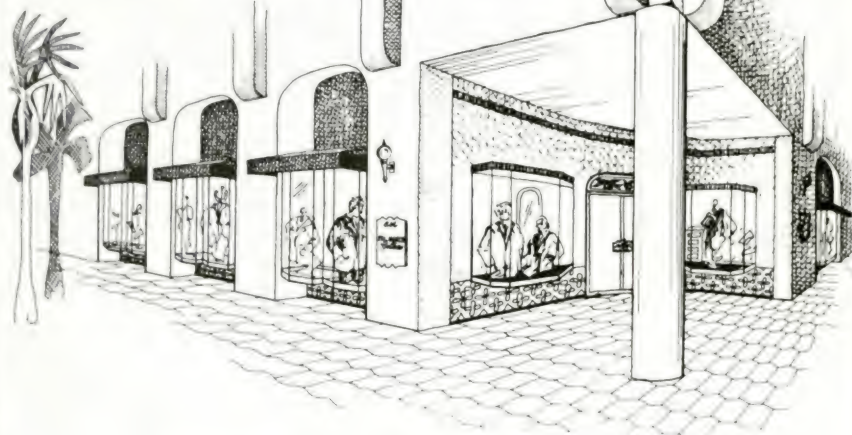
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posed growth controls because most retail businesses simply circulate money locally and cause few if any population pressures by expansion and increased jobs.

Go-getter Umanzio insists that any new jobs would simply guarantee the kind of lively town that Whoa There Klausner hopes to help create. And so the exercise in gamesmanship proliferates, an exercise whose essence is to pin the tail on someone else.

"Historically," explains county planner Dianne Guzman, "when there were no restrictions, the board went right ahead and approved almost anything. I don't think that's right. We need to do a much higher quality job. We need to be ready if state water comes in, to still be very sensible and sensitive. Water is by no means our only limited resource. But I certainly don't hear the prodevelopment side arguing for massive quantity. What they perceive is that they're totally locked out. I don't necessarily agree with that, but I hear them asking for no more than a reasonable amount of growth. I don't hear them saying that they want to pave everything, build, and become Honolulu. Now, maybe that's really what they want, and they just offer a veneer of saying all the right things. But believe me, I've dealt with business and development interests that think, 'Go for it! Bombs away! Bring on the tractors!' I don't hear that in Santa Barbara."

Whoa Theres, who have listened longer, remain skeptical. Paul Relis, for one, is flatly unconvinced.

"The argument that commercial and industrial interests are in favor of growth controls," Relis asserts, "is simply unsupported by historical fact. Even now, they repeatedly encourage the importation of state water. What's their program for assuring that state water isn't used for urbanization all the way up the Gavilan coast? The free market is incapable of regulating itself. And I've seen nothing in the voting patterns of the board of supervisors or the County Planning Commission to suggest restraint on their part either."

"Listen," Relis's teammate Klausner states emphatically. "If it wasn't for tight money, the impact on this area would be disastrous. Two million square feet of industrial space in the Goleta Valley are already approved. All on stream now. They've approved the commercial meters and they've got the water. They're ready to let them go in. Two million square feet—that's almost 35 percent of all the industrial space that now exists on

the South Coast, and all of it approved. The only thing stopping it is tight money."

But no additional water meters are now being approved by the Goleta Water District and a moratorium imposed by the environmentalist majority has—along with tight money—effectively shut down development in the Goleta Valley.

The moratorium reflects voter rejection of a 1979 Go-getter-sponsored ballot measure that sought to import state water. Go-getters say state water would alleviate the chronic local water shortage. Whoa Theres claim it would open wide the flood gates of development.

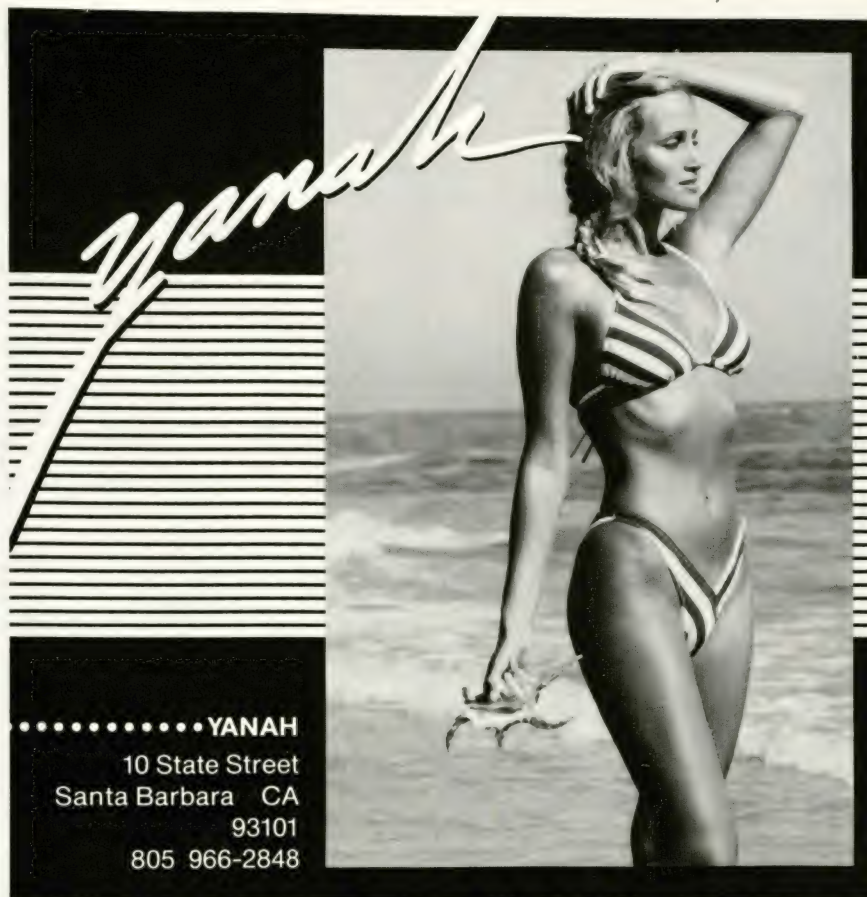
In the absence of agreement on a comprehensive plan for regional growth management, the water moratorium is the tactic used by Whoa Theres to stall South Coast development. The opportunity for compromise is obvious even to Go-getter Peter Jackson.

"I'm not such a believer in the free market," he insists, "that I want to see development from Storke Road to Gaviota, certainly not in the next 20 years. We just need to have a plan of some kind that is reasonable and rational, not so overbearing on the part of government that nothing gets done. Then we need to get the water districts out of the land-use planning business, because they are doing a horrible job of it. And we need more water, because, in the long term, we are sure to have a drought. But I don't think state water will happen until there is some real assurance that the goals of the community in terms of growth management are going to be met."

How and when are anybody's guess. In the meantime, political and economic trends combine to thwart any compromise solution.

"I honestly can't figure them," says Klausner of the opposition. "What they're doing doesn't make good business sense. As a businessman—and I am a businessman—I have to believe that it's in industry's best interests to make sure there is a balance between what it takes to keep an employee alive here and what that employee can pay. We offered them a way to do that. But their attitude about Santa Barbara is different than ours. Many of those people won't be here five or ten years from now. They're on a corporate ladder. They get transferred out. What do they care? Massive growth has no impact on them."

"The people in the Santa Barbara Industrial Association are a part of this community," Umanzio counters with rising ire. "We're not here to exploit it.



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Paul Relis suggests a surprising fundamental difference between the thinking of the Industrial Association and the Community Environmental Council.

"Many of the ideas," he proclaims, "that we have been pioneering for the past ten years are now moving into the marketplace. I believe that the resource management field will become one of the largest commercial sectors in the economy. Many of our opponents in the private sector simply are not perceiving important market trends. It's like General Motors, the kind of short-term thinking that went into the auto industry debacle."

Such criticism—along with Klausner's claim to expertise—places severe demands upon Frank Umanzio's tolerance. "That's one of the problems," he fumes, "a lot of people telling businessmen what's good for business, always based on some esoteric study they've conducted. It seems to me the business people know what's best for the business. We're the ones who know what can and should be done to keep industry viable. Look, if I want a tooth worked on, I'll go to a dentist."

Klausner is genuinely perplexed by the Go-getters' decision against compromise. "I can tell myself they just don't understand," he says. "OK, maybe we failed to communicate. Or I can say they do understand, but they want to create a situation so bad that there will arise an alternative that gives them what they really want. And what they really want is a change in the resource base to allow them unrestrained growth. And that's back to water."

"But I don't believe for one minute that people will pay the price that state water would entail. I don't believe that in today's environment, with the system as bankrupt as it is—and it is bankrupt—that people are willing to pay a hell of a lot more to provide a resource that is going to appreciably alter their way of life and not in a positive way. Why would anyone in his right mind do that?"

"I can't imagine," Fess Parker says, looking at his waterfront property, "anyone wanting to perpetuate another 50 years of the way that land lies now—a dump, a junkyard."

yard, a hobo jungle, a place where the police are continually being diverted for the kind of crimes that any community should be spared. I think when we get the project built, people in the community will be very pleased. I've said it before: I have great faith in the ultimate fulfillment of the destiny of logic."

It is ultimately a matter of values and tastes. Witness the following exchange on the topic of Beauty.

"Twenty-five years ago," Richard Applebaum reminds us, "Orange County was orange groves, a beautiful area. But because there was money to be made and because the climate was such that people wanted to live there, ways were found to despoil the land. That same thing could happen here in Santa Barbara. I simply do not believe that if people are left to police themselves, they will produce a result that is socially desirable. I see no evidence of that anywhere in this country."

"If I had bought 50 acres," Fess Parker laments, "anywhere around Disneyland, if I'd just bought an orange grove anywhere around there, I would have been off and running. But I stood and watched it all go by for years before I could get myself going. You know, you finally get to the point where you remember all the ones you missed instead of the ones you hit. In a lifetime, you miss some beauties."

Michael Towbes's final statements imply the two sides cannot even agree on the nature of reality. "Growth is cyclical," he explains. "It has its ups and downs. Planners tend to assume that they can somehow transcend basic economics, change the building industry and the growth pattern into a very steady thing. But that's just not the nature of the beast."

"The constraints that the building industry faces, constraints like demand and financing, are cyclical by their nature. Too often planners try to control growth without really understanding its dynamics. Politicians especially tend to have very short horizons, usually just up to the next election. But you can't plan that way. You have to work with longer horizons. And you have to build when the market is right. Now, that doesn't mean that it has to be a completely open growth policy. But planners have to recognize how the industry functions. You can't turn it on and off like a faucet. It just doesn't work that way."

"It's unfortunate," says Peter Jackson, "that the two sides don't really know each other. I think we're not as far apart as we say we are. We don't know

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each other partly because of the forums we use. They are all public forums. It would be nice if I could casually go out with Bob Klausner and have lunch; sit down and say, 'Hey, Bob, what's going on? How's your family? What do you think about downtown development?' But that's a little hard to do. We all have the sense that we are always in a public forum."

Is growth management somehow foreign to our tradition? Is farsighted intelligence alien to development? Do controls imply an unnatural restraint on exuberant economic expansion? Or does the body politic have every right to immunize itself against a likely terminal disease? Paul Relis suggests a practical approach to this civic dilemma.

"I urge all the people who are having a hard time with growth management to go down and spend a few months living in L.A. again. Or go to Detroit, or to Houston where they don't even zone, and see how you like it. That's what it really comes down to: what kind of community do you want?"

"Do you want a community where the people care, where they work to make it an interesting area, somewhere they would like to raise their children and

spend their whole lives? Or do you want a place where people can grab the most money possible in the shortest time and can't stand where they're living and long for the day when they can somehow escape to a place like Santa Barbara? To me, that's really the guts of the argument. Everything in between is just posturing."

Fess Parker, too, has sound advice.

"People have just dropped right out of the democratic process. Maybe 20 percent of the people are active. The other 80 percent, they don't care or they're discouraged. I'd like to see people more involved. Even folks like some of those who got involved to try and stop my project. I just see that as a difference of opinion. But, you know, Santa Barbara is our town. It's only what we choose to make of it."

This June, Supervisors Kallman and Fletcher stand for reelection. Supervisor Yager casts a longing eye to the Superior Court bench. Three votes carry any question put to the County Board of Supervisors.

And so the rest of us up in the bleachers finally are called upon. Mere cheering for your heroes is no longer enough. Whether they be Go-getters or

Whoa Theres, if you would have team prevail, vote early and often.

For the moment, Dianne Guzman chooses to keep matters in perspective, maneuvering around our stout community. "The fact that the growth management policy got temporarily derailed doesn't stop us," she insists, "from working on the overall general plan—our housing element, for example. The housing situation here is almost a crisis."

"What should be the boundary of the urban area and where are we going to keep space open? We've got lots of circulation problems. We've got refinements to the coastal plan, the issue of public safety and development standards, grading, flood hazards. We've got this whole water issue. Energy conservation is something we've barely touched. I'm very interested in the issue of housing discrimination against children. There are a lot of things I put in my package of good planning. Growth management is only one."

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John Farrell, screenwriter and novelist, lives in the heart of Santa Barbara.

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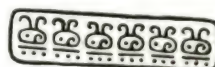
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John Dunn: Dining With Class

By Dorothy C. Jefferson • Photography by Jürgen Hilmer

AT FOUR A.M. A WHITE TRIUMPH AT77 glides into the entrance of Santa Barbara City College off Cliff Drive and pulls into a parking space facing the Pacific Ocean. Ignoring the panorama of moonlit Santa Barbara harbor, John Dunn, chairman of SBCC's Hotel and Restaurant Management program, hops from the car and strides toward a wide delivery area that leads to his office.

It's the same every morning, Monday through Friday, as he arrives on campus for a workday that often lasts 18 hours.

After a whirlwind visit to his office, John heads upstairs for the cafeteria kitchen, where there is no need to give the greasy-finger test to tables and counters—they're all gleaming clean. He whips up the aisle to check refrigerator and freezer switches, then out the door and down two flights of stairs to the large

L-shaped kitchen that services both the school's coffee shop and its gourmet dining room. Here he pauses to study the coffee shop menu for the day scrawled on a large freestanding blackboard.

"Dynamo, overachiever, workaholic, tough taskmaster—you name it and I've been called it," says John, grinning over his shoulder as he stretches his full five-foot-four-inch, 150-pound frame to reach supplies on the top shelf.

Long hours have been a part of his life ever since he and Patti, his wife of 35 years, worked his way through college following their marriage in John's second year at Cornell University's Hotel Management School. There in Ithaca, New York, he carried a full schedule and earned expenses by catering cocktail parties, cooking for fraternities, and chaperoning dances on weekends. On the side

John Dunn's Hotel and Restaurant Management program at SBCC presents a rigorous schedule for future restaurateurs. Each day John's students turn out thousands of inexpensive meals ranging from basic to haute cuisine. Left: HRM's dynamic chairman personally inspects the kitchen-classrooms several times a day. Here he finds (clockwise from center): rice pilaf with vegetables, fresh fruit salad; strip loin steak with broccoli and duchesse potatoes; Spanish omelette; cheesecake; shrimp bisque; grasshopper mousse; fruit tableau; prawns with sweet and sour sauce; and chilled pepper steak salad. Above (from left): Chef Kerry McGuire, lab assistant Barbara Baker, John Dunn, maître d' Lewis Reed, and student manager Jay Radaz gather in the gourmet dining room moments before the Friday buffet opens to the public.

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he worked as a short-order cook, and still found time to indulge his first love as a crack drum major in Cornell's famous Big Red Band.

"We were young and we were happy," says John, reminiscing. "We got free meals and an apartment in a large home in exchange for cleaning the house, shoveling snow, and firing the furnace. And we managed to make all the tuition payments on time, too!"

John had learned discipline even before those days. Following his graduation from high school at 17, he served as a sonar specialist for two years in the U.S. Navy during World War II, using his perfect pitch to track submarines on a destroyer escort between Okinawa and the Philippines.

Nowadays, it would take another sonar expert to reach him by phone on the first try. Each morning he takes at least 30 phone calls: reservations for the gourmet dining room, calls from former students, or cries for help from local restaurants needing additional or part-time workers.

About noon, following mid-morning lectures on storeroom management and kitchen technique, John visits the cafeteria again. His eyes dart over the crowds of people, instantly noting any irregularities in service or unusual congestion of customers. For the man running one of Santa Barbara's classiest food operations, lunch consists of a hamburger, french fries, and a Coke. While he eats back in his office he makes up two accounting sheets for his costing class, then hurries to his second semester lecture on restaurant management, followed by a third semester course in accounting.

Punching out words in a rapid-fire East Coast accent, he explains why he insists on this complete record of costs and income for each day of the week. "When a student becomes a manager or restaurant owner, his or her main concern is to stay in business," he says. "The reason so many restaurants fail is that they don't know where they're going—they don't keep close track of the money. With this little sheet, you can look over each day's costs and find out which item is the most expensive. Then maybe you can substitute something just as good—or better—and cheaper."

John averages six hours of sleep each night and hasn't been absent once from work in 27 years. His students may not be able to keep up with his 92-hour-a-week schedule, but they're still expected to work much harder than most college students, and many earn money on the side.

as part-time cooks, waiters, and waitresses around town.

John's students are on campus by 6:30 a.m. Those in the first semester head for the cafeteria, in their second to the coffee shop, and in their third to the gourmet dining room. Student managers in the fourth term take a post in John's office or work on campus concessions or special projects.

The semester's new students get a baptism of fire in the SBCC cafeteria where half work on the morning shift and half on the afternoon and evening shift. They prepare food and serve 1,100 for breakfast; 1,400 at lunch; and 600 at dinner, working under the supervision of four teaching assistants and a pair of student general managers. Every four weeks workers in the kitchen and service areas trade shifts.

Breakfasts—including a choice of pancakes, French toast, eggs any style, and all the fixings—are well prepared and quickly served to students, personnel, and anyone from the general public who has discovered this culinary bargain. Luncheon and dinner entrees one recent day offered a choice of roast chicken, ginger beef, or avocado soufflé (the latter for a vegetarian trade that constitutes a solid 25 percent of the patrons). The average luncheon and dinner price at the cafeteria is an almost incredible \$2.

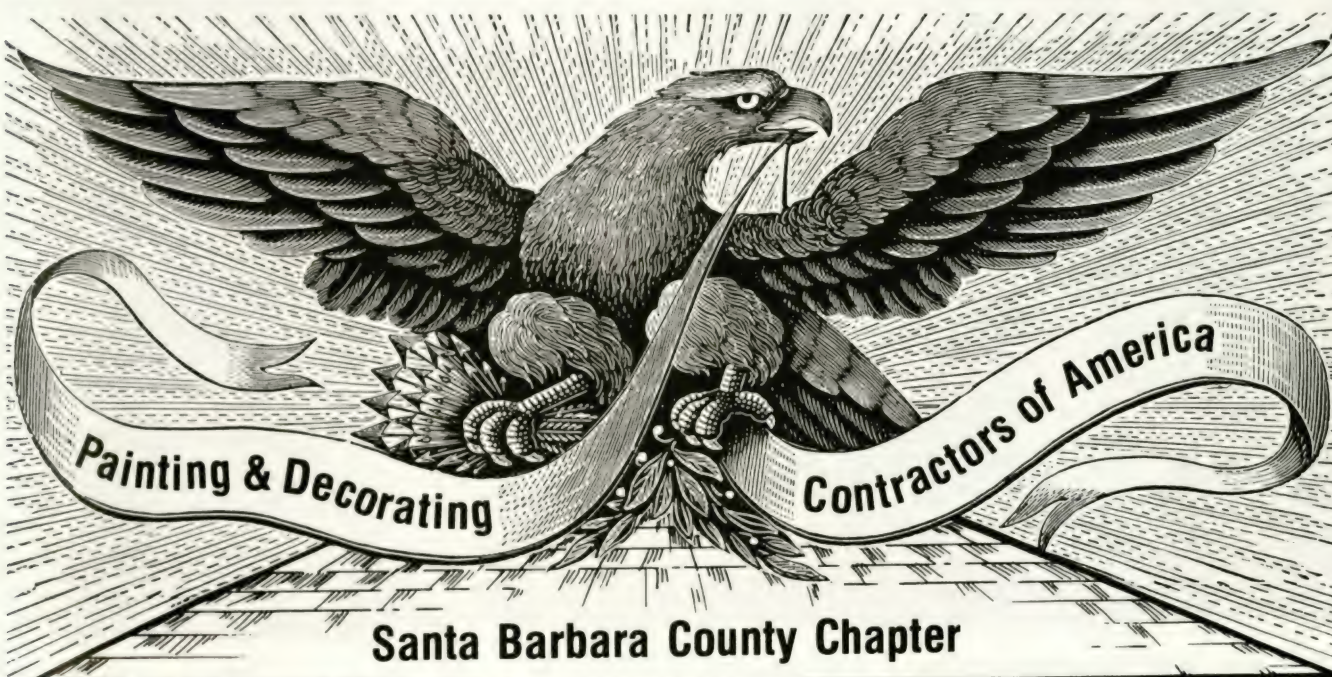
Students in the second semester have a study period from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., allowing time for homework. Before and after, they attend classes in food theory, meat analysis, costing, menu planning, food magazines, and restaurant management, supplemented by work-learn time in preparing for and serving at ca-

tered parties and in the coffee shop.

Tom Smith and Warner Kirchhofer, both trained in Switzerland, supervise the introductory and specialty baking classes. Lured out of retirement by John Dunn after years with the Santa Barbara Biltmore Hotel, Warner now creates his idyllic pies and cakes and calorie-rich puff pastry during his lectures.

Another specialty class is called *garde manger*, offering instruction in the art of covering chilled foods with a gelatine layer and then decorating them with colorful vegetables cut in floral and geometric designs. Lab assistant Barbara Baker teaches this technique, which demands much skill and patience in pouring and reheating the jellied mixture.

By the time students reach the third semester, they are ready to tackle the school's elegant gourmet dining room.



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Five days a week Santa Barbarans flock there to enjoy a four course haute cuisine luncheon Monday through Thursday or a splendid eye-filling buffet on Friday. Ice sculpture and curled carrots, turnips, potatoes, and tomato skins simulating a bouquet of roses and ringlets of celery arranged like spider mums decorate the buffet table. Service begins promptly at 11:30 a.m. in a beautiful room offering a superb view of the harbor and channel to 34 diners seated in elegant shield-back chairs. Student waiters and waitresses dressed in beige jackets move with such efficiency that few patrons think of themselves as being part of the learning process at HRM. The hour-and-a-half luncheon, reserved two weeks in advance, is priced from \$4 to \$6. (A strict

dress code demands skirts for ladies, ties for gentlemen.)

This February, dinner in the gourmet dining room joined the curriculum. A typical menu might offer appetizers of *escargot maison*, marinated *seviche*, or *champignon farsi*; a choice between salad and French onion or cold orange-carrot soup; either steak Diane prepared at the table, a rack of lamb for two, abalone sautéed with shallots and garlic, or *canard à l'orange flambé*; a choice of *sauvage pilaf* or *pommes de terres persillées*; and either sautéed snow peas or cauliflower *au gratin*.

A favorite dessert is *poire François* which is a peeled pear partially cooked, the top third neatly removed and gently floated on a pink raspberry whipped

cream filling. Other desserts include *cake à la Robert* with kiwi fruit and a light chocolate cake with cognac filling and chocolate mousse frosting. Served from 5 to 6 p.m., dinner prices range from \$4 to \$10.

On Wednesdays third semester students head for the handsome UCSB Faculty Club, which includes six hot rooms, a dining room, a kitchen, and a bar. There, HRM students study home management, advertising, promotion, and front-desk procedures under Betty DeWitt Anderson, and bartending under Richard Erskine, both lab assistants.

Fourth semester students assist in managing catered on-campus parties for nonprofit organizations, like the Cham City Barbershop Chorus dinner gala



with 260 guests. Memorable off-campus catering jobs include the Stearns Wharf hundredth anniversary party for 3,000 in 1972 and an HRM benefit called "Tour de Cuisine" in May 1980 that served 1,200 at the Coral Casino and netted \$47,000 to complete the new HRM complex that houses the coffee shop and gourmet dining room. This year, on April 18, a thousand people will pay \$35 each (or \$75, \$150, and \$250 for patron tickets) to attend a grand "April in Santa Barbara" buffet at the sprawling Klinger estate in Hope Ranch. Catered by HRM, there will be six different menus from as many countries, and proceeds will benefit the SBCC Foundation.

As John Dunn describes student success stories his brown eyes glisten with

Opposite: Student creations include such desserts as (clockwise from left) poires François, lemon mousse, rich strawberry torte, and creamy strawberry mousse. Top: A mountain of chilled shrimp and olives with fresh cocktail sauce is a popular appetizer. Above: Students learn that food must appeal to the mind and the eye as well as the palate. This whimsical "bouquet" is made of sculpted vegetables. "When a student graduates from our program," says John Dunn, "he is prepared to work as a manager 60 hours a week. He can scrub counters, cupboards, and floors, wash the windows and pots and pans. He also knows how to make gourmet dishes, wait on tables, and keep accurate costing records. Above all he knows how to work well with his employees and please his customers."

appreciation. One former student now makes \$50,000 a year managing the food operation for a U.S. missile base in Alaska. Judy Callas, an energetic single parent with two small children, is in charge of the pantry and salads at the Santa Barbara Biltmore Hotel. Other local alumni include Ellen Kao, general manager of Santa Barbara's Great Wall restaurant on State Street; successful caterers Candy Corbani of Party Makers and Nancy Irvine of Catering by Nancy; and Penelope Williams, co-owner of Penelope's, recently rated as one of the top five gourmet restaurants in Southern California.

Scrounging money for his HRM scholarship fund, John makes 12-hour round trips as a board member of the City College of San Francisco's HRM Foundation meetings, and is often rewarded by grants to his student-applicants based on merit and need. Though these awards comprise the lion's share of SBCC's annual HRM \$6,000 fund, other donors include local McDonald's franchiser Herb Peterson, the Heinz Company, the American Hotel Association, the Club Manager's Association, and grateful alumni.

Thus far the HRM program has been

self-supporting, except for the salaries of two professors and nine full-time lab assistants, whose salaries are reimbursed by state money. Food service generates enough income to pay for maintenance and repairs of all equipment.

If students wish to work full-time after receiving their two-year HRM certificates, the program guarantees them jobs. Nearly half, however, choose to continue another semester, picking up 15 academic credits to qualify them for an associate of science degree.

"When a student graduates from our program he is prepared to work as a manager 60 hours a week," John says. "He can scrub counters, cupboards, and floors, wash the windows and pots and pans. He also knows how to make gourmet dishes, wait on tables, and keep accurate costing records. Above all he knows how to work well with his employees and please his customers."

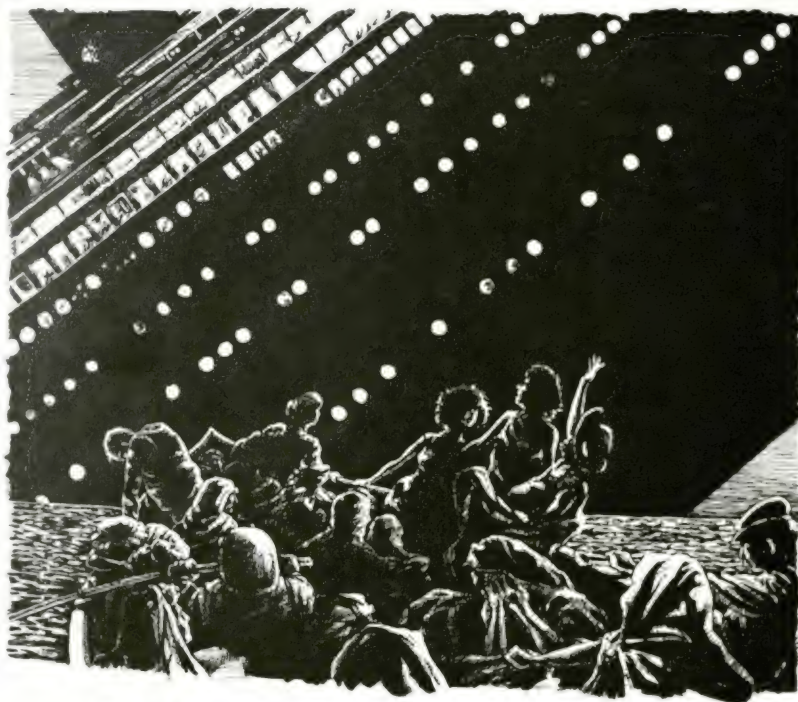
Following a 16-year stay at City College of San Francisco in a similar HRM program, John came to SBCC in 1970, when the operation had been failing for three years. "The first year we had six students," he says. "The next semester we had eight. Now we have 102 students running all food operations under profes-

sional guidance. It's all free, you know, to California residents. We also get some paying students from Japan, Germany, Saudi Arabia, Pakistan, Libya, Thailand, Iran, and many from our eastern and midwestern states."

What are John's plans for the future? His first priority was nearly achieved last term: an enrollment of 45 to 50 new students each semester. His other goals are to cut the drop-out rate, now running about ten percent a semester, through better screening of applicants, and to inaugurate a short brush-up course for people in the industry. But his fondest dream, shared by SBCC's new president Peter MacDougall, is to have a 20-room hotel on the campus.

Dynamic John Dunn, often a show man, always in gear, always with an eye on the main chance for his students, was recently summed up by Jim Williams, SBCC information officer: "If John were ever up the creek and lost the paddle, he'd likely sell the canoe or put wheels on it. I fully expect to arrive for work some morning and see him dragging that 20-room hotel onto the campus."

Dorothy Jefferson is a free-lance journalist residing in Santa Barbara.



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What to enter: Black and white or color prints, maximum 16 by 20 inches, based on the general theme of "Children" or "Scenes of Santa Barbara." Photos must be clean and neatly mounted on mounting board not smaller than 8 by 10 inches. Attach a gummed label to the back with your name, address, phone, and age if you are 18 or under. The entry fee is \$4 per entry, with no limit to the number of entries.

How to enter: On or before June 5, submit entries to the management office of Piccadilly Square, 813 State Street, Santa Barbara, CA 93101, or to Montecito Camera, Ltd., 1106 Coast Village Road, Suite E, Montecito, CA 93108. Out-of-town entries include a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return. After June 15, pick up prints at drop-off point or at the MDA office, 1806 Cliff



Above: Last year's Brooks Institute Award winner by Gabrielle Farrell, a portrait of daughter Caroline.

Drive, Santa Barbara, CA 93109 (except those published by *Santa Barbara Magazine*).

Awards and prizes: Judging will be held June 7, 1982, with presentation of awards June 12 at Piccadilly Square. First, second, and third prizes include ribbons, merchandise, and gift certificates donated by local merchants. Grand prize winners in both categories "Children" and "Scenes of Santa Barbara" receive the "Brooks Institute Award" for best of show. Winning photos will be on display at Piccadilly Square June 8 to June 12 and at Montecito Camera, Ltd., June 14 to June 19. *Santa Barbara Magazine* will publish a selection of winners in an upcoming issue.

The contest is sponsored by *Santa Barbara Magazine*, Brooks Institute, Piccadilly Square, Montecito Camera, Ltd., and the Santa Barbara Chapter of MDA. Entry fees benefit the Tri-Counties MDA clinic in Santa Barbara. (Through contributions by individuals and groups, MDA furnishes free comprehensive medical services to children and adults with neuromuscular diseases.)

For further information contact the MDA office, (805) 963-7762.

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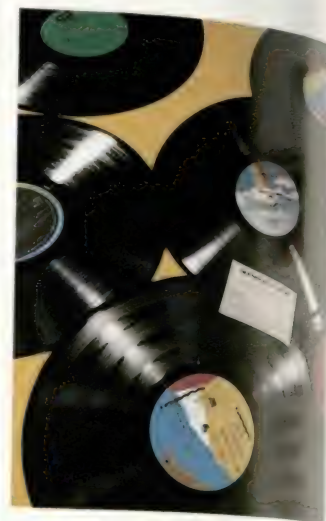
By Trish Reynolds

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY JURGEN HILMER



Kitchen Up With the Times

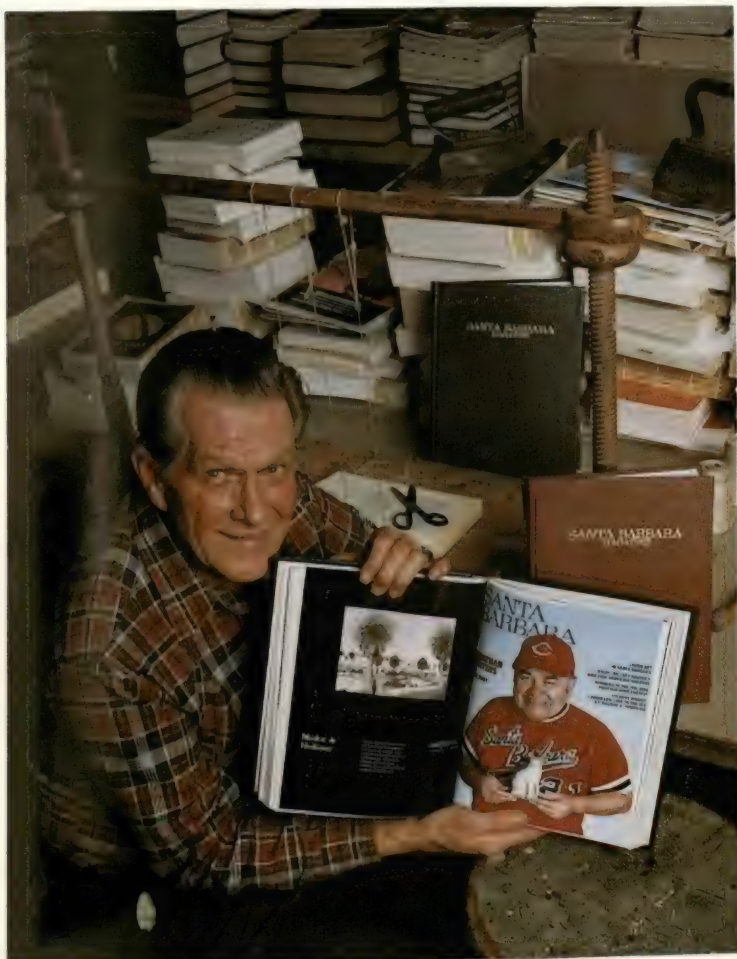
Those new woks and food mills are supposed to be a cook's delight. But if yours make Rubik's Cube seem like child's play, don't worry, help is on the way. For a minimum two hours (at \$15 an hour), Cyndi Woo and Barbara Sims-Bell of the Santa Barbara Cooking School will come to your kitchen and help you unravel the mystery of pasta makers, food processors, microwave and convection ovens, ice cream machines, or whatever else is puzzling you. Once you get the hang of it the real fun begins—you can eat the lesson!

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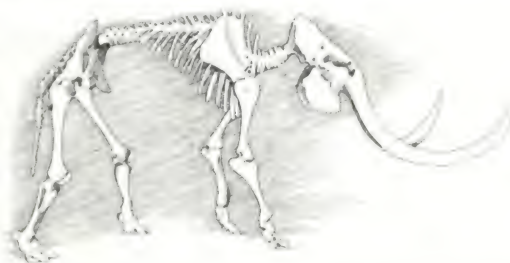


Love is a Many Layered Thing

If you're one of the Santa Barbara lovestruck in search of a wedding cake, Charlotte may have just the extravaganza you had in mind. With two weeks' notice, patisserie owners Patrick Lesec and Karla VanWingerden will whip up "The Margarita," a froth of mousse and spongecake laced with tequila, triple sec, and lemon—designed especially for Santa Barbara tastes. Starting at \$2 per guest, other favorite recipes include "The Passionfruit," "The Grand Marnier," and a collection of mousses from the richest chocolate to the most delicate apricot. After frosting with homemade almond icing, Patrick and pastry chef Norbert Viaud personally sculpt the *sucre tiré* ("sugar sculpture") that transforms your cake into a once-in-a-lifetime work of art.

Charlotte
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IN SEARCH OF ANCIENT PACHYDERMS



BY HEIDI BENSON

ILLUSTRATION BY MAX E. NEUFELDT

IN THE EARLY SPRING most Santa Barbara days are clear, and the Channel Islands pop out so crisp you can count the crags that cut their barren cliffs. Hovering just above the horizon, the islands take on an eerie, prehistoric look—as if uninhabited, or populated only by ancient tribes and species.

If the day is overcast and the islands are shrouded in mist, you can still inspect “America’s Galapagos” from shore. A short trip to the fossil room of Santa Barbara’s Museum of Natural History will slip you back 20,000 years on the time line. There you’ll meet an animal that lived just off Santa Barbara and nowhere else on earth.

The Channel Islands’ dwarf mammoth was a six-foot charmer, a miniature relative of the mainland (or imperial) mammoth that averaged 13 feet in height and roamed in large numbers along the South Coast and throughout North America’s Pleistocene forests and grasslands.

Starting roughly a million years ago, a large portion of the continent lay buried beneath glaciers two miles thick from northern Canada to Kentucky. To the northwest, the continental shelf between Siberia and Alaska escaped glaciation, and the fertile plains and woodlands of a new habitat beckoned. Asian mammals

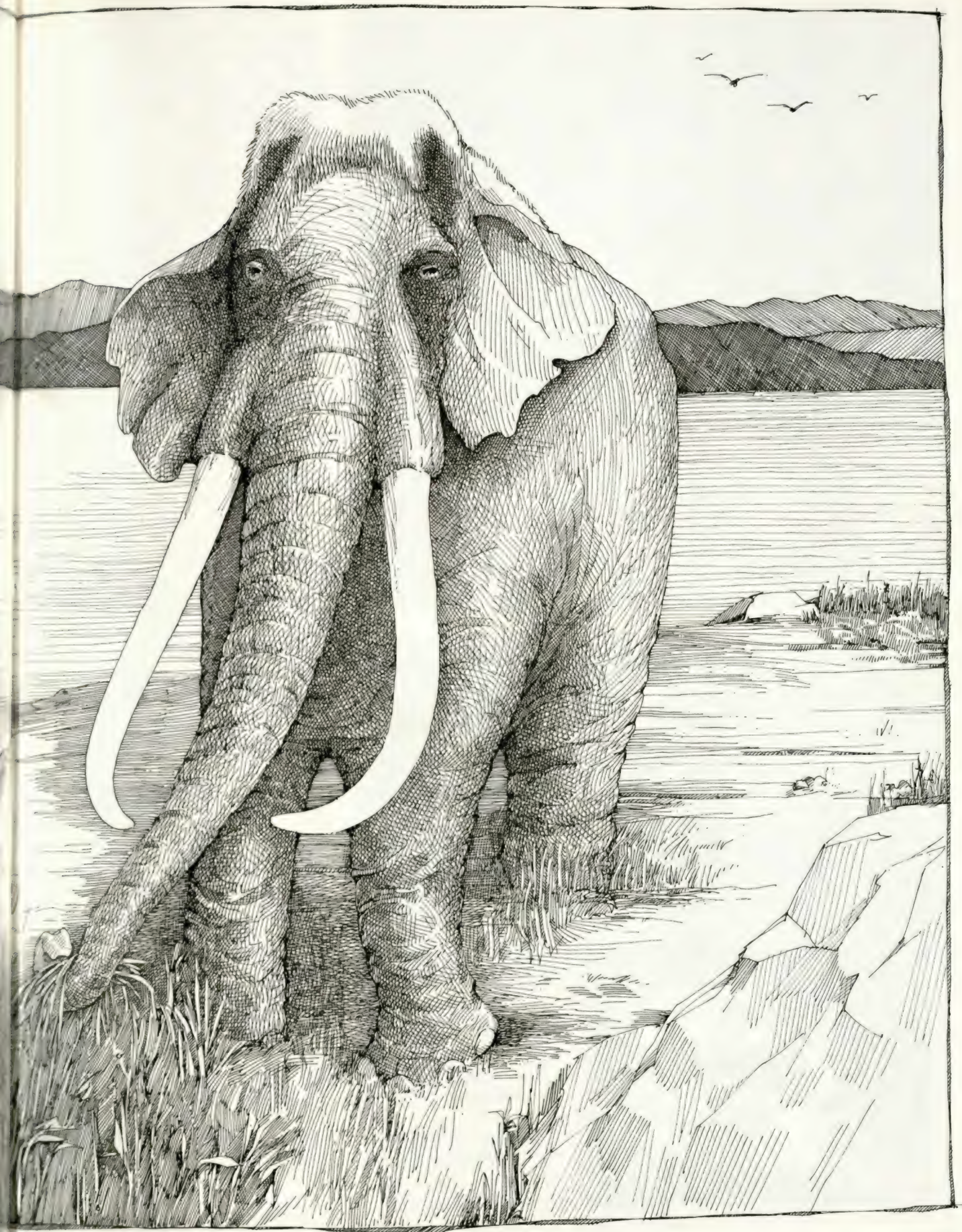
funneled out onto the Bering Strait land bridge, to begin the colonization of America.

Because many of these animals grew to enormous proportions, paleontologists call them Ice Age megafauna. Beavers the size of bear, huge musk-oxen, and oversized bison joined the giant ground sloth, the mastodon, and the mammoth as they grazed and browsed their way down the continent. Following these docile giants were their predators the wolves, big cats, rapacious birds, and later, early man.

Off the coast of Santa Barbara during this time, the Channel Islands were joined into one 742-square-mile island. Phil C. Orr, retired curator of anthropology of the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, named the island Santarosae.

For many years the presence of animal life on the islands was explained by a land-bridge theory. The islands were thought to be part of a prehistoric peninsula that began near Ventura. The sudden isolation caused when the glaciers melted and the seas rose at the end of the Ice Age—turning the peninsula into an island and then into several islands—explained how Santarosae’s animals were cut off from their mainland cousins.

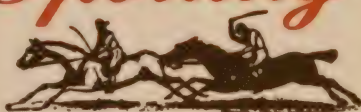






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Because of naturalists like Charles Darwin and others, it is well documented that plants and animals change relatively quickly after colonizing an island. The mainland mammoths that found their way to Santarosae were in a new environment with a distinct lack of predators. The sabre-tooth cat, a mammoth's main worry, never made it to the island. Wetter and greener and colder than it is today, Santarosae evidently nurtured a large population of mammoths. But because of the limited space, succeeding generations became smaller and smaller in stature.

Along with his partner Eustace Fairbank, paleontologist Chester Stock (better known for his work at the La Brea tar pits in Los Angeles) was the first to recognize dwarf mammoth bones on the Channel Islands in the 1920s. Stock knew there might be other explanations for how the giant mice, the rabbit-sized foxes, and other unique life forms arrived on the islands, but he was convinced that only a land bridge could explain the dwarf mammoths' presence.

Presently, however, a growing body of evidence compiled by Adrian Wenner of UCSB's Marine Science Institute and Donald Johnson of the department of geography at the University of Illinois points to another explanation. Their argument was published by the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History in 1980. Wenner and Johnson's studies conclude that Santarosae was never joined to the mainland during the Pleistocene Era when the first mammoths arrived at the shore.

Although conditions would have been favorable for their fossilized preservation, great numbers of now-extinct species that kept company with mainland mammoths—the camels, lions, mamadons, sabre-tooth cats, and giant ground sloths—left no remains on the islands. With the easy access of a land bridge, they almost certainly would have been there. This lack of fossil evidence, combined with the profound scarcity of mammal species on the islands today and facts concerning the geological makeup of the islands, lead most scientists to agree with Wenner and Johnson that a land bridge was available for the migration of mainland animals.

We know the mammoths stayed long enough on Santarosae to evolve into a dwarf form, but without a bridge, how did they get there? It's simple: by swam.

The mammoths' modern relatives, elephants, are known to be very swimmers.

swimmers despite their size. In India, for example, due to the flooding of the rivers during monsoon season, the riverbank-dwelling elephant has had to become an excellent swimmer. There is an East Indian tale of one particularly athletic pachyderm who swam the width of the Indian Ocean using his trunk for a snorkle. (And in Southeast Asia, residents familiar with the swimming of elephants attest that a wet elephant smells just like a wet dog—only more so.)

Perhaps violent storms washed the mammoths off cliffs, down canyons, and into the sea. Aided by currents in the channel, a few bewildered mainland mammoths probably made the first float trips to Santarosae more by accident than design—and colonized it.

The date of the first mammoth settlers on Santarosae is not known, but by far the most conclusive sleuthing into the question has been done by Phil Orr, the man responsible for the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History's dwarf mammoth exhibit. Orr's research was realized with the generous support of the Vail & Vickers Ranch Company, owner of Santa Rosa Island. After approaching the Vails through the museum in the mid-1940s, Orr maintained a field station made of driftwood and assorted materials brought in with great difficulty to an isolated part of the island, where he often stayed for months at a time.

Along with the history of the dwarf mammoth, Orr has contributed to much of our knowledge of early man on the islands. One of his outstanding finds was that of "Arlington Man," an individual who apparently died accidentally (without burial) approximately 9,000 years ago. And on the mainland, Orr discovered imprints of a gigantic "toothed" marine bird of the Miocene period in a quarry in Santa Maria. The fossilized remains of *Osteodontornis orri*, named for Orr, had a wingspan of 16 feet.

The South Coast habitat of this bird and of the various island species was a coniferous forest something like those still found in Northern California and the Pacific Northwest. In Southern California a few relic groves of these prehistoric conifers still survive: the Bishop pines of Cambria and the Torrey pines found only near San Diego and on Santa Rosa Island.

That Santa Barbara's mammoths must have fed on similar forests is confirmed by hands-on analysis of the extinct, closely related northern woolly mammoths. Thousands of centuries after these contemporaries of the dwarf mammoths fell into glacial crevasses in



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Siberia and Alaska and were deep frozen, scientists found partially digested cones and needles of ancient pine forests in the woolly mammoths' stomachs.

Dwarf mammoths evolved on Sattarasae only a few thousand years before the massive Pleistocene extinction began. At that time hundreds of species departed abruptly in terms of geological time, beginning at the height of the last ice age 12,000 years ago. Six thousand years later the glaciers had contracted, leaving the survivors to join us in the present interglacial period.

The extinction of the dwarf mammoth and his contemporaries roughly coincided with a change in Southern California from a cool, moist climate to a warm, dry one, and with the appearance 12,000 years ago of man-made projectile points. Throughout North America, nomadic man, the ancient hunter, developed a finely hewn weapon, sharp as surgical steel, that anthropologists call the Clovis point.

There is no conclusive proof that man inhabited the islands along with the dwarf mammoths, but if he did, he could well have helped along their inevitable extinction. While no Clovis points have been found on the islands or nearby mainland, early man in most of America relied heavily on mammoth meat for food. Phil Orr argues in favor of a violent interplay between man and mammoth on the islands as well, based on finds of charred mammoth bones in areas where apparent man-made fires left charcoal and a characteristic red soil.

Orr also holds that a number of his mammoth finds are disarticulated in such a way that it appears the animals were butchered. Currently, archaeologist Rainier Berger of UCLA, a former colleague of Orr's and the central figure in carbon dating of island materials, is excavating a site where crude human artifacts, mammoth bones, and a fire area were found in close proximity. The age of this site is beyond the reach of carbon dating, being more than 40,000 years old. Other methods of dating are underway.

The dwarf mammoths of the Channel Islands are an important link with Santa Barbara's prehistoric past. Thanks to the devoted work of Phil Orr, Chester Stock, Adrian Wenner, and Eustace Furlong, our Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History is a fertile storehouse for the ghosts of our ancient pachyderms.

Heidi Benson is a local writer and a columnist and editor for the Santa Barbara News and Review.



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Pilgrims at the Miramar

PRINCES HAVE STROLLED its flower-lined paths. Film stars have baked their expensive profiles on its beach. Magnates have plotted mergers in its rambling gardens. But in recent years the venerable Miramar ("Behold the Sea!") Hotel has taken on a different luster. Since 1975 the sprawling landmark along the Montecito waterfront has played host every June to the Santa Barbara Writers Conference, now gearing up for its tenth anniversary year.

For a feverish week the pilgrims come, laden with typewriters and notebooks, hopes and dreams, to sit at the feet of the Wise Ones of their craft, veterans who bear the honors—and the scars—of the literary fray. Hour after hour the neophytes attend lectures and panel discussions, soak up criticism at workshops. They listen and question and argue. And they write: in their rooms, beside the pool under lofty palms, along the old railroad tracks. After an eight-day natural high that builds from eagerness to excitement to sustained euphoria they return home, somehow miraculously transformed, taking back not only hard information but something more vital: a sense of fellowship that sees them through another year of lonely labors.

People who've been around the block a few times—James Michener, Eudora Welty—rhapsodize over the conference; the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* pronounces it "the best in the nation." Without yielding to the current vogue for ranking everything from pick-up trucks to orthodontists, I can tell you that I've checked out the proceedings at the Miramar, and the claims are not exaggerated. The conference works.

It fashions a subtle blend of ambience, personalities, and program that begins with the geographical setting. The Bali Hai aspects of Santa Barbara are visible from any tour bus. Less obvious are its mystic overtones: an aura of gentle acceptance, a sweetness of spirit that have long drawn artists to its shores. The town's literary tradition dates back at least to Richard Henry Dana and John Galsworthy; Scott Fitzgerald worked in a cottage on the Miramar's horseshoe beach. Today two groups of writers meet biweekly for lunch in town, with Ken

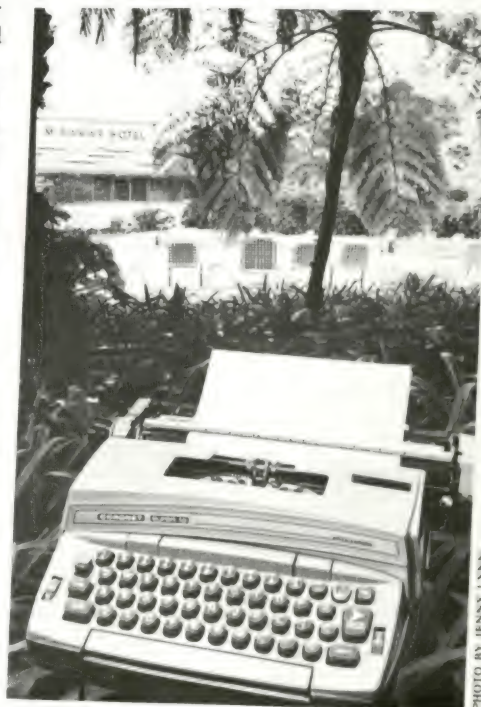


PHOTO BY JENNY LYNN

Millar ("Ross MacDonald" of detective story fame) as unofficial chairman of the board. Psychics and healers, noting the closeness in latitude between De la Guerra Plaza and Jerusalem, claim that Santa Barbara is an extraordinary energy center favorable to creativity.

All this is reinforced at the Miramar. Approaching the century mark, the hotel has the charm of a bygone, more leisurely era; like the Plaza in New York or the Ritz in Madrid, it wears its years gracefully. Instead of the Spartan severity of less-is-more architecture, it presents an engaging disarray of central buildings, suite blocks, and private bungalows scattered over 14 lush acres. A giant eucalyptus tree looms over a railroad dining car brought out of retirement to serve alfresco lunches. Cottages peep out from massed bushes of fragrant pitosporum and white-blossomed Cherokee roses.

Photos on the main lobby wall recapitulate a glamorous past when presidents and potentates walked through the Miramar's halls or, in prefreeway days, teed off from its private golf course. T. R. was a guest here, as were the Rockefellers, the Du Ponts, the queen of the Netherlands, and the Prince of Wales.

Thumbing through the old register ("Countess of Berkeley and male... imaginative eye summons... parasol-twirling grand ladies... 1920s, the 500-foot pier that beckons shoreward the yachts of Eastern... lionaires, the luxury Pullman can be chugged to a flag stop at the... doorstep along rails still used by Amtrak... And the imaginative eye is what the Writers Conference attracts. Taking registrants last opening day, I found them bent on a triple mission. First, the referees want guidance in their craft. It's true that the computer wizards have developed software programs capable of grinding out a kind of bastard poetry. They have not, however—as of yet—mastered the nuances of characterization. That's something the budding novelist or screenwriter must work out on his or her own head; and it's no easier now than it was for Aeschylus.

Second, the writers want some grasp of the bewildering market world into which their fragile offspring will be launched: that seemingly impenetrable phalanx of austere office buildings, stern-faced editors, jaded studio readers, and pitiless agents. For many, this will be their introduction to the merchant of creativity.

Finally, least articulated by the participants but most deeply sought, is nourishment for the spirit. Writers function in a careeristic limbo, sometimes being obliged to survive on faith for years before arriving at public acceptance. The pilgrims converge on the Miramar like devotees flocking to a holy shrine, seeking renewal, inspiration, affirmation.

Although predominantly Californians, they come also from England, Florida, Hawaii, Tennessee, New York, and points between. They descend in Royces from the nearby hills of Montecito, and roar in by motorbike from Phoenix. From an initial enrollment of 40 students they now number a standing-room-only crowd of 300, many of them third and fourth time repeaters. Ages range from 20 to 70, with an average of 38; experience varies from virtually no to modestly professional.

Not surprisingly, the attendance list is slightly weighted on the distaff side.

reflects the current female drive toward self-fulfillment. Listen to Jessica Stander, a brunette housewife from San Francisco: "I come here to be *me*—a writer and a person—not mixed up with all the other roles in my life." Echoes Vivian Wahlen, a softly attractive blond married to a Visalia physician: "Back home I'm an appendage, lost in my husband's shadow. Here I can sit at a table as an equal with other people." Beside her Chloris Franklin, a schoolteacher from "farm country down south," nods understandingly: "I have a feeling I could write—if I just got a pat on the back once in a while."

For more experienced enrollees like biographer Wayne Robinson of Fort Worth, the conference offers sunshine and sympathy: "I've just sold my first novel. Back home, when I tell people they shrug; here, I get a response. I pick up on old friends. And I always learn something."

Presiding over this offbeat educational scene is burly Barnaby Conrad, author of 18 books including the classic novel *Matador*. Conrad is a huge man who once captained the Yale boxing team. Yet his presence is gentle, almost shy; women want to cuddle him. Arriving a trifle late to introduce a lecturer, fumbling with his notes and pushing the glasses high on his forehead, he has less the air of a star bullfighter (which he was until nine inches of horn sank into his thigh in 1958) or a successful Santa Barbara author and portrait painter (which he still is) than that of a genial tavern-keeper (which he was some years ago in San Francisco).

Conrad belongs to a vanishing breed: the great talkers. He is a cornucopia of anecdotes; and even in casual conversation his verbal footwork conjures up images of a supple *veronica* in Seville. However, his gifts do not extend to administration. For scheduling and logistics he enlists the steadying hand of his comely wife Mary. Both Conrads turn for occasional advice to film workshop leader Paul Lazarus, a retired Columbia Pictures executive.

But it is Barney Conrad whose imprint makes the conference unique. "It's the *craft* of writing that we're concerned with," he emphasizes. "Sure, we set aside a day when beginners can hear from editors and agents. But our accent is not on the marketplace. And unlike other conferences, we don't separate faculty from students. Our people sit elbow to elbow at mess. It's a kick for a novice to hear Charles Schultz talk about Spike, the real dog of his boyhood who was the

prototype for Snoopy—and it's a kick for Schultz, too." Liz Newman of Encino, rushing to a seminar, pauses to confirm: "What makes me marvel is the generosity of writers who've arrived, how eager they are to share anything they may have learned on the way up. It's as if they're welcoming you to a very special brotherhood."

The keynote for the week is sounded by Ray Bradbury, an opening-night fixture. Wagging his silvery mane, the celebrated pioneer of science fiction exhorts the newcomers with Bible Belt fervor: "For God's sake, be in love with something madly! Don't talk to friends—they won't understand. Trust your intuition. Let yourself go!"

For the next few days, the students scramble from lecture hall to workshop, gobbling up clues to magazine writing, film scripting, poetry, novels, editing. Says Richard Leon of Santa Barbara, "You're like a kid at a banquet table running from table to table, awed by the big names, afraid to miss something. Gradually you find out what you want most—and who is likeliest to give it to you." Past enrollees have tapped into counsel from Michener and Welty, Schultz and "Ross MacDonald"; from Joan Didion, William Styron, Jessamyn West, Colleen McCullough, the late critic Robert Kirsch, and William Buckley. But the "big names" don't talk in absolutes; anybody can be challenged. In atmosphere, the conference is a cross between campus seminar and encounter group, spiced with a touch of Greenwich Village cocktail party.

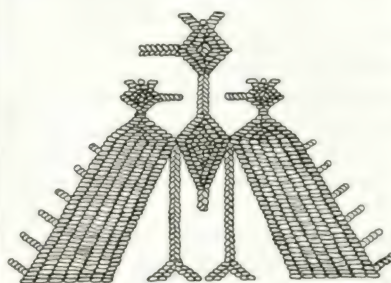
A typical workshop finds some 35 women and men crowded around novelist Phyllis Gebauer, a slim, calm literary rendition of Carol Burnett. The novices sit on camp chairs, kitchen bar stools, and the floor of a summery hotel suite, listening raptly to a student reading (strict limit: six pages at a time). At the end, hands shoot up, comments fly. "Terrific suspense." "Needs more personal emotion." The instructor is last to speak. She suggests more specific details—"the type of perfume your protagonist uses tells us something about her character"—and greater attention to sensory elements generally. "But those are only suggestions; the decision is yours."

Across the hall, where a would-be biographer has just finished reading aloud a ponderous chapter, instructor John Leggett of Iowa University demonstrates the art of providing firm guidance

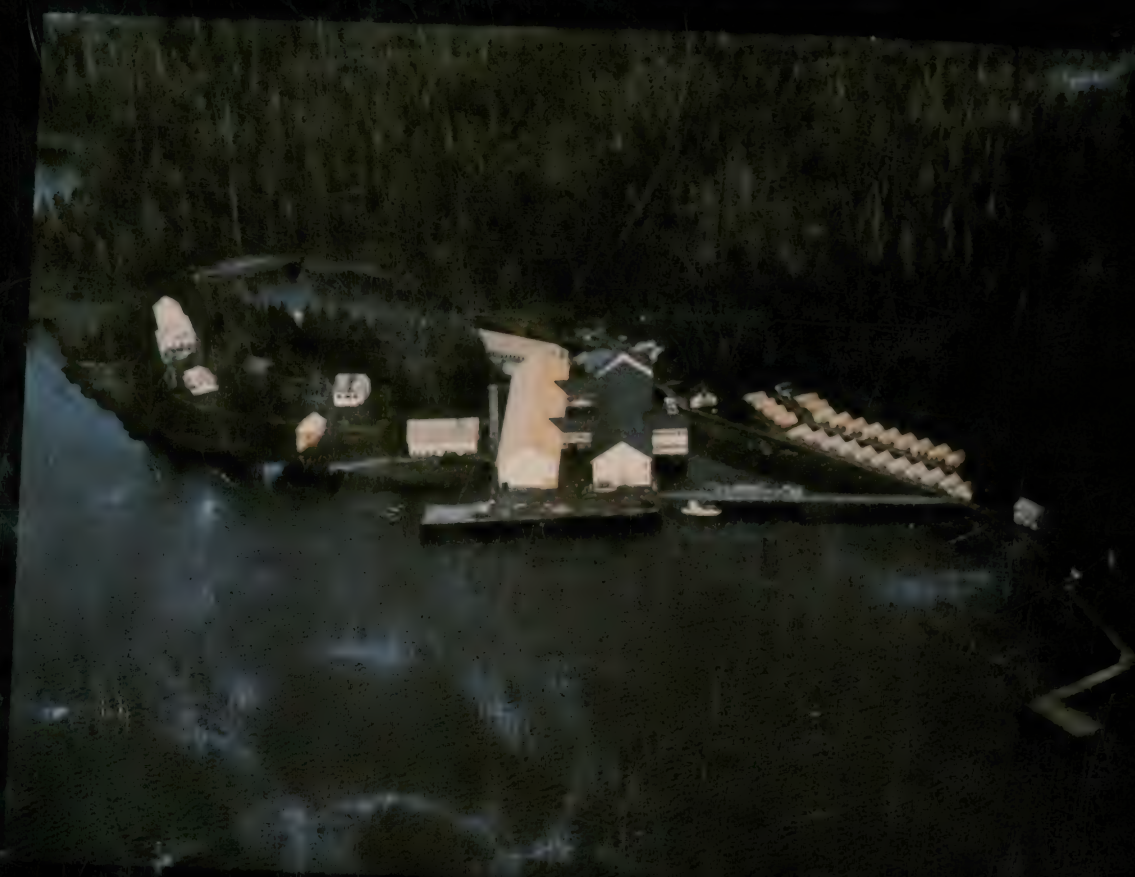
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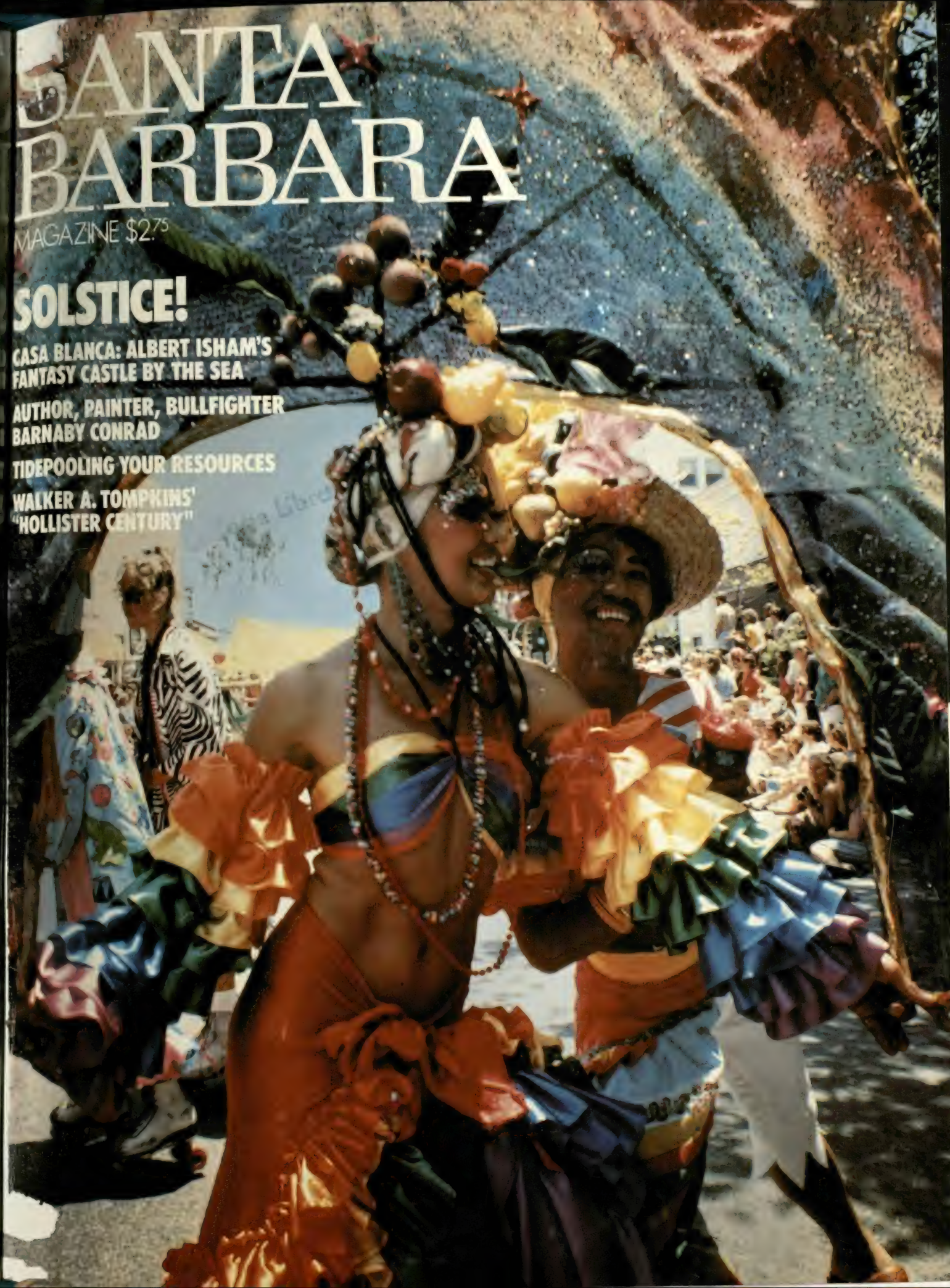
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Solstice

"Within the soul, within the body social, there must be—if we are to experience long survival—recurrence of birth." —Joseph Campbell

"It's never too late to have a happy childhood." —Tom Robbins

ALL MY LIFE I've wanted to be a lizard. One of those green ones that used to crawl around on my grandma's fence in Texas then suddenly turn brown. I love the idea of sticking my tongue out at people and just disappearing into the woodwork when they get mad. I love the

idea of changing colors.

I have a friend who swears he was moss in his last life. "No matter where I am at the moment," he says, "I always know which way is north." He likes to dress up as moss on Halloween. He usually wins the contest.

By Jessica Maxwell • Photographs by Cara Moore

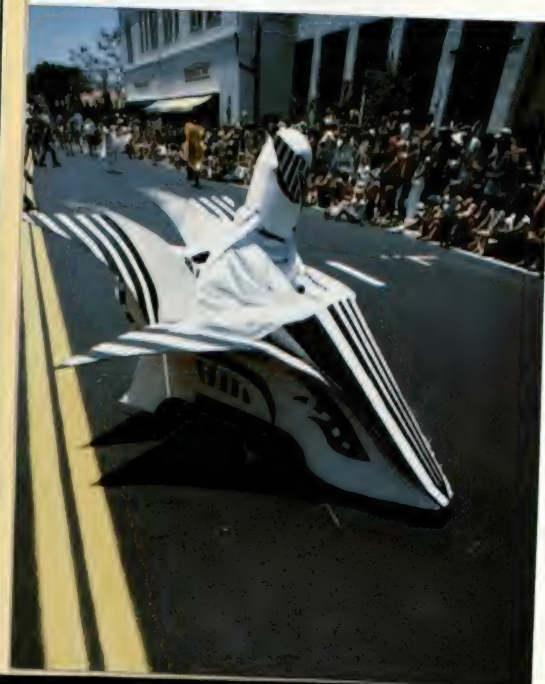






And my mother does the greatest imitation of a roly bug you've ever seen. She gets down on the floor and crawls around and wiggles her fingers like worms. She doesn't do it very often. I wish she'd do it more. It makes me feel better that I'd really rather be a lizard.

I believe that everyone secretly wants to be something else. And I don't want to be rich and famous. I mean something a little bit of bonkers, something that stirs the soul. Because I believe that deep in our hearts we all know that patterns are traps. That the square corners of everyday life can strangle the lifeblood right out of us. We become talking heads, sleepwalkers. We become lists of things we have to do. And the raw joy of just being here gets put on hold. That, I think, is why we love John Belushi and our winners who





Andre. That is why Santa Barbara loves Summer Solstice.

"This guy was amazing. He came in and described this thing he wanted to make. He kept bringing in crutches and hospital equipment. I was in terror of what he was making. Then he brought in the Queen of Summer Solstice. She bounced. She jiggled. She had all sorts of springs inside her. He thanked me and said: 'This is something I've wanted to do since I was a little kid. I just didn't know it until now.'"

Tim Healey
Solstice Parade Coordinator

It all began seven years ago with an elfin artist who smiles with his eyes and

refuses to accept the barriers between strangers. His name is Michael Gonzales. He moved to Santa Barbara thinking that artists must surely work together here. He was wrong. Artists here behaved like creative satellites. "No one was connecting," he explained.

But Michael is a generator. He is also a mime and a street performer and pretty soon he had other artists dressing up on holidays with him and parading around the town. Eventually they called themselves the Mime Caravan.

"First there were three of us," Michael recalled. "The following year there were 15, then 35, then 70."

Last year 10,000 people celebrated summer solstice and Michael and Tim laughed and cried and jumped around and hugged each other. What had started





as an artists' offering had exploded into a carnival of citizens. Santa Barbara was going crazy and loving it.

"This guy walked in wearing completely straight clothes and told me he was going to be Ribbon Man and bring his Fanettes. He did. Ribbon Man and his Fanettes were wonderful. Some of the straightest people go craziest at Solstice."

Tim Healey

In one of the world's greatest juggling acts, Michael and Tim and their beautiful soft-eyed partner Jenny Sullivan have managed to keep Solstice orderly but spontaneous. They do it with limits. The word *solstice* means limit: the point at which the sun is farthest from the

equator; the longest day of the year—when the sun looks like it's standing still. It isn't, of course, because we aren't. Nothing in nature does. So Michael and Tim and Jenny select limits that allow movement. In fact, the rules of Solstice keep things moving.

"No signs are allowed, only symbols. So people can't rely on words. They have to show us what they're doing. There are no motorized vehicles so everything has to be handmade. This brings people to a very basic level of expression. It's all visual, physical. It's all art."

Michael Gonzales

"All we ask is that people tell us what they're making. But sometimes







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someone slips into the parade and we say 'How did they get in there?' There was one woman a few years ago who showed up in a sheer veil with no underclothes. She got as far as Cabrillo and State, then the cops spotted her. One of the other rules is no nudity."

Tim Healey

The trio also fights to save Solstice from the drooling jaws of commercialism. A cloud passes over Michael's eyes when you ask him about this.

"My biggest fear is that Solstice will become commercial," he'll tell you.

"We know that in order for it to survive it must maintain a certain amount of commercialism. But it will only survive if it maintains its artistic integrity too."

And that brings us back to the limits. And the workshops.

With a lot of work and wrangling, Michael, Tim, and Jenny secure a space where people can come and pay \$5 to create their costumes with artistic supervision and lots of free materials. They fill the workshop with all sorts of costume fodder: strange fabrics, odd packing plastic, colorful castoffs that can be creatively recycled. Much of it is donated and some of it is purchased, like about 150 pounds of glue sticks, since the costumes are literally glued together.

The idea is to see beyond the usual function of things, just as Solstice itself takes the day and shakes it until all the keys fall out of its pockets and secret wishes are unlocked. Soon nothing is immune from transformation. And so, snow-cone cups become spikes on a giant blowfish, one of last year's hot inventions by artist Pat Fish. Rubber gloves become rooster combs. Anything can become anything, and it's exciting to see what bank tellers and schoolchildren and waitresses will do once the rules are thrown out the window.

"Last year the parade monitors all wore blue foam points on their heads. That material came from car-wax applicators—strips of this electric blue foam. We just started covering our bodies with it, and things started looking like Buck Rogers, and that was how the monitor's outfits were designed."

Tim Healey

Once minds are stretched a little, paraders start seeing possibilities everywhere, even in their own bodies. Last year one woman was a martini; her head

was the olive. And a man painted a face on his bare chest—using his navel as a mouth with pursed lips—and whistled his way down State Street. Someone else went as an upside-down man and turned his feet into hands. And a mother-to-be painted a glorious sun on her swollen belly.

"Space City was another memorable piece," Tim recalled. "Johnny Foam recruited handicapped people from the Independent Living Resource Center. It was a tremendous amount of work to fit the cardboard props around their wheelchairs. But it worked."

And a squadron of very Star Wars space mobiles emerged out of the usual physical limits of people in wheelchairs.

"The release of imagination visually assaults the bystander at 12 noon on Solstice day. In what has to be the most eclectic, electric and crazy parade imaginable, people-powered floats, dancers, artists and everyday Joe's promenade up State Street from Cota and end up dancing through the courthouse archway. As the last of the official parade members exit the arch, thousands of balloons are released into the air and the festival, the second half of the celebration, begins."

Randy Campbell
Night Light Magazine

A delicious tension swings through the crowd as it gathers curbside waiting for Solstice to start. Off in the distance you hear music, some rhythmic riff catching the wind, a samba; and like a happy dragon, the parade rolls a shoulder and begins to move. Like Easter and Christmas and birthday parties, like confetti and wild flowers and tropical fruit, it glows with color and clatter. It is a molten thing, like lava flowing, and it burns the chrome and rust right off the bumper of the last quarter of the twentieth century. It strips us to our ripest moment. Pulls wildly at the cares that bind us. Takes us back to the child within, goofy with giggles, tattered from play, so much in need of this wanton day. The Solstice parade always has its brights on.

And that's what Michael was betting on all along: People *want* to get together. Adults *need* to play. And when the parade funnels through the archway and everyone collects in the garden like pools of bright paint, the best of Santa Barbara's talent puts on a show: dance, song, and theatrics fuse to give new fire to the word *celebration*.

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"I didn't know about Solstice when I moved here last year. I didn't know why there were rainbows on all the store windows. I was just shopping for some jeans. Then this thing started happening. People were in the streets, dressed all crazy, and I ended up dancing right along with them. That's when I fell in love with Santa Barbara."

Ex-New Yorker

We are lucky to have a day like this to call our own. Solstice is a very Santa Barbara creation. The parade began with a local artist's frolic, and the festival afterwards grew from another's notion, when one year Michael Felcher introduced a collection of antique musical instruments he found in the basement of the Santa Barbara Museum of Art.

Solstice sprang full force from art, a roaring tribute to the creative heat inside us all. Like the growing toddler learning to run, it's getting harder to handle. But it's also getting to know itself. Is it getting a little too comfortable, a little too rooted? Being artists, Michael, Tim, and Jenny see the danger signs. They know if you do a thing the same way over and over, founding energies can freeze, and what was once movement can become just going through the motions. Then you're left with a shell, a husk, Solstice without the soul. So Michael, Tim, and Jenny are rebirthing their baby this year.

"The parade will start on the corner of Milpas and Cabrillo, not State Street. We'll follow Cabrillo to the edge of Palm Park where we'll build a giant balloon archway. People will pass through that and there will be a giant balloon release and then everyone will just fan out on the beach and celebrate for the afternoon. After that, the festival will be held in the County Bowl around sunset. It's definitely a change."

Jenny Sullivan

Will Santa Barbara resist the change? Will Solstice get lost? They don't think so.

"The change is something we need this year," Tim will tell you. "I'm not sure how enthusiastic I'd be this year without it. It's been important for me to tell the parade people that change is in the air. And change can really be the far path of least resistance because with it, creative energy flows and ideas are boundless."

Michael concurs.

"It's at a point now where the people

The Bank of Les Belles Miches



Dinah Schley, owner, Les Belles Miches

*I*n France, where the preparation of food is taken very seriously, a shocking bit of news recently appeared in an authoritative newspaper.

They reported it was necessary to travel to Santa Barbara to taste French bread the way it ought to taste.

The boulanger who created this minor scandal was Dinah Schley, the owner of Les Belles Miches on Victoria Street.

"Even the French are taking shortcuts in baking bread these days," says Dinah. "We don't compromise at any step. If there was anything else I could do to make bread

better, I'd do it. There isn't."

The Bank of Les Belles Miches?

"It's City Commerce Bank," because according to Dinah "everything they do in the way of providing services says quality."

Dinah tried to work with other banks in Santa Barbara, but found only one that measured up to her uncompromisingly high standards.

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who want to see it continually happen have to decide how to take care of it," he says. "We have to ask what it means, why does it reach so many people; and not change its initial philosophy or lose its intimacy."

Then that old artist fire lights up his eyes, and he grins and says, "On the other hand, there is something to just letting the parade evolve into whatever it wants to be. If it can provide a creative outlet for people and a cultural pivot point for the city, I wouldn't stop it."

And so, the theme for Summer Solstice this year is "Movement." Its caretakers want to see more mechanical things, more things with wheels, more dancing, more group projects. Solstice is, at its base, a group project after all: It gets its financial backing from the city promotional funds and the private sector, like the Love Foundation, and the rest comes from fund raisers.

"Santa Barbara supports it," Michael says. And Santa Barbara, most likely, will support this year's changes.

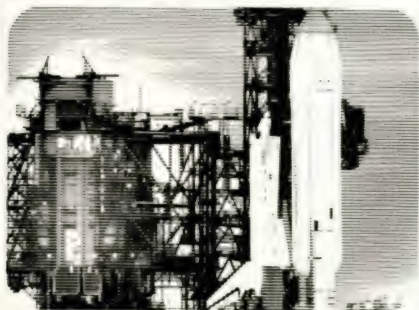
Michael, Tim, and Jenny are hard at work right now, ordering trash cans and collecting donations and tracking down glue guns and lining up performers for the festival and helping wacky paraders figure out how to make lizard skin change colors. That sweet tension is building, and as the nights grow warmer Santa Barbara dreams of the one day a year when she can call in well.

"It is cathartic unto itself," Michael will tell you. "There is one moment just before the parade begins when Tim and I look at each other and say, 'Well, it isn't ours anymore!' And after all the months of work we just let it go and trust that it will do what it wants to do and be good. It is scary. The parade starts on time; it is organized, ordered, disciplined. Letting it go is its opposite. And the catharsis comes from the participants fulfilling that inner feeling they don't understand: in a shout, in a dance, in their laughter. It is sexual, really: The phallic parade enters the vaginal arch and empties into the womb where all the people gather. The release is the shout of everyone experiencing the event. It is primal. It is ritual. It is mystery. It is creative."

And, praise the Goddess, it is ours.

Jessica Maxwell was recently awarded a National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship to write her second book, an "organic thriller" called Hibiscus. As a free-lance journalist she has written for Playgirl, Esquire, and California magazines, to name but a few.

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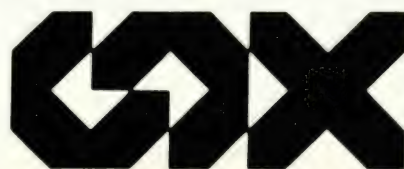
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Barnaby

World renowned author, painter,
collector, tavern keeper, and bullfighter
Barnaby Conrad talks about living life
gored, but never bored.

By Cork Millner. Photos by Jürgen Hilmer.

THROUGH the raindrops and tropical foliage is a weathered artist's studio. Behind the picture window is an easel, and sitting next to it is one of Santa Barbara's favorite painters, authors, and probably its only bullfighter—Barnaby Conrad.

I poke my head through the doorway. From this angle Conrad is hidden, with only his paint-splattered canvas tennis shoe peeking back at me. I clear my throat.

A cherubic face with wisps of graying hair tufted behind the ears leans around from the side of the easel. Barnaby Conrad, or Barny, or *Bernabé* (as he likes to sign his name in Spanish), smiles and rises stiffly. "An old horn wound from bullfighting," he explains, slapping the inside of his left thigh and extending the other hand in greeting.

I'm reminded of the opening scene

from Conrad's autobiography, *Fun While it Lasted*:

EVA GABOR [*as she enters Sardi's restaurant and sees Noel Coward at a table*]: Noel, dahling, have you heard the news about poor Bahnaby? He vass terribly gored in Spain!

NOEL [*genuinely alarmed*]: He was what?

EVA: He vass gored!

NOEL [*genuinely relieved*]: Thank heavens—I thought you said bored.

"My horn wound is just like the one that killed Manolete," Conrad says cheerfully, motioning me to a chair. "I even had the same surgeon, but luckily the doctor had learned a lot by the time he got to me." The name *Manolete* rolls from Conrad's tongue with a soft Spanish inflection. The star bullfighter's tragic

death in 1947 was the catalyst that soared Conrad, then a struggling 30-year-old writer, into the limelight as a best-selling author.

"Manolete was the most exciting, riveting personality I had ever met," Conrad continues at my urging, sitting back down in the worn chair beside the easel. "Like all the other bullfighting *aficionados*, I thought he was indestructible. I knew, as a writer, from that first moment I met him so many years ago, that he was the kind of figure who could

Opposite: Conrad calls bullfighting a "reprehensible, anachronistic, mindless, indefensible, but irresistible spectacle." The author based his best-selling novel, Matador, on the character of the world's greatest bullfighter, Manolete, whom he met while acting as American vice consul in Spain.

dominate a book. It was a book I had been thinking about for years, but never knew the end until Manolete provided it by dying in the bullring.

"I woke up one morning," Conrad goes on as if remembering a dream, "almost compelled by some outside force to put a sheet of paper in the typewriter and begin to write. The novel opened in the morning and ended at the end of a bullfight just seven hours later. No flashbacks, just the story. Like Manolete, the character was a loner, ugly, over the hill, but unable to step down from being *Numero Uno*. In the end he died because they kept demanding more and more from him. All he had left was his life—so he gave it to them."

Conrad finished the book in eight weeks of furious writing and sleepless nights. Exhausted, he sent the manuscript to Bennett Cerf at Random House. Cerf turned it down.

"Bennett told me about that decision later," Conrad says. "An editor had stuck his head into Cerf's office and asked him if he wanted 365 pages on a bullfight. Cerf said no without reading it." (Cerf later apologized to Conrad and even published his autobiography.)

"When Random House turned it down



Above: In 1957 "Bernabé" performed in the ring with the great Mexican matador Carlos Arruza.

I thought it was the end," Conrad continues. "But I got Houghton Mifflin to take a look at the manuscript and they published it."

The book, called *Matador*, was selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club as a main selection, condensed for *Reader's Digest*, translated into 18 languages, and sold to a paperback publisher for the highest reprint rights ever paid at that time. *Matador* topped the best-seller list for a year, with two and a half million copies in print. Barnaby

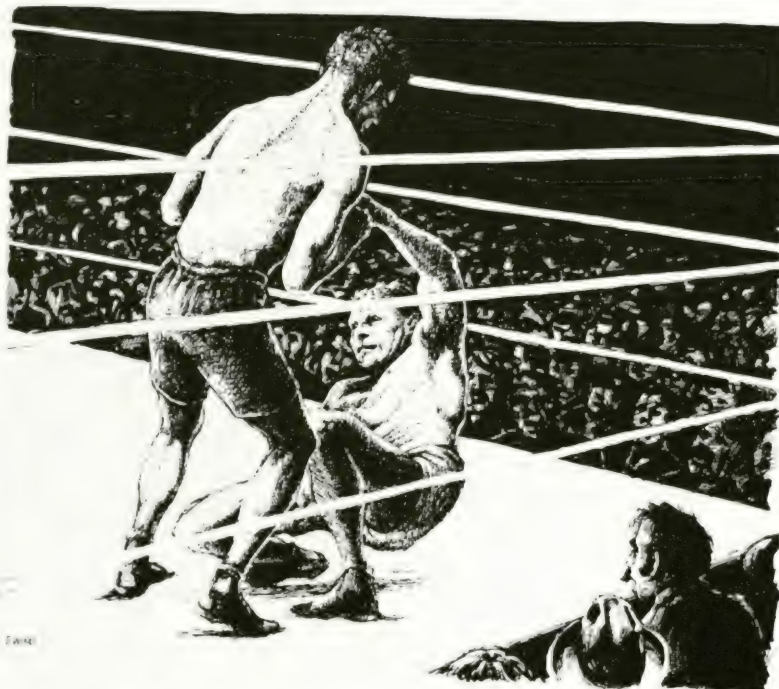
Conrad was a success at age 30.

"I guess I got a lot of mileage out of Manolete," Conrad says, pushing himself out of the chair. "Come on. Let's go into the house."

I pick up my umbrella at the door and follow him up a wide wooden ramp that looks like a castle entryway, into the open door of the home. The entry hall is a hodgepodge of bullfighting memorabilia: capes and swords and posters and, on an easel, the original painting of Manolete used on the dust jacket of *Matador*. There is also the surprise of several framed surgical photographs of the ragged, but fortunately not quite fatal, horn wound that Conrad suffered in his last bullfight in 1958.

Conrad comes back from the kitchen sipping a glass of white wine and hands a second glass to me. "Come in and see the rest," he says.

The walls of the living room are completely covered in paintings and photographs, framed letters and awards. Bookshelves are heaped with piles of memorabilia, and leaning against chairs and tables are the realistic plywood images of dogs and cats that he paints for himself of his own pets, or for others on commission. Outside, beyond the picture



The Great John L. Sullivan won the last bare-knuckle fight in professional boxing . . . 75 rounds, 2 hours: 15 minutes . . . in 1889. Exactly one year after Ogilvy, Gilbert, Norris & Hill began providing insurance in Santa Barbara.

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windows and patio porch, we can see his grown son and stepson riding the waves of the Pacific Ocean through the gray rain.

In the dining room are more paintings, including one of a radiantly beautiful woman. "Mary, my wife," Conrad says, studying the oil painting. "I met and married her in 1962. She was a tawny, tall, and glamorous divorcee with two children. She played—and still does—first class tennis and bridge, cooks nearly as well as her cousin Julia Child, and loves bullfights!"

Displayed prominently in the hallway is a photograph of Ernest Hemingway. Beneath it is a canceled check signed by Hemingway. The check is not made out to Conrad, but the signature is important to him as a symbol of the frustration Conrad went through trying to meet or correspond with the great writer. Strangely, Hemingway always spoke well of Conrad—who was one of the few Americans who shared his passion for bullfighting—but he never communicated with him.

"I wrote to him many times," Conrad says, looking at the picture of the writer. "I never heard from him. Not even a postcard. *Nada*. Even when my novel hit,



Above: Conrad welcomes his former writing student Alex Haley to the Santa Barbara Writers Conference again this year for its tenth anniversary.

the best-seller lists, *nada, nada*. Even when I was lying in that Spanish hospital, a victim of his stupid book, *Death in the Afternoon*—which was about a reprehensible, anachronistic, mindless, indefensible, but irresistible spectacle—he wouldn't reply to me. *Nadissima*."

Conrad never met Hemingway, but he has a letter written by him. He picked it up for a small fortune at Maurice Neville's rare book shop in town. "I finally got my letter from Hemingway," he

says, "—sorry, by Hemingway."

Back in the studio again, glasses in hand, we talk about Conrad's latest book, *She Jesus*, a work of fiction with the astonishing premise that the Messiah was a woman. I ask him about the genesis of this unique concept, to be published early next year by Jove Publications.

"The idea just fell into place," Conrad says. "I read somewhere that there have been several virgin births documented, and strangely, the child was always female, evidently because there are no Y chromosomes. I tucked that information away in my brain. Then later on vacation in Ephesus, Turkey, Mary and I went to see the house of the Virgin Mary, where the Apostle John took Mary to get her away from the hostile climate in Jerusalem after the crucifixion. The building was restored around the turn of the twentieth century. When I was there I kept thinking—what if they had found a niche in the wall and inside was something terribly important and revealing—a hidden scroll, for instance.

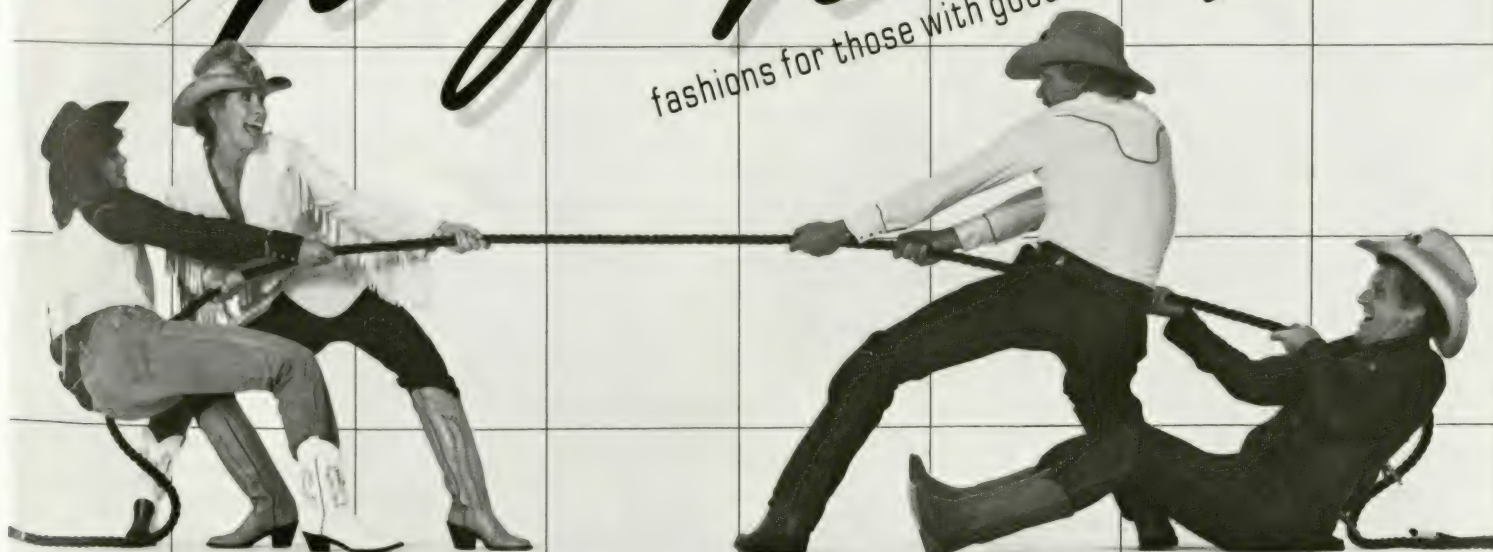
"In my book a copy of the scroll is discovered by a modern American guide, and he reads the untold story of the Christ Child's birth. He discovers that the baby born in Bethlehem was female and that

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At his home on the beach Conrad continues to paint and write, and for one hectic week in June he and Mary direct the Santa Barbara Writers Conference.

Mary and Joseph named her Lael. Now, no one in those days would follow a woman Messiah, so when Mary and Joseph encounter a little orphan boy, they adopt him. His name is Jesus and he and Lael become very close . . .

"The American guide is astounded by what he reads in the scrolls," Conrad continues, caught up in the story. "At that point the novel becomes an adventure, with the American being chased by several fanatics who are afraid such a disclosure would weaken the church. They follow the American to an old monastery and try to kill him. There's a big chase scene and the scrolls . . . well, you'll have to wait and read the end."

Conrad picks up his paintbrush and starts dabbing at a wooden cutout of a dog, then says in a confidential tone, "A hair-raising thing happened while I was writing the book. I wanted a name for the woman Messiah, and I wanted a biblical sounding name that wasn't in the Bible. I picked the name *Lael* out of the blue. Several months later I happened to stop in a bookstore and was thumbing through a book of names for babies. Like a shock of cold water I see the name *Lael*—it means 'the chosen of God.'"

Looking up, Conrad accidentally dabs a little paint on my tape recorder set on the brush tray of his easel. "Whoops,

sorry," he laughs, and goes back to painting the cutout of the dog. "Other than studio portraits of people, I love to paint these animals. I've always loved animals—Mary too. She's got half a dozen beautiful cats and there are dogs all over the place. Ever since I can remember I've kept animals of some kind."

Another of Conrad's early memories is his arrival in Santa Barbara. He was only three, but the city made an immediate, indelible impression on him. The date was June 29, 1925, the day of the great earthquake. "I was on the train with my nurse waiting for my father to pick me up," Conrad remembers. "When the earthquake started, the shaking didn't bother me as much as the nurse. It was the first time I had seen an adult *in extremis*. She fell to the floor of the train, screaming and yelling and kicking. I was terrified watching her."

Young Conrad grew up in his grandmother's home in Santa Barbara, surrounded by mementos of his ancestors. (The lineage includes a secretary of state, a secretary of the Navy, and his grandmother's great-great-great-grandmother, Martha Washington.)

Conrad's parents recognized in him a spark of creativity, and nurtured his artistic and writing skills with private tutors. Finally, when he was 19, they sent him to

Mexico City to study art. The trip changed his life.

"I had already seen several dreary bullfights in Mexico City," Conrad says, "but this one afternoon I went with a friend and the real bulls were there, the monsters Hemingway talked about in *Death in the Afternoon*. My friend and I were sharing a bottle of tequila, watching a luckless bullfighter flopping his cape back and forth in the ring.

"'Why don't you go down there?' I heard my friend say.

"'What?' I gulped, looking at him through a blur of tequila.

"'Sure,' he said. 'The bull's a nun. He charges on rails.'

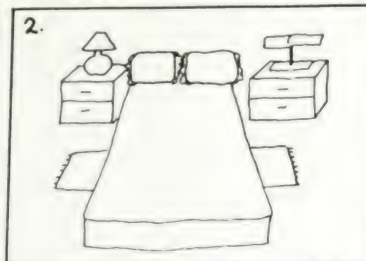
"I was trembling, and I kept thinking, what if I could conquer the huge hunk of fear I had beneath my rib cage? I began to

Opposite: Animals and portraits of animals fill the Conrad home. Near the original drawing for the cover of Matador, Mary Conrad holds the real Samantha, immortalized to her right in Trompe L'oeil Cabinet, and on plywood in the foreground near Fletcher, the dog. Francis Macomber, the couple's African gray parrot, perches on the easel above the artist's Fisherman's Cabinet, and again in plywood between versions of cats Mariah (in stripes) and Moët.

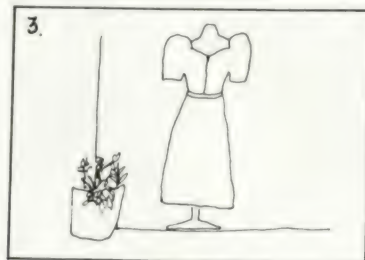




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realize how tough it is to be a Hemingway hero.

"Suddenly I knew I was going to do it. I jumped up and ran down the aisle, hopped over the rail, and was in the ring.

When the bull's head went down, the horns were aimed straight at me! I stood there petrified, which, unknown to me, was the right thing to do. The bull charged. I flung my raincoat out at arms' length, and—amazing—the bull passed under my arms. When it charged again I swung the coat in front of its head again, and the horns impaled the raincoat and tore it out of my hands. I bolted for the fence and vaulted it—very pale of face and very wet of pants. I had decided I didn't want to be a matador."

That same day a young Mexican bullfighter took Conrad under his wing and over the next few weeks taught him the finer points of the trade. Conrad got the opportunity to fight a few small bulls on ranches until one crashed into his knee, breaking it. "The sound was like a log popping in a fireplace," Conrad remembers with a shudder. He left Mexico City for the calmer and cooler climes of the Ivy League, settling into more peaceful pursuits as a student at Yale.

When World War II broke out Conrad tried to enlist in the Navy, but his encounter with the bull had left him with knee troubles the Navy couldn't accept. So Conrad went to the State Department in Washington, D.C., and announced that he wanted to be a diplomat. Instead, he was hired as a code clerk. Not long after, he was called into the assistant secretary of state's office. "Conrad," the boss told him, "I'm afraid you're not made of the stuff of great code clerks. I'm sending you to Spain—as a vice consul."

The new diplomat soon found himself in Seville, Spain, the picture-postcard city of flamenco dancing, Gypsies, and bullfighting. It was there that he witnessed Manolete in the ring, and got to know the great matador.

Conrad also met another great matador, Belmonte, who had originated the classic concept of bullfighting. Belmonte was 52 and retired from the ring when he invited the vice consul out to his ranch to fight a few small bulls. Conrad performed credibly for an American, and was invited back several times, each time learning a valuable lesson about the art from the maestro.

After several months Belmonte invited Conrad to perform with him in a charity fight. After the shock had worn off, but none of the queasiness, Conrad entered

the ring billed as the *Nino de California*, or the "California Kid." He killed his first bull that day, and won the high award of two ears for his endeavor. But his biggest thrill was to hear Belmonte tell him, "*Bastante bien, Bernabé*," "Pretty good, Barny."

Bernabé continued to fight in a few small rings until the serious goring in 1958 put an end to that. After his exciting forays into bullfighting, Conrad realized he could not be content with just the dull routine of a consulate, so he took up writing, and wrote the first draft of his book, *The Innocent Villa*, about a love affair between a beautiful Spanish girl and an American vice consul. He moved back to Santa Barbara to complete the book and read that Sinclair Lewis, author of such classics as *Main Street* and *Elmer Gantry*, was in town renting a house near his parents.

Conrad wrote to Lewis, introducing himself as an "embryonic" writer who would like to meet him. Lewis agreed, and liked the brash young writer well enough to take him on as his personal secretary.

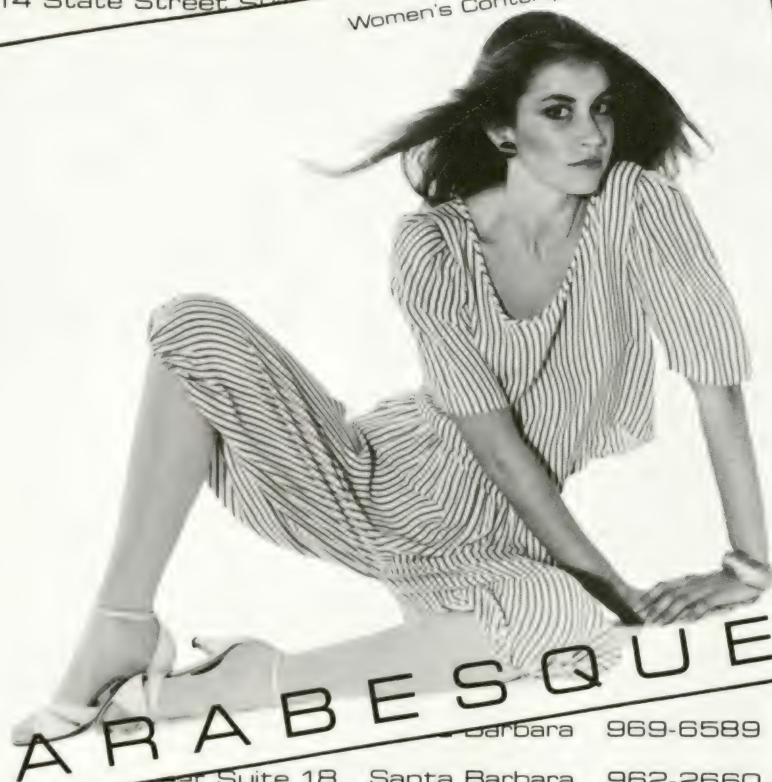
Conrad describes Lewis as "a startling and awesome sight. At 62 he was tall and fiercely ugly, quite the ugliest person I have ever seen." Conrad would later write that Lewis resembled "Ichabod Crane. . . the backs of his skeletal hands were foxed like an antique manuscript. . . his breath smelled like photograph negatives."

Conrad sharpened his writing skills under the tutelage of the great author. "Characters and conflict make your story!" Lewis would roar. "Touch! Feel! Smell! See! Don't tell me how brave the hero is, show me through action and dialogue! . . . Don't put down one line that doesn't either advance the plot or develop the characters!" Lewis read Conrad's first draft of his book, *The Innocent Villa*, told him to discard the first 75 pages and get to work with the rest of it. After Conrad completed the book to Lewis's satisfaction, it was published by Random House. The book sold 8,000 copies, a fair sale for a first novel.

Shortly thereafter Conrad left Lewis, somewhat dazed by the five tumultuous months he had spent with "America's angry author." "My successor lasted some three days," Conrad says a bit proudly. About the same time Conrad received a telegram from a friend announcing Manolete's death in Spain.

His book, *Matador*, followed the tragic news by a few months, and Conrad became a firmly established and prolific

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Today, engineers at MCR Technology are developing the transportation systems of tomorrow. By Jim Braly.



AT A SPEED OF 45 MILES PER HOUR the collision is going to be a bad one. Sid Smith literally will not know what hit him. At six feet and 185 pounds, Sid is about average, though he possesses slow reflexes and nondescript features. He rides well in cars, but he's a notoriously poor driver, with no peripheral vision. Right now Sid is oblivious to the fact that another car is bearing down on him from the left.

A few milliseconds before impact everything is fine, but inevitably there is a horrible explosion of metal. Sid senses it first in his rib cage, which is battered as the door of his car crushes inward. He feels it next in his head, which is whipped violently sideways. His legs bang around furiously. The impact, indeed, is one of the worst Sid has ever experienced.

Left: Bus building at MCR Technology could change the landscape of American cities. The Metropolitan Transit District will demonstrate the company's new shuttle system on State Street this summer. With less pollution, less noise, and lower operating costs, the battery-operated prototypes will recharge over electromagnetic rails in the road.

SID SMITH IS A DUMMY. Sam Romano is not. Nevertheless, they work well together at MCR Technology in Goleta. Sid sits in the "sled shed" at MCR, and visitors inclined to formalities can call him by his full name, Side Impact Dummy. Romano, a vice president of MCR, has his own office but requires no formalities. He's one of the MCR engineers who latches onto a problem like a wrestler, then pins a solution to it. Romano can boast of an ulcer he developed in the 1960s while working at General Motors, where he ran the team that built four cars for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Three of Romano's cars are still on the moon, left there by the Apollo astronauts. The fourth lunar rover has a permanent parking place in the Smithsonian Institution.

Sam does share one thing with Sid: crash experience. Romano was recently driving on Hot Springs Road. "A guy coming from Montecito Country Club pulled out in front of me," he says, "and I hit him smack in the center at about 30 miles an hour. His car rolled over and I thought, my God, he's going to be dead."

But the other driver, a young man, was



Though Minicars Incorporated started out in transit research and auto safety development, the company has flown far afield since those early days, far enough, in fact, to change its name to MCR Technology.

Besides bus building and auto safety, the company has ventured into many other projects, including:

- time-sharing of its computer with other companies and customization of software for them;
- creation of a subsidiary, The Game Keeper, a company with 14 retail stores selling games;
- development of a plan for new facilities and condominiums on seven acres of MCR-owned land in Goleta;
- assistance of forensic pathologists to understand how injuries might have occurred;
- and even the development of statistical models to help the Internal Revenue Service identify the tax returns most likely to require adjustment.

But MCR president Donald Friedman is perhaps most excited about The Game Keeper. "The video games of today are evolving into computer games," he says. "We recognize that this is the way the world is moving, and it's just good business to take advantage of opportunities that are present.

"We started out with the socially relevant work of automobile safety, of course, and there was a time when I didn't feel quite as good about The Game Keeper. But now it's a major part of our business—we have more people working for Game Keeper than we do for MCR. We're providing jobs for people who aren't in the professional field of engineering, and people do like to play games."



only shaken up. Romano had a cracked rib and cuts requiring seven stitches. "But if I hadn't had my seat belt on," he says, "I probably would have been even more badly damaged." As he replays the collision in his mind, Romano knows he performed a real-life safety test. And that's not altogether ironic because auto safety is a major part of his business.

MCR Technology is a wide-ranging company that took on its new corporate identity January 1, 1982. The firm, which employs about 60 people, was formerly called Minicars Incorporated, but, Romano says, "When we started to build 40-foot-long buses that weigh 40,000 pounds, the name just didn't seem to fit."

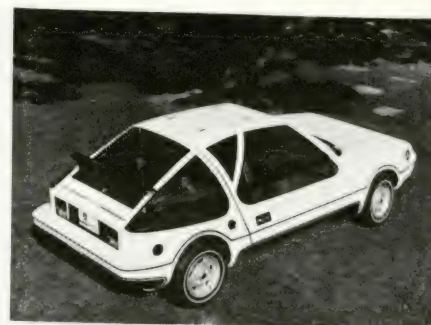
What still fits is MCR's reputation for



research and development, which has been a staple of the company since its founding in 1968 by Donald Friedman, a former General Motors engineer.

I AM AN INNOVATOR," says Friedman, and his office underscores a difference from many chief executives. It's a comfortable and warm place to talk. There is

no desk—just a couch, table, and plump chair with a telephone nearby—and as Friedman works he often spreads papers around himself on the floor. Friedman speaks with the easy manner of someone running a company whose philosophy is "to encourage personal responsibility and self-motivation in a work atmosphere that promotes individual effort."



Above: MCR designed the RSV to support safety standards projected for the 1980s. Construction includes a body of foam-filled steel compartments, foam-filled doors, and interior padding. A flexible bumper, hood, and fenders protect pedestrians. Left: A head-on crash at 48 miles an hour showed that humans would walk away with only minor injuries. Last year the government eliminated guidelines to require similar features in new cars.

Friedman came to Santa Barbara in the 1960s while doing research here for General Motors. But the big automaker wanted him to "come home" in 1967.

"After being in Santa Barbara for six years, I certainly didn't want to move back to Detroit," he says. But he did, unhappily.

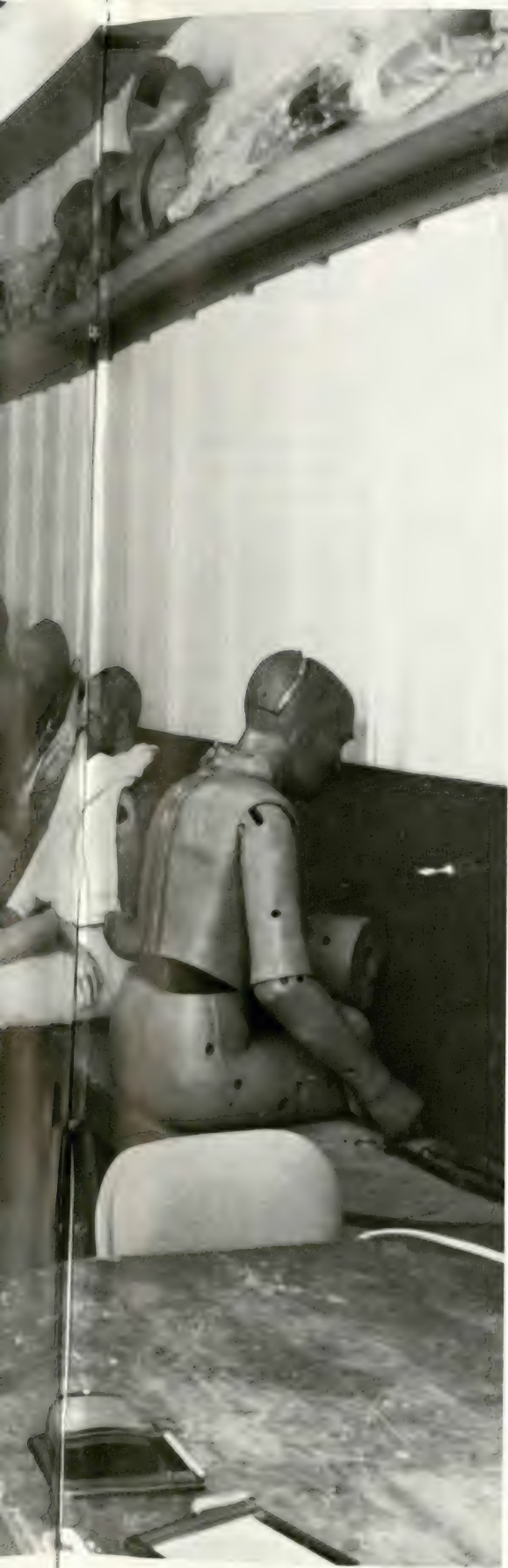
"I realized they wanted me there to fend off any attacks by the Morse Commission, which was investigating possibilities for electric propulsion and might fault GM for lagging in its efforts. That's not what I wanted to be there for. I am a doer. It became clear that I had to leave the corporation."

He did, to form Minicars Incorporated in 1968 on the strength of a contract with the federal Department of Transportation to develop a small-car transit system for the narrow downtown streets of Philadelphia. Friedman's new company built two prototypes and patented an idea for automated dispensing of keys to the cars. But the project stopped there, and Minicars moved into safety research.

Now, bus building consumes the bulk of MCR's time, and it is this project that could change the landscape of American cities in the 1980s.

Denver is the first city to buy buses from MCR Technology, with a \$5 million order for 6 electric and 13 diesel vehicles. "The first few have been delivered," says Sam Romano, "and we just had an unveiling ceremony. What they did in Denver is take a major crosstown street and tear it up to build a mall, which





Above: Engineers at MCR developed the air bag in the 1970s, but General Motors found there was little demand for its proven effectiveness. After crashing a car into a barrier, MCR determines the "crash signature" for that model, then duplicates it with sleds and surrogate humans. Left: A technician wires Sid and his family to sense the impact of a variety of crash situations.

is half finished now. Denver is a city with a lot of smog, and the mall is designed for pedestrians. Our buses will be the only vehicles allowed on the mall, and that will keep 350 other buses per day out of the central city."

The bus frames and bodies are manufactured by a West German firm and then shipped to MCR, where they are outfitted and finished. The design is based on an advanced model that has been used successfully in Europe for years and is gaining recognition now in the United States and Canada. The bright buses have very low floors, for easy accessibility, and huge windows.

The big vehicles, some nearly finished and some waiting for innards, fill most of the space in MCR's fabrication shops. "The future belongs to these buses," Romano says. "They can dependably do the job with lower operating costs, less noise, and less air pollution."

And in the very near future, Santa Barbara will get its first two electric buses. MCR Technology has done an initial study and preliminary design for a State Street transit system.

"We plan to run a demonstration program starting this summer," Romano explains, "and that will last for about 18 months. The two prototypes will run on State Street between Micheltorena and the freeway. Starting in 1984, we are scheduled to implement the full system, which will be 10 buses."

Romano says the two Santa Barbara prototypes will be of a more stylish de-

sign than the Denver buses. "These will be the only buses of their kind in service in this country."

The 35-passenger vehicles have an unusual feature, their electrical charging system. Called "inductive coupling," the system operates by passing electrical power along a continuous element, a type of rail that is imbedded in the road. The buses have a "pickup coil" that skims about two inches above the rail, and the energy is transferred across this air gap.

Because the energy transfer principle is electromagnetic rather than conductive, as with sliding-contact power collection, there is no hazard to pedestrians or other vehicles. The pickup coil converts the electromagnetic energy to electricity for the bus, which recharges its batteries while running over powered lanes.

"For the demonstration project," Romano says, "there will be about 100 feet of the electromagnetic element on Micheltorena Street, where the buses will recharge while waiting for passengers."

The Metropolitan Transit District will operate the buses, and in theory the vehicles should cut down on the clogging of traffic. "Hopefully," Romano says, "you will find people parking at either end of State Street and taking the shuttles."

BESIDES ITS BUS-PRODUCTION program, MCR Technology has a long legacy of auto safety research, dating back to the first years of the company's existence as Minicars Incorporated.

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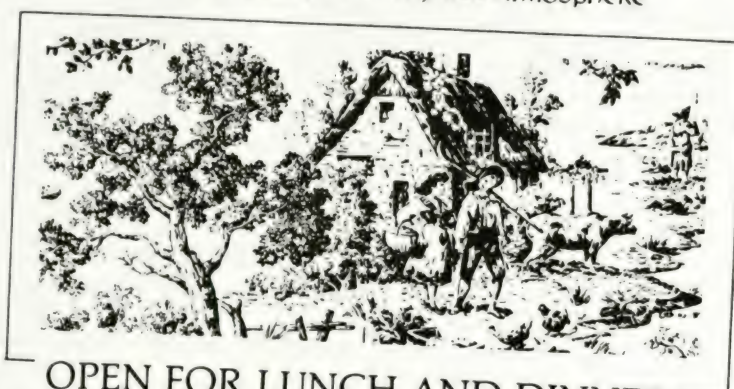
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The company has conducted scores of crash tests, and behind the busy MCR shops the evidence lies in rusting silence: low-mileage cars with bashed-in fronts and sides.

"Oh," Sam Romano laments, "there was a \$14,000 Datsun that we crashed. I hated to see that one go. It was brand new." Agitated, he paces around the auto graveyard, looking for the Datsun's body. The car isn't there anymore, and perhaps it's better that way. "After crashing the first few, I suppose you don't think about it anymore," says Romano, as he thinks about the \$14,000 Datsun.

These mangled cars make a pointed backdrop for a discussion of seat belts and air bags, which Minicars developed for years. Keith Friedman, a vice president of MCR Technology, says, "General Motors offered air bags in the mid-1970s. They sold about 10,000, which was far less than they were prepared to supply, so their evaluation was that there was not enough demand."

Auto industry analysts said there was buyer resistance to the extra expense of GM's air-bag option. "If you take a car that doesn't have air bags," Romano says, "and cost it out after you put them on, it would probably be \$500. But I think that if you were to design the car from scratch as an air-bag car it would probably cost you \$200 to \$300. So there is some controversy. And I think it's true that the public determines, ultimately, what it is going to get in auto safety."

"If people would wear their seat belts," he continues, "you'd have half the battle won." Experts estimate that only about 10 percent of drivers and passengers wear seat belts. "But some people are just lazy, and in some cars the belts are so poorly designed it's a nuisance to hook them up. If you're getting in and out of your car a lot, say driving around the city, you can develop a lot of resistance to putting them on. But I'm a living testimonial that they work."

Donald Friedman takes an engineer's dispassionate view of auto safety, seeing it in terms of numbers, probabilities, cars and drivers. "It's not easy to explain in a way that doesn't lead to an inaccurate conclusion," he says. "The problem is extremely complicated. There are many qualifiers to any conclusion, and if you leave off the qualifiers people are likely to get a misconception."

"But one thing I can say with certainty: Any car, any car, in which you are wearing a seat belt—shoulder harness is safer than if you are not wearing it."



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Last year the Reagan administration eliminated a guideline that would have required passive restraints in cars, that is, restraints such as automatic seat belts or air bags that do not require any action by drivers or passengers.

Again, Friedman sees that from an engineer's point of view, without judgment. "I think more people will be killed than otherwise would have been killed," he says. "What that guideline did was increase the number of people who would have been wearing seat belts. Maybe it would have gone up to 40 percent from 10 percent. But there still would have been 60 percent who would have found a way not to wear them, cut the belt, for example. I don't know whether getting rid of the law is bad or not. The law might have been too much of an impingement on personal freedom.

Some people want to have the freedom to be killed." Friedman raises his shoulders slightly in an engineer's gesture, the physical comment of someone who knows the data base, knows what his chances of a fatal accident are, and will make his decision accordingly. Friedman always wears his seat belt.

"So what they are going to do now is try to remotivate the public to wear seat belts," he continues, "but I question whether that will be successful.

"We have the technology to know what the consequences are. We have a huge data base that can predict exactly what the fatality rate will be per million miles for any model of car on the road. But a lot of people don't want to know."

ALSO BEHIND THE MCR FABRICATION shops is one of the company's first

Research Safety Vehicles. It's a sleek car developed in the 1970s under a contract with the U.S. Department of Transportation. Minicars analyzed bushels of accident statistics before starting the Research Safety Vehicle and found that frontal crashes account for 55 percent of the fatalities in accidents, side crashes about 25 percent, and car-pedestrian accidents more than 10 percent. So the RSV stresses safety in these three areas.

To protect front seat occupants in crashes up to 50 miles per hour, the car has advanced air bags, a system that is entirely "passive"—nothing must be hooked up by the occupants. The car's body is innovative, composed of foam-filled steel compartments that absorb the energy of a crash much more efficiently than conventional bodies. The experimental car also has foam-filled doors



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that reduce "side intrusion," and extensive padding throughout the interior. To protect pedestrians, the RSV has a bumper, hood, and fenders that are soft and flexible.

The capabilities of the Research Safety Vehicle were demonstrated dramatically on Valentine's Day, 1979, when MCR crashed it into a rigid barrier at 48 miles per hour. Two dummy occupants, loaded with accelerometers to sense the force of impact, indicated that human passengers would have walked away with only minor injuries.

Sam Romano lifts up one of the gull-wing doors of the model behind the shops, to show off its air-bag compartments and sporty instrumentation. "It's a great handling car," he says. "I drove it in Washington and I took one to Japan."

But there are no true safety vehicles in

mass production. "I guess what's happening is that cars of any kind aren't selling well now," Romano says. "So anyone who wants to put a new car on the road has got to have a lot of guts." And money. Keith Friedman says, "It takes a huge investment to produce any new vehicle."

Inside MCR Technology's "sled shed," Romano explains how crashes are reproduced. "First we run a car into a barrier and that gives us a 'crash signature,' which is a profile of how the car crashed, how it decelerated over time. Once we have a picture of the signature for any particular model of car, we can duplicate it with the sleds, to do further testing with the dummies."

And the dummies sit nearby, against the west wall of the shed, families of men, women, and children. As Romano

walks past, no words are exchanged, but there is Sid, waiting patiently for his next crash. It will probably be another bad one.

Back in the chief executive's office, where the future of MCR Technology is charted, Donald Friedman sums up the present. "My company is perhaps a little more formal than it used to be, but I'm not saying that's bad. Times are tough and you can't be as free and easy as you used to and still survive. It's hard to make a buck, it's hard to keep jobs. But this is a very good place to work, a very special company, and that is very much a function of the people who work here."

Jim Braly is a former newspaper copy editor and reporter, now writing freelance articles. He is also at work on a novel.



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Casa Blanca

By the Sea

By Georgia Sargeant
Photographs by
Jürgen Hilmer

YEAR AFTER YEAR it stood abandoned on the shore, gnawed by wind and tide. The people living nearby called it the Castle, and passed along wonderful stories about it. They said it had been the site of bacchanalian revels, or the property of a gang of mysterious Arabs who liked to patrol the beach on camels. Some said its owner had built it for a distant bride, who canceled their pact with suicide. Despondent, he proceeded to drown his sorrows in spectacular debauchery, finally losing his life in the great storm that swept both him and his house away, leaving just the pleasure grounds behind.

These tales sound like the fabrications of a romantic novelist. Instead they are just a few of the local legends that have grown up in the 50-odd years since the

lovely complex of buildings—properly known as the Casa Blanca—was built by the beach at Sandylan, just up the coast from Carpinteria.

Like all good myths, the stories form a tapestry woven from threads of truth and fantasy. In this case the facts are as interesting as the fabrications. There is even a happy ending: at long last, what remains of the lovely ruin has been rescued from the sea. Its new owners, Bakersfield oil drilling contractor Robert Montgomery and his wife Ruth Ann, have restored it lock, stock, and barrel—or at least tile, pipe, and wire—to its former glory.

"We looked all up and down the coast, from San Diego to Morro Bay, for the right spot for a beach house," recalls Ruth Ann Montgomery, fair and soft-



spoken, originally a teacher. "I grew up in the Los Angeles area, and my summers were spent by Redondo Beach or beside Balboa Bay. At first we looked there, but it's all too crowded and noisy. In 1976 we found what we wanted on Padaro Lane."

The Montgomerys and their three children, now all married and presenting them with grandchildren, grew fond of the area. Eventually they bought a second beach cottage, a ranch in the foothills—and Casa Blanca. "We were looking for a larger place," Mrs. Montgomery explains, "because it was getting pretty crowded when the children brought all their families to visit."

"The realtor came over one day," her husband continues, "and told me she had something to show me, so we walked

down the beach and took a look."

At first the Montgomerys were not interested, it was in such bad condition. The front wall of the house next to the ocean had caved in on the first floor. Boulders were strewn throughout the buildings and courtyards all the way back to the tiled hall with the swimming pool and steam baths.

Casa Blanca was not only a wreck, it was legally entangled. Eventually rising to the challenge it presented, the Montgomerys made a bid based on an estimate of the costs of a new sea wall and reconstruction of the damaged shell. The offer wound its tortuous way through the courts and was accepted. The Montgomerys became the owners of the biggest white elephant on the South Coast. It has taken them three years and

Opposite: Cool and exotic as a Maxfield Parrish illustration, the keyhole arches of the marble-floored fountain court face the encroaching sea. Above: Stark white walls and an elaborately tiled doorway beckon the viewer into the cool inner sanctum. Casa Blanca is noted Santa Barbara architect George Washington Smith's one building designed in a purely Moorish style.



Above: Now lost to time and tide, the opulent main house was furnished with oriental splendor by "Hollywood playboy" Albert Isham during the Roaring Twenties. Right: Its boldly designed atrium was lit by traditional Moroccan brass lamps. New owners Robert and Ruth Ann Montgomery were able to duplicate them on a trip to North Africa. Above right: Isham brought carved stone sphinxes with individual faces from Egypt to flank the natatorium's massive wooden doors.

much money and labor to make it habitable again.

The Casa Blanca complex was designed in the Roaring Twenties for a young "Hollywood playboy" named Albert Isham, the millionaire scion of a distinguished Chicago family. Its architect, George Washington Smith, is credited with having brought the mission revival style of architecture to its artistic height here in Santa Barbara during the teens and twenties, leaving us our red-tile heritage.

As described by architectural historian David Gebhard in *Santa Barbara Architecture*, Smith easily surpassed the "catalogue of styles" typical of earlier designers. Most of all he loved the simple, even primitive traditional buildings hidden away in remote Mediterranean





provinces. But he was a painter as well as an architect, with an eye trained by the creative flood we call "modern art," the impressionist and cubist matrix that would soon give birth to the Bauhaus and abstract expressionism.

The villas and townhouses of Smith's fame are simple, massive, and spacious in atmosphere even when small. They are also beautifully constructed and lovingly finished with warm traditional details—the perfect blend of ancient and modern. "The Castle," which is actually just the gymnasium and natatorium of the original estate, is Smith's only known venture into a pure Islamic style, but it is on a par with the rest of his work.

"Every year Albert Isham would go abroad in the summer and travel. And when he got back he would come to

George Washington Smith and commission him to build a new house on the land in the style of wherever he'd been," recalls gruff-voiced octogenarian Lulah Maria Riggs, herself an eminent architect who started her career drafting Smith's designs. "He had to keep rebuilding because the sou'westers would come up and wash 'em right out to sea again. I guess he had enough money so it didn't matter to him."

Most of Sandyland's beach—a bad area for building to begin with—was consumed by storm and tide during the '30s and '40s. Isham had started with seven acres; little more than three are left. This attrition is usually blamed on the construction of the Santa Barbara breakwater, a marvel of poor engineering that altered currents in the channel for

miles around. The harbor area beaches are now choked with sand, while erstwhile sandy shores from Cemetery Point to Padaro Lane are reduced to their stone skeletons. But the breakwater may not be the only villain. During the same period extensive flood control, from dams to cement streambeds, sharply curtailed the amount of sand washed down from the mountains each winter.

Isham's beach house and the cottages that flanked it were among the casualties of this perpetual battle of the elements. A great winter storm in the '30s irreparably damaged the main house, its style derived from Moorish Spain. It was dismantled, and some of its special features, like the great stone fireplace, were salvaged and built into later construction on the estate.



Above: Once painted out by a zealous movie crew, this tile mural depicting the wonders of the briny deep accents the deep end of the swimming pool, which originally could be filled with either fresh or ocean water. Isham brought thousands of tiles from as far away as Spain and Morocco, and from nearby Rincon Canyon's historic pottery works. Above right: According to local legend, bon vivant Albert Isham once drove his Duesenberg convertible—with champagne-sipping starlets on each fender—right into the pool.

Other elements were sold or given away. According to one account, the roof was moved to a Rincon ranch house. One of the guest houses, now known as the Honeymoon Cottage, was moved back from the sea to one of the original tennis courts. Another, according to Carpinteria native and former mayor Ernest Wullbrandt, was moved up onto Foothill Road.

Only a few of Smith's creations were left on their original sites. Toward the shore stands a marble-paved fountain court flanked by a pair of wood-paneled bedrooms with vaulted ceilings reminiscent of the inside of a tent. Back from it stretch two great walled courtyards, now paved with asphalt. To their west, toward Santa Barbara, stands the splendid gymnasium and grand tiled swimming pool



hall, which some say originally had a false floor that could be laid down for dances. The buildings also held a squash court, a single-lane bowling alley, and an exercise chamber.

This monument to physical fitness was built in 1927. According to Miss Riggs, Isham had quit drinking at the time, and wanted to lose weight and get into better physical condition. The "Hamam Baths," as she recalls their being nicknamed, also contributed to the purpose for which the whole complex had been designed—parties.

Even in his own time, Isham's parties had a reputation for wildness; these were the Roaring Twenties, and Casa Blanca saw more than its share of flappers and bootleg whiskey. Some stories, as noted by Jayne Caldwell in *Carpinteria As It*



Was, place Isham in Hollywood's fastest set, which was speedy indeed. According to her sources Casa Blanca was a regular stop on the pilgrimage to the Hearst Castle, the site of many unrestrained extravaganzas.

Montecito native Ambrose Cramer recalls a charming though unprovable tale from the time. "The pool-warming party was in full swing, with bathtub gin flowing freely, but no Isham. Then the big wooden doors opened and he came roaring into the building in a convertible Deussenberg." Other versions of the story adorn each fender with a champagne-drinking starlet. "He drove it right into the pool, where of course it sank, and his white yachting cap came floating up to the surface. A few seconds later so did he. Supposedly, David Gray, who was

an avid car collector, bought the Deussenberg from him later."

But not all Isham's parties were wild. "He put on a graduation party for my high school class, but my mother wouldn't let me go," remembers Madge Rodriguez Shepherd, who was brought up on her family's Spanish land grant in the foothills. "If she had gone," says Ernest Wullbrandt, "it would have been perfectly proper. Isham was a gentleman." Another Carpinteria native, Rosemary Carton Brown, vividly recalls being taken to tea at Casa Blanca by her aunt when she was 12. She remembers watching in awe as the great glassed skylight panels over the pool slid back to expose the sky, and gazing at the colored lights flickering underwater.

Yachtsman Isham loved the sea and all

its pleasures. Clam bakes, says Wullbrandt, began with a furrow in the sand plowed by a neighbor lad and his mule; the largest shellfish turned up this way were tossed into the fire pit. Local people who helped with the festivities were often invited to the party. Daphine, the operator who ran the town's little manual switchboard and put through all the calls making arrangements, had a standing invitation to come on up after work. Isham was no snob.

He was also not a happy man, according to his friend Marshall Bond, a somewhat younger member of the same set. "It was a shame," Bond says. "He was a brilliant guy, graduated first in his class at Harvard, and distinguished himself in intelligence work in World War I. Good businessman—he made a mint selling



short just before the stock market crashed. But he was one of the homeliest men you ever saw, and he could never just accept it and forget about it.

"There are so many people so stupid they can't even spell right, and so few like Albert with real ability. But he could never believe that anyone would want to be friends with someone like him."

The decline of Isham's health was probably hastened by the rot-gut bootleg liquor available during Prohibition. "He used to go to the Biltmore every Friday night and get drunk," Bond recalls. "Finally his doctor told him he had to quit or die; and he did stop, for about six months. Then he went back one Friday night and did it again. He was dead by Monday morning." Isham was just 38 when he died.

"He was a generous man. For example, there was a young gal with a couple of kids working in his broker's office; like a lot of people, she got fired when the market crashed. Isham met her on the street, and asked her why she looked so glum. When she told him, he reached into his pocket and gave her all the money he had on him, about \$300."

"I liked him; he was always polite—never got fresh like some men," remembers Miss Riggs. Montecito resident Grace Lloyd believes he was a tragic figure. "His mother and mine were friends back in Chicago," she says, "but she died when he was just a boy. Her father left his whole fortune to Albert unconditionally, and he came into it all when he reached 21. He seemed to be headed for a brilliant career, but getting

Above: An Arabian Nights vista of keyhole arches leads from the ocean to the "Hamam Baths." Above right: Over six feet high, this priceless antique Venetian glass chandelier was hanging by one rusty wire when the Montgomerys bought Casa Blanca. Far right: In Isham's day the pins of this private bowling alley were set up by hand. Montgomery installed a mechanical pinsetter. Right: When the estate lay abandoned, souvenir-hungry vandals picked many of the original brass studs out of "the Castle's" ancient doors.





Above: Historian Marguerite Eyer Longstreth, Casa Blanca's second owner, added a maze of reflecting pools and courtyards to the west of the buildings, culminating in an arch to frame the setting sun.

all that money too young went to his head and ruined his life . . . It was a case of 'poor little rich boy.'"

For years after Isham's death in 1931 no one lived in his party palace. The storms had already taken the main house when Casa Blanca was purchased by oil magnate Van Rensselaer Wilbur and his wife, Marguerite Eyer Wilbur, who today lives in their great Montecito estate. "There was a sweet story about the Wilburs," Mrs. Lloyd says. "When they were courting they used to take picnics out onto a certain hillside in Long Beach. Mr. Wilbur became quite attached to it, and bought it after they were married. It was called Signal Hill and it turned out to be a great oil field."

After Wilbur's tragic death in an automobile accident, his widow remarried

twice, less fortunately; both ended in divorce. Harvey Taylor, her second husband, was a college professor who brought some 20,000 books back from France with him. At first these were accommodated on shelves built into Isham's old squash court and exercise room. New windows and a fireplace were added to bring light and warmth. Then, fearing the damp sea air, Mrs. Taylor built a special library for the books on Hot Springs Road in Montecito.

Her third husband, also a professor, was named Longstreth.

Marguerite Eyer Wilbur Taylor Longstreth is herself an historian, a respected author whose works include a biography of Thomas Jefferson. During the early '60s she had a two-story, L-shaped building erected beside Casa Blanca's foun-



tain court, overlooking the encroaching ocean. It became a retreat and conference center. She also added two little guest cottages in the rear by the railroad tracks, and transformed the tennis court between the front house and the gymnasium into a large pool reflecting a classically styled sculpture. The maze of pools and courtyards added to the west of the buildings ends in what used to be called a folly, in this case a detached arch or gateway whose only function is to frame the view of the setting sun from the squash court-library.

Although Mrs. Longstreth's additions repeat some Moorish details found in George Washington Smith's creation (for example, the toothed crenulations on the roof corners), they fall short of its standards in aesthetics and workmanship.

Marguerite Longstreth donated the whole Casa Blanca complex to USC for a conference center, on the condition it be kept up. When this did not occur, she sued for its return, won, and gave it to the Marguerite Eyer Foundation, dedicated to the encouragement of young writers. Montgomery eventually purchased it from this nonprofit group.

"The first thing we had to do was to put in an adequate seawall," he explains. The slope of the old one worked like a staircase, bringing the waves right up to the front of the building, where it trapped the water onshore, instead of letting it run back out to sea.

During the year it took the Coastal Commission to approve the beefed-up barrier that now keeps the ocean at bay, work to restore the gymnasium began.

Montgomery brought in Bill Johnson to act as supervisor. Johnson had recently restored the Montgomerys's River Island Country Club, a resort in the Sierra Nevada town of Porterville, and their Bakersfield residence, which is fitted up as a Mexican hacienda.

Once the basic structural renovation of Casa Blanca was underway, the Montgomerys decided to go to Morocco to check the authenticity of the restoration. After flying to Europe to meet with Montgomery's Norwegian colleagues, they were met by their own plane in France and taken to Morocco.

"We were really very lucky," explains Mrs. Montgomery. "A friend of ours who works for *Town and Country* had just finished a series of articles on Morocco, and she made arrangements for us." The

manager of La Mamounia, the country's most beautiful, elegant, and antique hotel, met them at the airport and provided their escort throughout their stay.

Though they feel that the strangeness and poverty of North Africa would disconcert many Americans, the Montgomerys enjoyed their brush with its ancient culture. Due to the eminence of their host they had the privilege of watching the country's great national festival. This included a pageant in moonlit ruins put on by representatives of the country's many ethnic groups, with veiled women, robed sheikhs, camels, fakirs, and all.

The Montgomerys brought back more information and experience than artifacts, since the Moroccan way of life is a bit too foreign for comfort. "We were honored with an invitation to eat at home with a Moroccan family, which is rare," says Mrs. Montgomery. "They sit on very low divans, which are their main furnishings. Food is eaten with the fingers, and a man comes around with water kept warm in a special pitcher, to clean your hands between courses. It was fascinating; but we weren't ready to live like that." Casa Blanca's main living quarters are now decorated in a contemporary style, ornamented with outstanding an-



Above: Robert and Ruth Ann Montgomery, current owners of Casa Blanca.

tique European furniture and souvenirs of North Africa.

Some of the ancient imported treasures from Isham's house, like the massive wood-mosaic doors and carved stone fireplace, had been built into the Long-

streth addition. Most notable of these is the great Venetian glass chandelier, which when the Montgomerys first saw the place, was hanging by one rusty wire. "We took a fragment of glass from it to Venice to see if we could replace some of the broken pieces and find out when it was made. From its color"—clear, a bit bubbly, with a warm gray tint—"the man there said it must be from the very oldest period, and priceless. When I think of it hanging by just one wire..." She shudders eloquently.

The guest rooms, natatorium, and Honeymoon Cottage built under Smith's direction, have proved the most rewarding to restore. "I've been a carpenter all my life, and I don't think I could do work like that," says Steve Johnson, who is helping with the restoration. Domestic interiors had been painted purple and peach. Extensive stripping revealed exquisitely fitted clear fir paneling on the walls, ceilings, and built-in dressing room wardrobes. Not one nail can be seen.

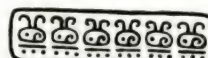
The echoing, ornately tiled hall that holds the swimming pool is the crowning achievement. With the exception of the electrical system (originally in a basement flooded periodically by the ocean),

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the Montgomerys insisted on restoring everything—even the plumbing—to be just as it was in Isham's time.

Dark corroded lamps hanging near the ceiling, when brought down and cleaned, proved to be made of brass meticulously hand-inlaid with sterling silver and copper. Mexican glassblowers replaced the damaged multicolored "icicles" that hang from these lamps.

During the early '60s Casa Blanca had served as a set for several TV shows, notably "Ike" and an episode of "McLeod." The glorious old Spanish, Moroccan, and local tile friezes that surround the pool were painted out by the film crews, and had to be stripped. The great movable skylight doors were taken down into the courtyard, and every bit of corroded metal and cracked glass replaced. Once more the push of a button sends them rolling ponderously apart.

Multicolored lights glitter again beneath the surface of the pool, which, according to Miss Riggs, had to be built to withstand daily tidal fluctuations in the water table that raise and lower the whole thing several inches. The quality of construction Smith demanded is staggering. Wullbrandt remembers an early attempt to bulldoze one of the cable-reinforced walls. The attempt had to be abandoned; the wall just wouldn't budge.

Landscaping for the grounds is still in progress. Many of Marguerite Longstreth's six-inch-deep pools either did not drain or would not hold water, so they are being converted to planters. Experiments in handsome low-maintenance plants that can withstand the perpetual assault of sand, wind, and salt spray are underway. Establishing goldfish and exotic waterlilies has been difficult, but with the Montgomery determination at work, the challenge will undoubtedly be met.

Casa Blanca's destiny is not yet clear. Though it was bought originally as an investment, the cost and effort to restore it has endeared the old "Castle" to its new owners. For the foreseeable future, at any rate, it will see a lot of entertaining, both private and charitable. Around Christmas it hosted a special tour to benefit Mrs. Montgomery's favorite charity, the Assistance League. And May saw a gala benefit ball for the Lobero Theatre, also designed by George Washington Smith. Casa Blanca is becoming a party house once more. Albert Isham would be pleased.

Georgia Sargeant is a local journalist whose writings range from politics to art.



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THE HOLLISTER CENTURY

By Walker A. Tompkins

COLONEL WILLIAM W. HOLLISTER, who had more to do with the pioneer development of Santa Barbara County than any other American settler, first set foot on the soil of California in 1853. As the advance scout for a covered wagon train bound from Ohio to the Sierra Nevadas, his point of entry was south of Lake Tahoe.

Unlike the other men in his caravan of prairie schooners, Hollister had no intention of joining the gold rush. After a short period of sightseeing, he intended to re-



turn to his home near Hanover, Ohio, where he owned extensive land, an iron foundry, and other business enterprises.

His wagon train disbanded at the roaring camp of Hangtown (later renamed Placerville) in mid-September. Everyone scattered in search of mining claims except Colonel Hollister (the title was honorary rather than military), who proceeded on to San Francisco. There he planned to book passage on the first Panama-bound steamer for the return trip home. But the earliest accommodations he could obtain were on a vessel that would not sail for another month. With

time to kill and having no appetite for the gambling and whoring offered by the notorious Barbary Coast saloons, Hollister rented a saddle horse and set off on a sightseeing trip down the peninsula, an impulse that would alter the course of his future.

Hollister was 34, a handsome bachelor poised at the exact halfway point of his life. The death of his father in 1840 had forced Hollister to give up his schooling at Kenyon College in Gambier, Ohio, just short of obtaining a degree in horticulture, feeling his first obligation was to manage the family estate.

In the vicinity of Mission San Jose, Hollister's attention turned to the vast flocks of Mexican sheep grazing on the apparently barren, copper-colored hills where not a blade of green grass grew. Curious as to what the fat sheep were foraging on, Hollister found their feed to be dried clover burs. That discovery resulted in Hollister spending the rest of his life in California.

In an interview with historian H. H. Bancroft a quarter century later, Hollister said, "At that time and place I studied out what proved to be my lifelong career. I would import blooded Merino sheep to California where cheap land seemed in inexhaustible supply, and go into sheep raising on a grand scale."

Returning to Ohio by way of Panama, Hollister borrowed \$10,000 from his older sister Lucy, a well-to-do widow universally known as "Auntie Brown." He bought 4,000 sheep and hired 50 men to serve as drovers. Auntie Brown, with no ties in Ohio since the recent death of her wealthy merchant husband, would serve as cook for the crew. A younger brother, Hubbard, would serve as captain, freeing Colonel Hollister to ride ahead and pick out a route for the 2,000-mile trek.

By the starting date, April 20, 1853, Hollister's sheep, when strung out across

the land, would measure two miles from point to drag. By the time they crossed the Missouri River, the flock had grown to over 6,000 head, with additional sheep purchased along the way.

When the drive met the halfway point at Fort Laramie in August, more than 1,500 sheep had been stolen by Indians, drowned in river crossings, or fallen victim to exhaustion. Early in September Hollister turned south near the Rockies into Mormon country, where at Salt Lake City Brigham Young informed Hollister that another sheep drive, headed by Thomas Flint and Llewellyn Bixby of



By 1868 Colonel William Welles Hollister and his partners owned the Lompoc Valley, Mission Viejo, and 248 square miles of other prime Santa Barbara County land. Left: Dearest to the colonel's heart was his home at the Glen Annie, site of many stately garden parties and elegant soirees. Right: The colonel and his wife Annie created a powerful dynasty, whose influence continues to this day. Hollister left his indelible mark on Santa Barbara with a wharf, a luxury hotel, an opera house, a public library, a college, and Southern California's first national bank.



Above: When the drought of 1864 bankrupted eight out of ten cattlemen on the South Coast, Hollister seized the opportunity to buy land at give-away prices. Later, his own cattle operations included this rowdy group from the Santa Anita Ranch.

Maine, was five days ahead of him.

Hollister's drive caught up with Flint and Bixby in central Utah, and the two flocks merged during the remainder of the drive into southern Nevada—where a band of Piutes attacked camp one night near the future site of Las Vegas, and Auntie Brown was credited with shooting one warrior with her trusty musket.

The flocks suffered appalling losses crossing the waterless Mojave Desert. When they reached the summit of Cajon Pass on New Year's Eve, the 6,000 sheep had dwindled to 2,000.

Determined to push on to Monterey County, Hollister headed his sheep across the Los Angeles Basin and up the coast. By the time he reached Santa Barbara, only 1,000 sheep were left, and they were in no condition to travel another mile. In the Goleta Valley Hollister leased a pastoral canyon drained by the *Tecolotito*, or Little Owl Creek. Here he would winter his surviving sheep before pushing on north in the spring. Little Owl Canyon belonged to Nicolás A. Den of Dos Pueblos Rancho. To Hollister, the sylvan canyon seemed like heaven on earth.

"Hollister developed an obsessive passion to own Little Owl Canyon," his

biographer would write a century later, "and vowed to Auntie Brown that someday he would return to Santa Barbara, buy the property from Den and spend the rest of his life there as a country squire."

Lambing had doubled the size of Hollister's flock by the time they were ready to leave the Goleta Valley and work their way up the coast to trail's end. Flint and Bixby arrived near San Juan Bautista at the same time, and both they and Hollister formed a partnership to buy the 35,000-acre San Justo land grant for \$24,000, including \$12,000 which Auntie Brown loaned her brother.

Hollister was to live on the San Justo for 14 years. During that time he became independently wealthy, thanks to the booming wool market caused by the Civil War. His broker in San Francisco, Albert Dibblee, was largely responsible for managing Hollister's business affairs, since the gregarious colonel was more interested in politics than he was in his role as a shepherd king.

As Hollister approached his forty-fifth birthday in 1862 he was still a bachelor, although he had many eager paramours awaiting his frequent visits to San Francisco. His only serious romance, however, involved Miss Hannah James,

better known as Annie, the daughter of a humble carpenter.

The colonel and Annie became engaged, and Hollister hurried back to the San Justo to start building an elegant home for his bride. His matrimonial plans did not set well with Auntie Brown, however, who had been cooking the colonel's meals and running his household for over 20 years. Although she did not say so, Auntie Brown also felt that her brother was marrying far beneath his social station.

William Welles Hollister, age 44, and Hannah Annie James, age 21, were wed at the bride's home in San Francisco on June 1, 1862.

Auntie Brown, who by now was a faded, portly, and work-worn widow on the eve of her fiftieth birthday, had difficulty hiding her aversion to the young belle from San Francisco who now replaced her as chatelaine of the Hollister household. And the feeling was mutual; Annie resented the older woman from the outset, sensing her disapproval.

When Auntie Brown grudgingly baked a first wedding anniversary cake for her brother and his bride on June 1, 1863, Annie was nursing a three-week-old daughter, Jane.



Above: The indomitable Auntie Brown loaned Hollister the money that launched his career. She stood by her brother for 35 years, but sued the Hollister estate after his death.

Meanwhile, broker Dibblee was pouring sizeable deposits into Hollister's bank account from the escalated wool market, making him one of the wealthiest men in California. The boom in sheep also made Hollister the object of bitter hatred among the cattlemen who had long dominated California politics.

Throughout the Civil War years and for half a decade beyond, Colonel Hollister steadily gained influence in Sacramento. His oratory before the legislature was reported nationwide in the press. The infuriated cattle barons threatened to assassinate him as the shepherd king from the San Justo began lobbying Sacramento to put "trespass laws" on the books. Within ten years, such legislation became the law of the land—a turning point in California history. It ended the doctrine of the unfenced, open cattle range, and opened the floodgates for the agriculturists who were to change California's economy forever. Hollister was aided in his crusade by the disastrous drought of 1864 that bankrupted eight out of ten cattlemen and decimated herds from Oregon to Mexico.

Another result of the drought was a plummeting of land values. Ever since his sheep drive Hollister had been dreaming of the day when he could return to Santa Barbara to make his permanent home in Little Owl Canyon. He discovered that much of the land in the county was on the market for only \$1.25 an acre.

Hollister alerted his business manager,

Albert Dibblee, who got in touch with his brother, Thomas Bloodgood Dibblee, then part owner of the Rancho Santa Anita near Los Angeles. Hollister and the two Dibblees formed a partnership to buy up all the Santa Barbara County land they could at the give-away distress prices. Thus the Hollister-Dibblee combine took possession of the entire Lompoc Valley and adjoining Mission Viejo land grant, a total of 56,820 acres.

Colonel Hollister turned 50 on January 12, 1868. By now Annie had borne him two sons, William and Harry, and the family circle also included a live-in private physician, Robert Fulton Winchester, a native of Maine.

When baby Harry was a month old, Colonel Hollister called a public meeting of local settlers to propose selling them his share of the San Justo sheep ranch. The San Justo Homestead Association, the first group of its kind formed in California, agreed to buy the 21,000 acres for \$400,000, each member to contribute \$2,000 toward the down payment.

With plenty of cash available, Hollister told Tom Dibblee to resume buying land in Santa Barbara County. The sum of Dibblee's purchases, in addition to the Lompoc and Mission Viejo ranches, was an incredible 248 square miles of range.

Tom Dibblee moved into a Mexican adobe on the newly acquired San Julian land grant and began a massive sheep-raising operation for the partners. Albert Dibblee remained in San Francisco to



Above: Against his wishes, Hollister's only daughter Jane married a man twice her age. The husband died shortly thereafter, leaving her two grown children and \$5 million.

serve as marketing agent for the triumvirate. This left Colonel Hollister free to pursue his personal ambition: to become a country squire.

In the closing weeks of 1868 Hollister moved Annie, their three children, and Auntie Brown to downtown Santa Barbara, renting temporary quarters in the José Lobero adobe.

Hollister's primary goal was to pur-

Below (from left): The colonel's heirs included sons Harry, Jim, Stanley, and William. In 1962, after Jim Hollister's death at the age of 91, the family gathered to plan the final dissolution of the Hollister empire.





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chase Little Owl Canyon, in the foothills above the village of Goleta where he had wintered his sheep after their transcontinental journey 15 years before. Hollister learned that the owner of Little Owl Canyon, Nicolás Den, had died six years before. The land Hollister had set his heart on owning was now part of a trust being held for Den's minor heirs. According to the terms of the will, the earliest Hollister could hope to buy his coveted Little Owl Canyon would be 1882, when Den's youngest heir came of age.

However, the Den family lawyer, Enoch Huse, assured Hollister that Den's widow and all his children, who were facing a future threatened by poverty, would sell 5,000 acres of Little Owl Canyon if a "suitable price" could be arranged.

Colonel Hollister was overjoyed. In a burst of euphoria he offered to pay \$10 an acre in gold—at a time when the going rate was less than \$2 an acre for unimproved land along the South Coast. Huse agreed and began drawing up the papers that would deliver the colonel his heart's desire.

Probate Judge Francis Maguire, getting wind of the pending deal, sought out Hollister to warn him that such a sale would be illegal under the terms of Den's will. Without court approval, Hollister's title would be cloudy, no matter what guarantees the Den family might sign.

But in his eagerness to own Little Owl Canyon, Hollister ignored the warning. "I am going to rename the canyon in honor of my beloved wife," he proclaimed. "Henceforth, Little Owl Canyon will be known as Glen Annie."

In the months to come, Hollister began developing Glen Annie into one of California's most spectacular rural showplaces. He put Annie's father, Sam James, in charge of construction. Disregarding the Spanish heritage of the region, James built the Glen Annie manor in midwestern style more typical of Hollister's native Ohio. Eaves dripped with scroll-sawed icicles; the roofs were pitched steep enough to shed snow.

Hollister, meanwhile, began indulging himself in his favorite avocation, horticulture. Hollister bought 3,000 walnut, 500 lime, and 1,000 Sicilian olive trees. Four thousand grapevines, young lemon and orange trees formed geometric rows on the flatlands.

Hollister ordered all manner of exotic flora—monkey-puzzle trees, camphor trees from Japan, cinnamon trees from Korea, deodar cedars from the Hima-

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A double row of Canary Island date palms framed a curving drive from the country road to the portals of his estate. A white wooden archway formed the impressive main entrance to the Glen Annie, and through that arch in years to come would travel kings and princes, captains of industry and society.

On their seventh wedding anniversary, June 1, 1869, the colonel moved Annie and the three children into their new home. With them came Auntie Brown, Grandpa and Mrs. James, and a retinue of servants from the San Justo.

With Glen Annie taken root and now in the growing stages, Colonel Hollister turned his attention to Santa Barbara itself. The sleepy little seaside town lacked cultural and educational facilities, a luxury hotel, a wharf. Hollister intended to get them for Santa Barbara.

Early in 1869, even before he moved his family out to Glen Annie, Hollister organized a stock company of local citizens to establish the Santa Barbara College. A three-story brick-veneer building to house the school was built at the southwest corner of State and Anapamu streets. Its first president was Ellwood Cooper, a horticulturist whom the colonel had met in a stagecoach depot in San Juan Bautista. Ellwood's property, adjoining Glen Annie on the west, is still known as Ellwood Canyon. Hollister's family physician, Dr. Winchester, moved into the canyon west of Cooper's, which now bears his name.

When John Peck Stearns got the city's permission to build a wharf in 1872 so that deep-water vessels could tie up at Santa Barbara, it was Colonel Hollister who advanced the \$41,000 to pay for the project—a debt that Stearns paid back at the rate of \$500 a month.

A Santa Barbara saloon keeper named José Lobero borrowed \$25,000 from Colonel Hollister to build Southern California's first opera house, the Lobero Theater, which opened in 1873. That same year Santa Barbara got its first free public library, starting with 500 books donated by the colonel and housed rent free in an upper room of a lodge hall he built at the corner of State and Haley.

The coming of the wharf brought an influx of winter visitors, who faced an appalling lack of lodging facilities. It was Colonel Hollister who founded a stock company (with himself holding 51 percent of the shares) to build the 90-room

Arlington Hotel, a luxury facility that in 1875 marked the beginning of Santa Barbara's identity as a winter resort for the wealthy.

When Santa Barbara College folded, Hollister converted the building into a hotel. The Ellwood, named for his friend and neighbor Ellwood Cooper, was a commercial-class hotel for traveling salesmen and for tourists who could not afford the deluxe accommodations at the Arlington.

Santa Barbara's first steam laundry was another Hollister enterprise, and he bought the *Morning Press*, a local organ of the Republican party, importing an Ohio journalist named Harrison Gray Otis to edit it. (After four stormy years in Santa Barbara, Otis moved on to greener pastures and became a cofounder and long-time publisher of the mighty *Los Angeles Times*.)

Hollister was a stockholder and chairman of the board of the First National Gold Bank, Southern California's first national bank, located at State and Canon Perdido streets. He was also a major force behind the establishment of a temperance colony which took over the entire Lompoc Valley from the Hollister and Dibblee partnership.

All of these activities necessarily took time, time that Colonel Hollister might have shared with his family. Relations between Annie and Auntie Brown had continued to deteriorate, finally culminating in Annie Hollister giving the colonel an ultimatum: either Auntie Brown moved out, or Annie would leave him and take the family with her.

It did no good to remind Annie that he could hardly evict his sister, who had equal shares in everything the colonel owned—in fact, Auntie Brown had never been repaid a penny of the funds she advanced to buy the sheep in Ohio or to purchase half the San Justo.

As a compromise, Hollister told Annie he would build a separate home at the upper end of Glen Annie, a mansion that would put the original ranch house to shame. He would build a private schoolhouse and hire a tutor for their children, and Annie would have carte blanche in buying furnishings for the new residence.

Thus it was that a duplicate home appeared on Glen Annie, at the north end of the canyon near the point where the south portal of Tecolote Tunnel now exits. Annie made frequent trips by steamer to San Francisco, where Albert Dibblee was obliged to guarantee Annie unlimited credit at San Francisco's most ex-



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pensive emporiums. All in all, Colonel Hollister sank a fortune into the upper Glen Annie complex—but at the lower ranch peace reigned at last in the household of Auntie Brown.

The financial panic of 1877 brought bankruptcy to the Arlington Hotel. Hollister bought out the stock company, and assumed full ownership. In the years ahead it became one of the biggest moneymakers in Hollister's portfolio.

Another victim of the 1877 panic was theater impresario José Lobero. Unable to keep up payments on his original loan, Lobero saw his opera house revert to Hollister, whose estate owned it until it was demolished in 1923.

During the 1877 panic a crowd of angry depositors threatened the First National Gold Bank. They were met at the front door by the board chairman, Colonel Hollister, who assured them he had more than enough gold on deposit in San Francisco to cover their accounts. The Barbareños had such faith in Hollister's verbal guarantee that a run on the bank was averted.

Meanwhile, Hollister's personal affairs were beginning to worsen again. Everyone in Santa Barbara was well aware that the colonel's marriage to Annie was not going well. The gossips said that whereas Annie was as beautiful as a porcelain figurine, she was just as glacial in the bedroom—a situation many Santa Barbarans believed was responsible for Colonel Hollister carrying on outside his marriage. Most of Hollister's paramours were pretty young women brought from San Francisco to serve as "managers" for his various business concerns.

Tom Storke, long-time publisher of the *Santa Barbara News-Press*, who knew Colonel Hollister in his youth, was fond of telling how Hollister once sent an Irish hack driver to Stearns Wharf to meet a comely young Irish colleen whom the colonel had hired to "manage" his steam laundry. En route to living quarters the colonel had arranged for his latest love interest, the hack driver persuaded the young woman to move in with him instead—and there was nothing the frustrated colonel could do about it.

Overshadowing all of Hollister's temporary dalliances, however, was his clandestine romance with the wife of a Santa Barbara groceryman. The irresistible Josephine Walcott not only headed the local spiritualist society, she was the town's leading poetess and amateur actress as well.

Continued on page 74

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A STEW WORTH ITS SALT

*"Cockles and Mussels,
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BY PETER C. HOWORTH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JÜRGEN HILMER

KNOWING SOMETHING about a creature or plant that finds its way to your dinner plate often kindles a genuine feeling of respect, both for the creature or plant as well as for the environment where it is found. This appreciation deepens if you gather the food yourself rather than selecting it from a supermarket shelf.

Santa Barbara offers a veritable smorgasbord of delicious food at the edge of the sea. Most of the time, this bounty lies covered by the waves as the delectable inhabitants of this region eke out their living from a hostile sea.

The weak don't survive long here. Voracious predators hide behind nearly every rock, and being exposed for even an instant can be fatal. Not that every creature must be constantly vigilant—some of them have evolved other forms of protection.

Most mollusks are armored with heavy shells that protect their soft, vulnerable bodies. Some clamp themselves to rocks with a huge suction-cup foot, while others crawl around like snails, only to swiftly withdraw into their shells and slam a hatchlike door shut behind them whenever danger threatens. Many have



A gold mine of culinary ingredients lies barely hidden along the Santa Barbara shore. Above: The author (center), his wife Jane, and friend uncover a motherlode of Pacific littlenecks at minus tide. Opposite: Later, the Howorth feast is a hearty blend of homegrown seafood, herbs, and vegetables.

shells in two halves that completely enclose the animals when shut.

A few go one step further: they burrow into sand, gravel, or even rock, leaving only their siphons peeping up into the water. These are the clams, and their entire lives are dependent upon their two siphon tubes. Water is drawn through one, providing oxygen and food. Waste products pass out the other, as well as sexual gametes when the mood strikes. Clams enjoy a snug, self-contained existence indeed.

Not so for the fertilized eggs: they are thrust into a topsy-turvy world of crashing breakers, powerful currents, and bright light. Very few survive, for most are gobbled up by other filter feeders or swept off into uninhabitable realms, only to sink helplessly to the bottom as their tiny shells develop.

But a few will settle into a suitable habitat and work their way into the cracks between boulders or dig their way into the sand, depending on the environment

their breed favors. If they are not rutted out by the surf and destroyed on an unkindly shore; if they are not ferreted out by a starfish, a predatory snail, a fish, an octopus, or even a bird during low tide, then they may make it through their first year. Some sand dwellers can live more than 35 years, while ones that live in rocks might survive for 7 to 10 years.

Cockles, or Pacific littlenecks to be exact, are rock dwellers. Many people go after them, for they are very tasty. In fact, it's easy to imagine yourself looking for some. Pick any beach in Santa Barbara County with creek-worn boulders at a minus tide, when that rich zone of life is exposed, and you've set the stage.

First you search for an area that looks undisturbed, away from shell craters from others' excavations. Next you lever a stone aside here and there and root around in the gravel. Eventually you turn up one or two. You slip a caliper made from a bent wire coat hanger over each one to see if it's legal. It must be at least



an inch and a half in greatest diameter. If it won't slip between the measuring tines, it's a keeper, so you drop it into your seawater-filled bucket. If it's too small, you put it back where it was, knowing that it may not have had a chance to breed and that if all the little ones were taken, they would all disappear in only a few years. You gently replace the rock over the spot, putting the roof back over the nursery, leaving no blemish from your intrusion. The waiting seagulls are sleek and fat from scrounging off the tourists anyway, and you don't want to spoil them with a meal of young cockles.

A game warden appears and you tense up, wondering if you've remembered your \$6.25 fishing license. It's there all right, although it's a little damp from that rock you just sat on. The warden briefly inspects your bucket, glances at your license to see if it's really yours, then, with a friendly nod, is off to check someone else.

Meanwhile, your clams are tight-lipped and probably not as happy as the saying implies after being ousted from their rock-bound homes. You set the bucket down for a while, and the clams

begin cautiously inspecting their new surroundings. The siphons—creamy pencil-sized tubes with dark tips—begin to emerge. You nudge the bucket, and the clams quickly pull in their siphons, defiantly squirting water at you, and quite accurately, too.

You want them to filter the water in the bucket for you, though. Not because the water needs purifying, but because the clams will eventually get rid of the sand in their systems, which is something you don't want to chomp down on later.

While the cockles are happily percolating away in your bucket you find a large rock or piling bristling with mussels. If you're lucky, you'll have your choice of a slick blue one or a giant coarsely ribbed variety. You seize a fat one, twisting it from its moorings, and add it to your catch. You've already checked to see if the mussels are quarantined, because you don't want to eat a poisonous one. (Usually the quarantine extends from May through October.) You rip off a few more mussels, then leave it at that. Their flavor, though distinctive, is rather strong and can clobber the more delicate taste of the cockles, especially if you plan on cooking them together.

If you're after a texture treat, you probe for an octopus or two under the rocks. Some say eating an octopus is like chewing rubber bands, but they do have a mild, pleasant flavor. You know you can always thump on the meat with a mallet until it's tender if the strange texture doesn't excite you after all.

You add an octopus to your menagerie, but in a bucket by itself, because if it gets angry it will squirt dark ink into the water. Sure enough, it does, so you walk back down to the surf and replace the water so the octopus won't suffocate in its own ink.

You notice how moody the octopus is; one moment it is bluish green, then it flares red, perhaps with anger. The next moment it's the same color as your bucket, if your taste in buckets is not so flamboyant as to insult your captive. The octopus is a chameleon, you see; it's a master of camouflage and can change even the texture of its skin to match its surroundings.

But there's even more to the octopus than that: the male is a selfless lover who believes in give-and-take. When he finds a mate, he offers her his arm—literally. The arm, complete with sperm packet,



Right: Down the beach, foragers find another section of shoreline rich in cockles. Above: The author measures a "keeper," more than an inch and a half in greatest diameter. Opposite right: Octopus makes an interesting addition to a seafood chowder. (On second thought, this little one's released to continue his life at the edge of the sea.) Top and opposite above: Some prefer the tangy leaves of sea spinach to the conventional store-bought variety. Called New Zealand spinach when tame, the succulent leaves grow wild in patches along the Santa Barbara coast.

goes under her skirt, then the male wanders off to grow another one.

Meanwhile, the female retires to her home. It's just a hole under a rock, but she's sealed up most of the cracks with bits of shells. She's left a pile at the entrance so that when she goes inside, she has only to raise one arm, lined with suction cups, to pull up a row of broken

shells and hide the opening. There she'll stay, brooding over her eggs till they hatch into tiny octopi two months later.

As the octopus glares at you accusingly from the bucket, you have second thoughts about adding such a strange texture to your stew, so you release it next to the same rock you found it under and head for the dunes.





There, with a little luck, you might find a patch of sea spinach, properly called New Zealand spinach. It's an exotic plant from southeast Asia that has no business growing along the beaches of California and Oregon, but that doesn't seem to affect the taste. In fact, since you've seen the packets of New Zealand spinach seeds in nurseries, you take a definite pleasure from harvesting it in the wild.

Sure enough, a clump of bright green leaves appears. No insecticides to worry about, no backbreaking tilling of the soil—just stretch out and pluck the choice young leaves. You chew one, savoring the salty tang, then drop the

others into a paper bag you just happened to bring. Nearby looms an expensive beach home whose occupants perhaps have never grazed in the limitless reaches of their backyard. Somehow, you find it comforting to know there is always lots to eat.

You return home, placing the cockles and mussels in the shade where they'll continue purging themselves of sand, then visit your vegetable garden. Onions, potatoes, celery, carrots—nearly anything that sounds appealing will go into the stew. None will dominate the flavor; each ingredient will surface gently, like the goodies in a fine chef salad.

Speaking of which, you decide on a



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wilted spinach salad complete with boiled eggs, oil and vinegar dressing, and bits of bacon, or perhaps the soybean substitute. You wilt the leaves in a steamer, but you can't resist trying a few smothered with melted butter and garnished with a squirt of lemon juice. You stop yourself just in time; enough leaves remain to make a good salad.

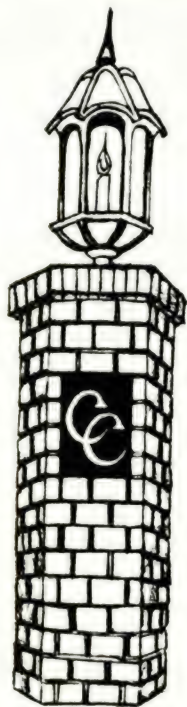
Meanwhile, the stew takes shape. You dump some water in the pot and add chunks of potato because they take the longest to cook—or turnips or rutabagas, but you go easy on them because the flavor is stronger. The onions follow later: small whole ones or quartered ones. Carrots join the brew, then bell peppers if you like, and a few mushrooms—preferably wild ones if you know what you're doing. A dash of hot sauce spices the concoction along with a bay leaf or two snatched from any of the plentiful bay laurel trees found along our creek beds. You toss in pinches of sea salt, parsley, minced garlic, thyme, rosemary, marjoram—anything, it doesn't matter as long as you don't overdo it, and besides, no stew with character should ever taste quite like any other.

You scrub the shells of the cockles and mussels, then send the animals to their fate by steaming them until they open. You drop most of them into the stew, shells and all. By this time you're so hungry that you pop the remaining cockles from their shells, cut them into chunks, and sauté them in garlic butter along with a few mushrooms. The result only makes you hungrier.

You keep the lid off the stew pot to let the steam escape, filling your house with a tantalizing smell and allowing the stock to thicken by evaporation. You can speed up making the gravy by adding cornstarch diluted in warm water, but this is not the natural way, so you torture yourself a while longer.

At the last moment, as your guests begin to arrive, you turn off the burner and drop some fresh corn and peas into the stew along with some wild rice with slivered almonds you've somehow managed to cook along the way. You pop the cork off a local vintage, accidentally spilling a little into the stew, and begin filling the glasses.

Peter Howorth, author of Foraging Along the California Coast and other books, enjoys gathering meals from the sea. He is devoted to the ocean, and his illustrated articles, which have appeared in a host of magazines, reflect his background as a naturalist.



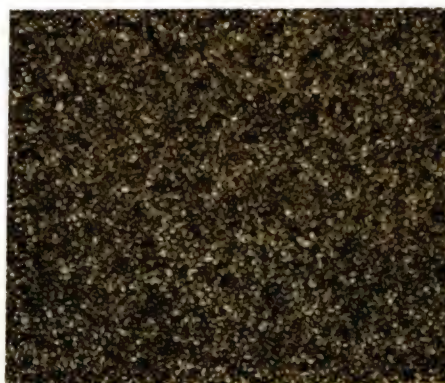
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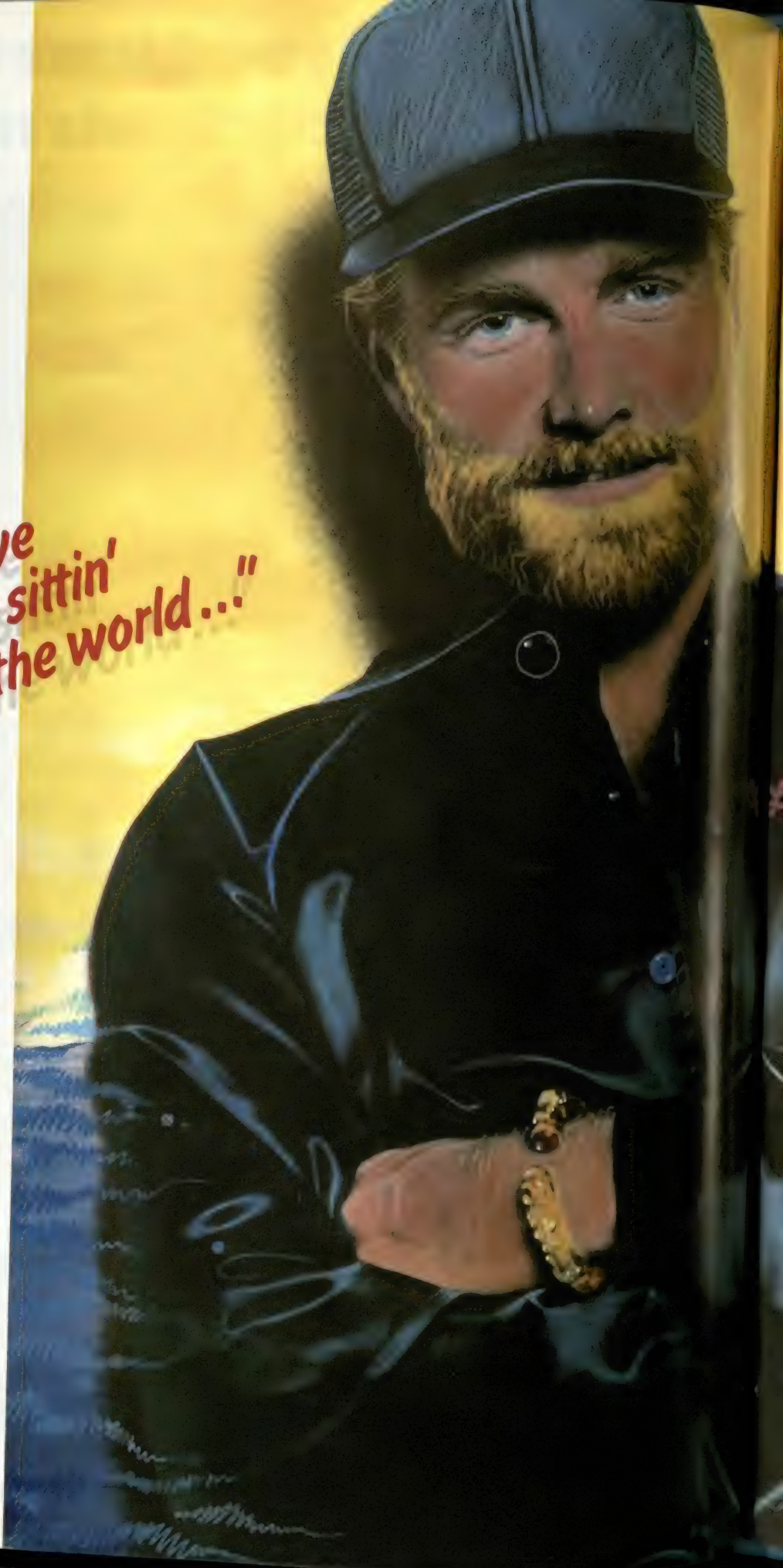



BEFORE

AFTER



"Catch a wave
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THE ENDLESS SUMMER OF MIKE LOVE AND THE BEACH BOYS

BY CORK MILLNER
AND SHEILA JOHNSON

FROM THE GROUP'S FIRST national hit, "Surfin' U.S.A.," to the full-fledged psychedelia of their biggest smash record, "Good Vibrations," the Beach Boys have continued to project a consistent harmony. The lyrics and the mood of the songs evoke the image of a laid-back California life-style, of a beautiful middle-class perfection of possessions and dreams, of youth and joy. Listeners from Pittsburgh to Pomona can relax and relive an endless summer with a song like "California Girls," a vacation on a three-minute musical vignette.

"There are a couple of reasons our music appeals," says Mike Love, lead vocalist of the Beach Boys. Arms crossed, he leans against the wall between two platinum records framed in the office at his Santa Barbara home. "There's an intellectual level and a feeling level, but I think the most important level must be the heart. We're not known for our great prose, but we have a mass appeal. People who grow up in middle-class America experience all the things we sing about in the song, 'Fun, Fun, Fun': borrowing their parents' car, going to a dance. Even the parents can identify with it because they did it once. The melodies are simple enough to relate to, the harmonies are intricate enough to

make it interesting, and the feeling is pleasant and relaxed."

Mike Love steps away from the platinum records and sits at his desk. Beach Boys fans might not recognize this cool, polished performer with his neatly trimmed strawberry blond beard, sitting behind the smooth expanse of desk. Lean and fit in a blue jogging suit that sets off his deep blue eyes, Love is in his prime at age 41. He leans back in his office chair and stares at the high redwood ceiling.

"The Beach Boys' original harmonic influence was the Four Freshmen," he says. "As a group they sang four-part harmony known as modern harmony, which comes from the jazz influence. It really caught the ear of my cousin Brian, who's been called a genius in his ability to arrange and compose."

"We started out singing just for our own enjoyment," Love continues, punctuating his ideas with expressive gestures of his long, slender hands. "We sang Four Freshmen arrangements for the art of it, for the challenge of it, for the beauty of it. We also sang the Everly Brothers' 'Bird Dog' and 'Devoted to You,' things like that." He stops for a moment, remembering. "The main ability our family had, and continues to have,

is to sing."

Singing was always a part of family life for the Beach Boys, made up of Mike Love, his cousins Brian, Dennis, and Carl Wilson, and their neighbor Alan Jardine. An early memory appears in the

Listeners from
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song Love wrote called "Brian's Back." The second verse begins, "I still remember/you soundin' sweet and tender/singin' 'Danny Boy' in grandma's lap."

"It's true," says Love. "The first collection I have of my cousin Brian Wil-

son singing is when my grandmother coaxed him into singing 'Danny Boy.' He sang it in a high, beautiful voice. Our families used to get together at Christmas and sing Christmas carols. After caroling, the older folks would sing their songs, standards of the '40s and the '50s. The older kids—me, Brian and his brothers, and our friends—would sing some of the Everly Brothers' songs. The little kids would just play and run around. Sometimes we had as many as a hundred and fifty people singing in the house at once."

At times the Love household must have sounded like the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, and at other times like the Metropolitan Opera Company performing *Aida*.

"My mother had these friends who would come over and sing opera," Love says. "She'd also play opera records turned all the way up to nine on the hi-fi set. I didn't like waking up in the morning to the sound of Renata Tebaldi hitting some high ones, or Maria Callas. So to this day I don't listen to opera because it reminds me of having to get up and go to school."

Even though constantly surrounded by music, Mike Love and his cousins never

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dreamed they would become singing stars; neither were they pushed by stage mothers as some talented kids have been. Yet music became their lives.

"Singing was second nature to us," Love says. "In our family music was all pervasive. We actually did it for the love of music, and I think in a lot of the early records you can hear the warmth of it. It's not jaded and it's not canned."

He gazes out his office window for a moment, then chuckles at an early memory. "We didn't even know what to call ourselves at that time," Love explains. "We used to wear these Pendleton shirts that all the surfers wore, so we thought of calling ourselves the Pendle Tones. Then a record producer suggested the Beach Boys."

"We said, 'The Beach Boys? That sounds weird.' But we thought about it—beach boys, and surfin'—and said, 'Well, OK, that sounds better than the Pendle Tones.'"

From the beginning the recording method of the Beach Boys has been part laziness and part wanting to be spontaneous. That sound and that mood and that feeling were captured and had a tremendous life span.

"We've never been much for rehearsing," Love says. "We'd go into the studio with a song, and we'd go over it a few times just so we'd know where we're at; but more often than not we'd be in the studio doing the harmony, and that harmony had a spontaneity and liveliness... there's an energy there."

The Beach Boys' first records, such as "Surfin' Safari" and "Surfin' U.S.A.," which were pleasant ballads about California beaches and surfing, had that "energy" and achieved a vast popularity. At the same time, these records brought financial success beyond their wildest imagination.

"You know," smiles Love, tapping a pencil against his desk top, "in the first few years I had a Rolls-Royce, a Jaguar, a Triumph motorcycle, a house in Beverly Hills, a house in Manhattan Beach. I bought a house for my parents and a house for my grandparents. It was a fortune, you know, all in the span of two or three years and all made in one-night stands."

"The first time I remember thinking maybe we were onto something big was in 1962. We were playing our first U.S. tour, mostly in dance halls, and I went outside between sets with my cousin Brian. We looked down the road and could see cars coming up for a couple of miles. People were actually breaking



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windows to get into this place, and I thought 'Gee, this must be what it was like when Elvis Presley first started.'"

Although their collective identity attracted a huge following, the Beach Boys never possessed the individual charisma of Elvis Presley or the Beatles. Does Mike Love feel he missed something by not achieving individual recognition?

"Yeah, sure, I suppose," Love says. "You see, when the Beatles came out, it wasn't just as Beatles; they came out as John, Paul, George, and Ringo, which was a smart idea because the fans could follow them as individual stars. But with us, it was never that way. It was always 'the Beach Boys, the number-one surfing group in the U.S.A.' It's been a void in our career. If you try to be objective about it, it's something that should have been done and wasn't, so you can't cry too much. In a way, maybe it's good because we've been tremendously successful, yet in every town we perform in, we can go back a few months later and live ordinary lives. People know who we are, but it's not a frenetic or freaky thing. That's good, because the whole charisma of the Beach Boys is just an easygoing kind of thing anyway."

On stage Mike Love presides over his audience with the nonchalant authority of a seasoned performer. Smiling out from under the ever-present hat, in a white printed shirt, he sings his songs of eternal summer in a nasal drone as he swings and rocks to the music. Girls in the packed audience writhe along with him, mouthing the lyrics, many from their perch on someone's shoulders.

"There's an aspect that takes over when I get in front of a microphone," Love says, rising from his chair and pacing around the office. "I don't like an entertainer who just sits there and plays the guitar and looks at his shoes. A guy like Mick Jagger, you don't have to like his style, but you can't fault the guy on the theatricality of it. He's outrageous and he's flamboyant. To a certain degree, I'm of the same ilk when it comes to being on a stage. I run around, I jump around, I dance around, I jump on the piano, things I wouldn't do at home. Love sits in his chair again. "Yeah, I'm a different person. It's the outgoing, gregarious part of my personality. I'm at home on stage, and I'm also at home out of the public eye."

It is Mike Love's personal life-style and philosophy that helps to determine the easygoing charm of the Beach Boys. He learned to cope with the stress and

sion that accompanies stardom in 1967, when he was in Paris doing a UNICEF show for the United Nations. That night when the curtain opened he noticed Beatles John Lennon and George Harrison sitting on either side of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, the fountainhead of Transcendental Meditation. After the show Love was invited to the hotel where the Maharishi was staying and received an introductory lecture.

"I've meditated since that time," says Love. "I used to drink hard liquor to relax, but after meditating for a day, I just didn't have the desire anymore. I was relaxed, very much relaxed, just by meditation. You don't have to take drugs or liquor if you meditate. This is how I dissolve the tension. That's why meditation is the most important thing to me. It goes hand in hand with physical fitness. The one complements the other. And

"We actually did it for the love of music, and I think in a lot of the early records you can hear the warmth. It's not jaded and it's not canned."

also diet. I've been a vegetarian for a long time now. Once in a while I'll eat fish, but that's about it. I'm a Pisces, also, so I don't like to be cannibalistic, you know?" He stops and laughs at his joke. "I'm fine living the way I do. This morning I had some tea, and for lunch I'll have a fruit smoothie, and it'll last me all day."

As if on cue, the phone rings. He picks it up.

"Yeah... great," he says into the phone, "but it'll be another half hour, we're still grinding away here. See you then."

He hangs up and smiles. "That's about my fruit smoothie; it's ready now." He adds, as if it needs explaining, "You see, the fruit has the energy, but it doesn't have the bulk, so you're not laden down by some heavy meal. You're free to do mental or physical things."

Like jogging?

"Well, I don't jog along the beach,"

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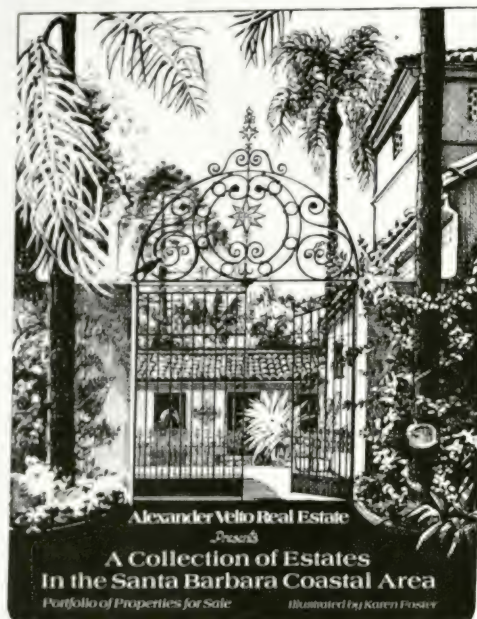
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he says. "It's a long walk down, and I have a hot tub and deck up here. I look down at the beach a lot from my hot tub. I may be forced into jogging, though. I've got a new album out, *Runnin' Around the World*. I like to run better than I like to jog—I'd rather get it over with."

Love pushes the chair back from his desk and stretches luxuriously. He radiates health and energy. He's also bursting with plans for future projects. "We're planning on doing a movie called *California Beach*. To give you an analogy of what I'm thinking, it'll be like the Bob Hope and Bing Crosby movies, the 'on-the-road' movies. They had humor and music and pretty girls and scenery, right? So if you have good music, which happens to be by the Beach Boys, and lots of pretty girls—they're all around California—then you have a hit movie. There's going to be this beauty contest

"We said, 'The Beach Boys? That sounds weird.' But we thought about it and said, 'Well, OK, that sounds better than the Pendle Tones.'"

We're looking for the consummate California girl, the surfer girl." He makes a picture with his hands, describing a girl in the air. "To be in the movie *California Beach*, you have to come to California to be in this beauty contest—my beauty contest.

"The movie is my pet project," he says. "Then when it comes out, we're going to have benefit premieres. It's going to be sponsored by the Love Foundation, my own foundation, which is a nonprofit, humanitarian, environmentally concerned organization. I'm not trying to invent a new product with the foundation or save the snails—I'm not going to picket French restaurants that serve escargot. The foundation is going to be able to raise a lot of money and awareness to benefit certain causes. I'm trying to implement these plans with other people I know in the communications business.

"I met a man once, a psychic, about

1968 I think it was, who said, 'I see you in a foundation in California.' And I was thinking, if I ever made a lot of money, I'd like to do something valuable. I'd like to have a foundation that could do something positive."

Love rises again from behind the desk and walks over to the window, where he looks out at some of the amenities he's added to this three-and-a-half-acre cliff-top site on the mesa. Fruit trees have been planted in front of the five handsome natural wood homes designed by Santa Barbara architect Robert Easton. At present he rents out the homes, but he hopes to use them eventually to house members of his foundation. Below the office window a waterfall runs musically down a stone wall to the koi pond, where brightly colored fish have been multiplying rapidly in the fruitful atmosphere.

"It's really going to be a garden spot," he muses. "Eventually I want to have exotic birds here and there, a little flora and a little fauna." He stops and savors the thought for a moment, then he says, "Yeah—the Love Foundation."

"So far we have supported some local causes like the Santa Barbara Symphony and a prison project in Lompoc. We've helped the Save the Children Federation, which celebrated its fiftieth anniversary this year. We get requests, everything from a musician who wants a certain instrument and can't afford it, all the way to someone who wants a scholarship to go to a particular school."

It was pure chance that led Love to this idyllic spot overlooking the ocean. "I was passing through Santa Barbara, and they told me, 'There's this great place for sale.' I walked down the driveway and saw the ocean there and all these pine trees... I rented the house that day, and moved in that night with just a sleeping bag. I was so excited I couldn't sleep."

"This was a garage," he adds, gesturing around the spacious office carpeted in beige plush. "We're still remodeling."

Love turns from the window and walks back to his chair. He adjusts the calendar spread out on his desk, on which his engagements for the next six months are recorded in an elegant calligraphy. He picks up a pencil and twirls it, stares at it thoughtfully.

"I think about the future a lot, and I feel I have pretty good perceptions after meditating several thousand hours. My profession has been music and it will become films, because of the audio-visual convergence that is happening."

"I think the technical capacity to do an infinite variety of sounds, both natural

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DIA





Crime and violence overwhelmed California in the wake of the gold rush. Even our own Santa Barbara suffered a reign of terror in the

DECADE OF THE DESPERADO

**By Walker A. Tompkins
Illustrations by LaMar Rowbury**

SANTA BARBARA HISTORY BUFFS addicted to wild and woolly Western lore can travel 1,500 miles to visit the saloon in South Dakota where Wild Bill Hickok was murdered in 1876. They can cross the desert to Tombstone, Arizona, to gaze in wonder at the O.K. Corral where Wyatt Earp shot it out with the Clanton gang in 1881. Or they can find equal melodrama without leaving Santa Barbara—if gunfights, sheriffs, outlaw gangs, and hang-rope posses are what it takes to give them a thrill.

Historians refer to the 1850s as California's "decade of the desperado," a period of anarchy spawned by the gold rush of '49 that brought an influx of hardened criminals from all over the world. Some wound up in placid Santa Barbara as refugees from the harsh justice being meted out by kangaroo courts along the mother lode camps, or the vigilantes' lynch law aimed at cleaning up San Francisco's Barbary Coast.

Many of the bandits who preyed on miners and cattle buyers traveling El Camino Real were native Californians motivated by a lust for revenge against the Yankees who had seized their homeland. Celebrities among this Spanish-speaking fraternity were Tiburcio Vasquez, Salomon Pico, and five different

outlaws named Joaquin, whose collective depredations melded into a best-selling dime novel of 1853 entitled *The Adventures of Joaquin Murieta, the Robin Hood of El Dorado*.

The five Joaquins—take your pick of surnames Carrillo, Ocamarenia, Valenzuela, Botillen, or Murieta—operated mostly in the northern gold camps of the Sierra Nevada. But local legends insist that Joaquin Murieta had a hideout in the Ortega adobe in the Arroyo Hondo between Refugio and Gaviota, and often attended fandangos under the Big Grapevine in Montecito.

Plenty of documentation exists for Salomon Pico, an outlaw who left a trail of robbery and murder from San Diego to San Francisco, but mostly in central Santa Barbara County. Salomon was the black sheep of a respected family of 13 children fathered by José Dolores Pico, a don of impeccable moral fiber who was a cousin of Pio Pico, California's last Mexican governor.

A dedicated Yankee hater, Salomon Pico assembled a gang and embarked on an orgy of crime. He was later idealized in fiction as "Zorro," a swashbuckling *caballero* and swordsman. Pico's favorite hideout was the Oreña hacienda in the Los Alamos Valley. It was there that Salomon is reputed to have presented a female admirer with a necklace that at first glance seemed fabricated from dried apricots. The *señorita* swooned when closer inspection revealed the necklace was a string of human ears—trophies

Left: Jack Powers and his henchmen plagued Santa Barbara in the 1850s. The cutthroat gang surprised Sheriff W.W. Twist and his posse near the corner of East Carrillo and Anacapa streets.



Pico had lopped from the heads of his gringo victims, dead or alive.

Travelers on El Camino Real used a shortcut over the Purísima Hills, identified on modern maps as Drum Canyon Road. It linked the town of Los Alamos with the Santa Ynez River and the Buellton-Lompoc highway. The northern exit of this cutoff is *La Cañada de las Calaveras*, or the Canyon of the Skulls. The grisly nomenclature has its genesis in Pico's habit of lying in wait for travelers, killing them from ambush, and leaving their bones for the coyotes to scatter.

Salomon Pico and his swashbuckling gang were finally driven out of California. Reportedly executed for his sins in Baja California in 1860, Salomon was important enough in Santa Barbara history to have left his name on two county landmarks—Mount Solomon, a 1,338-foot peak overlooking the Orcutt oil field, and Solomon Canyon, traversed by the 101 freeway to Santa Maria.

BY FAR THE MOST SINISTER California desperado was an Irishman named Jack Powers, who made the Casa de la Guerra in Santa Barbara his base of operations during his career of banditry. Described by contemporary writers as a handsome, swashbuckling devil—adored by women and envied by men—Powers was born in Ireland in 1827 and came to New York with his parents in 1836. During his adolescence Powers acquired skills in horsemanship and gambling. He would put both of them to profitable use after he settled in California.

Jack was 19 in the summer of 1846 when war broke out between the United States and Mexico. In New York City, Colonel J.D. Stevenson was busy recruiting the First Regiment of New York Volunteers for occupation of California.

Jack Powers, ripe for adventure as he closed out his teenage years, enlisted in Stevenson's regiment along with hundreds of roughnecks and hoodlums gathered from the gutters of the Bowery and Hell's Kitchen. Before their 162-day voyage around the Horn ended at the Golden Gate, Powers had won his sergeant's stripes in Company F, the unit Colonel Stevenson assigned to occupy the sleepy little seaside town of Santa Barbara.

Not long after the American troops pitched their tents around the San Carlos Hotel (Piccadilly Square now occupies the site), the young *caballeros* of Santa Barbara challenged them to a horse race on East Beach. Don José de la Guerra, the town's wealthiest Spanish citizen, loaned

the Yankees fine horses from his abundant supply. The Californians, who prided themselves as being among the world's finest horsemen, expected to humiliate the *Yanquis* in competition. To their utter shock and disbelief, handsome, black-bearded Jack Powers won race after race—the city slicker from Manhattan! From then on, Sergeant Powers commanded the respect of everyone, and de la Guerra offered him a job training horses and managing his stables as soon as the regiment was mustered out of service.

The American victory in the Mexican War brought deactivation of Stevenson's regiment in the fall of 1848. Coming on the heels of the war, the discovery of gold triggered the greatest mass migration in world history. Most of Stevenson's soldiers hurried off to the Sierra Nevada mining camps, including Jack Powers. But Powers found mining a hard and usually unrewarding occupation. Before long he discovered it was easier to use dice and playing cards to separate successful miners from their hard-earned gold dust and nuggets.

Heading for San Francisco on a riverboat, Powers amassed more than \$175,000 in poker and roulette winnings, which he planned to take back to New York to finance a business venture. Unfortunately, Powers's luck changed, and by the time his boat reached the embarcadero his fortune had dwindled, ending forever his dream of becoming a New York entrepreneur.

By his twenty-first birthday Jack Powers had sensed that gambling was not the best way to acquire wealth. Vastly more lucrative was highway robbery, as demonstrated almost daily by the five Joaquins, Tiburcio Vasquez, and Salomon Pico.

Powers's entry into a life of crime began when he aligned himself with the notorious "Hounds," a band of hoodlums who were terrorizing San Francisco's tenderloin district. This led to his arrest in a vigilante roundup and a narrow escape from the hangman's noose.

Powers retreated to beautiful Santa Barbara and accepted the de la Guerra family's offer of honest employment as groom and trainer of their horses. Don José owned five huge land grants, including the San Julian, Los Alamos, Cuyama, and the Simi and Las Posas ranchos near San Buenaventura. For a man about to enter a secret life of crime, being employed by Santa Barbara's most prestigious family provided a perfect cover of respectability. It also gave Pow-

ers an excuse to be away from town without arousing suspicion, and supplied an unlimited number of fast horses for getaways following robberies.

Powers gathered a band of outlaws around him, including several veterans of Company F. His chief lieutenants were John Vidal and Patrick Dunne. In the following months this unholy triumvirate plotted and carried out innumerable highway robberies, never leaving behind enough evidence to implicate them. Skull Canyon south of Los Alamos, Salomon Pico's favorite haunt, became the scene of so many of Powers's holdups that years later it was known as "Jack Powers' Graveyard."

Santa Barbara's Yankee population idolized Powers, but in order to maintain a position of political power it was vital that Powers have the support of the Californios and Chumash minority. This he achieved with the accidental cooperation of Domingo Alisos, an Indian who had stabbed another Indian in a fit of rage. Domingo was tried, found guilty of murder, and sentenced to be hanged in the town plaza on December 17, 1853.

Powers circulated a petition begging Governor John Bigler to commute Domingo's sentence to life imprisonment, and sent a special messenger to carry it to Sacramento. Meanwhile a gallows platform arose in the plaza fronting the Casa de la Guerra, alongside the site of today's city hall.

When the fateful December 17 dawned, no reply had come from the governor's office. This left Sheriff W.W. Twist with no option. He loaded a pine coffin onto an ox cart, placed his handcuffed prisoner atop the coffin, and made his way to the waiting gallows where a sullen throng was on hand to see Twist adjust the dreaded hangman's noose and black hood on Domingo. Padre Sanchez of the old mission, the attending priest, asked the traditional question: did the condemned man have any last words?

Domingo fingered his tattered *pantalones* and muttered that he hated to go to his grave in such shabby attire.

This gave the flamboyant Jack Powers a perfect opportunity to make points with the peons. "Sheriff," he shouted, "you will delay this hanging one hour, I will have a tailor outfit this poor man with the proper clothing to meet his Maker."

Sheriff Twist agreed. In due time Domingo reappeared on the gallows platform, decked out in a new black suit of fine material, paid for by Jack Powers. At this the crowd—led by Powers—began chanting, "Don't hang him!" The



Above: Two steps on the road to freedom, local stage robber Dick Fellows ended his career in crime forever.

sheriff, who had no stomach for his grisly chore, announced he would take a voice vote to see whether Domingo's execution should be delayed until the arrival of the overdue steamer from San Francisco, in case Governor Bigler's courier might be aboard with a pardon or commutation of sentence. The vote appeared unanimous.

The postponement proved most fortuitous for Domingo Alisos. The next day J.M. Covarrubias arrived by steamer, bearing a commutation of the Indian's sentence from death to ten years imprisonment. Domingo, receiving the news in his jail cell, proclaimed Jack Powers a savior sent from heaven—and from that moment forward the charismatic young Irish ex-soldier could write his own ticket in Santa Barbara. He soon proved this by virtually taking control of Santa Barbara's common council. Kate Den Bell, a child at the time, wrote in her memoirs, *Swinging the Censer*:

"The splendid, idle Forties vanished, ushering in the perilous, soul-trying Fif-

ties. Like a plague, the refuse of the earth was dumped on California. Every town had its quota of gangsters, cutthroats and defiant law-breakers. . . . To Santa Barbara came the handsome, magnetic Jack Powers, with his lawless 'Band of Five,' a mere handful, but our town surrendered without protest, and its dark, disgraceful days were begun."

Mrs. Bell was in an especially favorable position to assess Jack Powers's true character since her father, Don Nicolás A. Den of Dos Pueblos Rancho, was the first Barbareño of prominence to recognize the Irish ex-sergeant for the arch villain he was. However, Mrs. Bell's unfavorable opinion was not shared by the elite of San Francisco, who had lionized Powers ever since he won a \$5,000 purse by riding 24 relay horses 150 miles on a measured track in a record six hours, 43 minutes and 31 seconds, at a time when horse racing was the leading fad of Bay City bluebloods.

Powers was also popular in Los

Angeles, where he was the overlord of the gambling element and a folk hero to all. Major Horace Bell (no relation to Kate) in his *Reminiscences of a Ranger*, published in 1881, made this fulsome appraisal of Jack Powers's character:

"Jack was a great gambler and when he walked through a crowd it was with the air of a lion walking among rats. Gifted with mental qualities of the highest order, with the manners of a true gentleman, with a form and face physically perfect, with a boldness and dash that made him a leader among men, Jack Powers . . . made his influence felt at the state capital, where he was held in high esteem by a succession of governors. . . . At San Francisco he was the acknowledged peer of the most prominent, and had he aspired to political preferment, he could have chosen between a seat in the U.S. Congress and the helm of state."

Other forms of crime besides highway robbery came under Powers's study. He knew there was an untapped source of

riches waiting to be harvested by driving cheap cattle from the southern "cow counties" to the northern mining camps, where men gladly paid \$20 for a one-pound beefsteak. Countless unbranded cattle roamed the thousand hills south of the Tehachapis; Santa Barbara County alone grazed more than 250,000 head.

Powers conceived a daring idea: why not stage the greatest cattle-rustling coup in frontier history? He could drive the stolen herd to the Sierra Nevada mining camps, sell it, and return for more. There were 40 Mexican ranchos in Santa Barbara County. Powers set his sights on the 35,500-acre College Ranch in the Santa Ynez Valley, deeded in 1804 for the support of a seminary near Mission Santa Inés, which was now in a state of decay following secularization in the 1830s.

Assembling a crew of loyal Indian *vaqueros*, Powers rode over San Marcos Pass to the College Ranch and began a giant cattle roundup. He was apparently unaware that the Catholic church had leased the ranch and its livestock to Nicolás Den, who also operated the nearby San Marcos Ranch.

Den, who like Powers was a native of Ireland, got word of the illicit rodeo going on north of the mountains. Den

stormed over Refugio Pass with a heavily armed posse of cowboys from Dos Pueblos Ranch and surprised the Powers gang at Mission Santa Inés. Powers, an experienced gambler, assessed the odds for surviving a confrontation with Den's superior force, and decided to surrender the cattle he had gathered, cattle that Den himself could now drive north and sell for a fantastic profit.

Den left his foreman, Tom Meehan, in charge of the crew guarding the herd, and returned to Dos Pueblos. Powers, hungry for vengeance, left his henchmen John Vidal and Patrick Dunne to keep Den's foreman under surveillance.

A week later Meehan headed over Refugio Pass for supplies. When he reached the summit he was ambushed on what is now part of Ronald Reagan's Rancho del Cielo. Vidal rode into Santa Barbara and surrendered to the law, claiming he shot Meehan in self-defense. A venal judge, not daring to incur Powers's wrath, acquitted Vidal and turned him loose. Meehan's corpse revealed the foreman had 30 bullet holes in his back while his guns reposed unfired in their holsters. When confronted with this evidence, the Santa Barbara judge only shrugged.

For some time Powers had nursed a

yen to go into ranching himself. The land he picked out was 160 acres in the canyon of San Roque Creek known as the Arroyo Burro. This area was part of the mission lands that King Carlos III of Spain allocated to Mission Santa Barbara in the late 1700s. In 1843, a decade after the secularization of the California missions, the Arroyo Burro was leased by Don Nicolás Den and his brother Richard Den of Los Angeles, as Powers well knew.

In the early 1850s land titles in California were in a chaotic state. Mexican whose families had lived on property for generations were evicted because they could not provide written proof of title. Yankees moved in, including squatters who in many cases obtained title to valuable ranchos simply by living on the land after driving off the Mexican owners.

Jack Powers decided the title to Arroyo Burro might well be wrested from Den's control through squatter's rights, which would take many years to resolve in litigation. He and his gang moved in and built an adobe house on the flats downstream from Stevens Park in San Roque Canyon.

Nicolás Den filed for a writ of ejectment on Powers. Sheriff Twist was not so foolhardy to try to serve the papers



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single-handed. Instead, Twist issued a summons for a *posse comitatus* to accompany him on his mission.

At that time the sheriff resided in the Aguirre Adobe, the town's largest Spanish mansion dating from the 1830s. Torn down in 1886, it stood near the corner of East Carrillo and Anacapa streets.

At nine o'clock on the morning appointed for the serving of the writ on Powers, more than 200 mounted horsemen gathered in front of Twist's home. Someone brought a small brass cannon from the ruins of the Royal Presidio for use in bombarding Powers's adobe fort should the squatters decide to hole up for a siege.

Just as Sheriff Twist appeared in his doorway, armed to the teeth, a clatter of hoofbeats sounded from the direction of State Street. Historian Michael Philips, in his history of Santa Barbara, reported, "Jack Powers' gang dashed up at full gallop, circling and whirling about the sheriff's residence, shouting defiance and firing their guns."

The posse refused to retreat, and all hell broke loose. When a Powers henchman named "Little Mickey" lassoed the town's cannon as if to drag it off to the Arroyo Burro, he was shot by one of Twist's men. A Californian named Alejo Leyva sprang to the doorstep of the Aguirre house and stabbed Twist in the back. Even as he slumped, the sheriff shot Leyva dead. In the general melee a stray bullet killed John Vidal, the unpunished killer of Den's foreman Tom Meehan.

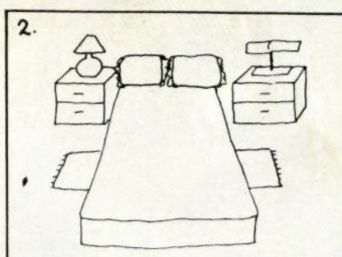
Powers and his outnumbered gang turned tail and headed for their bastion in the Arroyo Burro. With their leader lying bleeding on his doorstep, the posse did not rally to pursue the gang for several minutes, by which time Powers reached the coast road to the Goleta Valley. Near State Street and Las Positas Road the outlaws veered north, fording San Roque Creek at what is now the 100 block of North Ontare Road. They were safe in their adobe stronghold by the time the first of the 200-man posse came in view down the canyon.

Powers stuck a stovepipe through a window of his ranch house and aimed it like a cannon barrel on a centuries-old sycamore tree where the trail crossed San Roque Creek. (The candelabra-shaped sycamore is still standing at 135 North Ontare Road, officially identified as Powers's "deadline tree" in 1938 by county surveyor Owen H. O'Neill.)

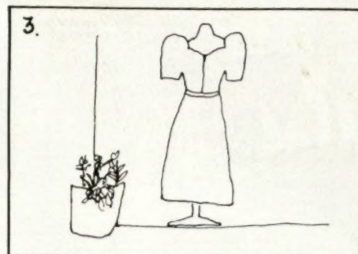
As the posse slowed for the creek



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crossing, a bullet whizzed overhead...
Jack Powers' voice reached the...
men's ears. "We've got a man who's...
own mind at you customer. He's...
man to ride past that customer in a...
man!"

The posse came to a halt. They...
riding that they could see...
house on the flat ahead, and...
passed to be the middle of a...
cannon protruding from a...
riders wheeled and...
weren't saloons on...
could down their...
ment in appearance.

Sheriff...
wounds, but by the...
again no one would...
hazardous duty. The...
remained in...
are remained in...
ranch.

The...
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Santa Barbara life. When...
laid in the town's...
had sent for U.S. Marine...
Powers gang, the...
disappeared.

Powers...
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to San Francisco. He...
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Committee of Vigilance...
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Barbara, pushing...
newspaper of the...
The last stage...



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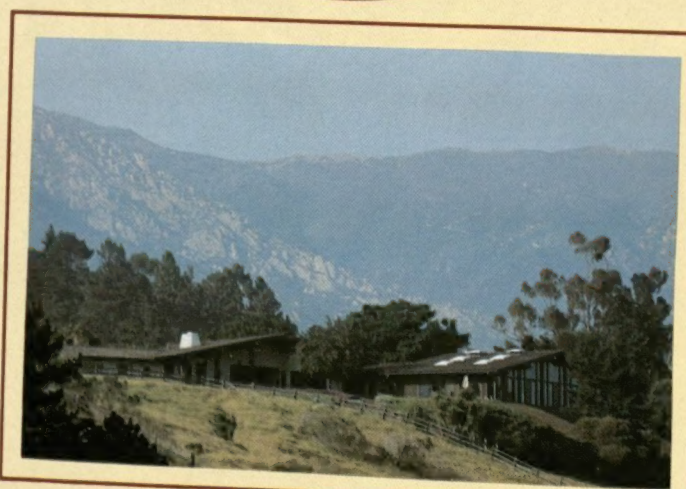
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stands out from the rest was Dick Fellows, central actor in a long-running *opéra bouffe*. Stagecoach robbery is no laughing matter, but Fellows's escapades were worthy of a Laurel and Hardy comedy. Historian Joseph Henry Jackson said in *Tintypes in Gold* that Dick Fellows was "the most unsuccessful bandit that ever roamed California's highways." It must be admitted, however, that Fellows was a veritable genius when it came to breaking out of jail.

Physically, Fellows was a handsome man with a luxuriant curly black beard. He was born in Kentucky in 1846. Baptised Richard Perkins, early in his life of crime out West he went by the alias of George B. Lytle, which he soon changed to Richard Fellows, the name carved on his tombstone in the paupers' cemetery at Folsom.

Fellows first appeared on the public record January 31, 1870, when he was booked into San Quentin Penitentiary after committing a felony up north. He was captured because his getaway horse tossed him over a cliff, breaking his leg and making him easy prey for a following posse. While serving time at San Quentin, Fellows became the prison librarian and organized a Sunday Bible class among the inmates. Fellows's conduct was so exemplary that in the spring of 1874 Governor Newton Booth granted him an unconditional pardon and restored him to full citizenship.

Having rejoined society, the supposedly rehabilitated Fellows soon reverted to his larcenous ways and began holding up Wells Fargo stages again. He achieved several successful getaways when the express box yielded him little or no booty, but when he made a big haul, as he once did in the Los Alamos Valley, Fellows was obliged to abandon his loot because he was thrown from the saddle and forced to flee on foot.

Fellows's ongoing ineptitude on horseback finally led to his capture north of Santa Barbara where he was tried and convicted and sent back to San Quentin to serve an eight-year sentence. Fellows reactivated his Sunday-school class, regained his job in the prison library, and after serving five years was again freed early for good behavior in May of 1881.

This time Fellows apparently made a sincere effort to go straight. He was now 35, and had finally decided that his total lack of equestrian skill made it impossible to succeed at highway robbery. He opened a Spanish language school in Santa Cruz. Inasmuch as Fellows's Spanish vocabulary was limited to a few

staples such as *amigo*, *señor*, *mañana*, *muchas gracias*, and *viva la fiesta*, his school soon folded for lack of patronage, so back he went to brigandage.

Early on in his career Dick Fellows fell in love with Santa Barbara. Disguised as a hobo, he worked his way south, robbing stages and highway travelers en route. Back in the Los Alamos Valley he had the misfortune to hold up a coach carrying a deputy sheriff who recognized him. Because Fellows had made off with a sack of mail, an all-points bulletin was issued for his arrest and conviction.

Pursued by federal marshals, Fellows fled toward San Francisco. On the outskirts of San Jose he hid overnight in a farmer's barn, burrowing into a haymow to stay warm. In keeping with Fellows's comic opera destiny, he hid himself in the precise spot where the next morning a

farmer jabbed his pitchfork to get hay for his livestock.

Held in custody in San Jose, Fellows was picked up by Santa Barbara sheriff Charles Sherman. He stood trial, was found guilty, and sentenced to Folsom Prison for a life term as a habitual criminal and third-time loser.

Waiting for a steamer to return him to San Francisco, Fellows found himself in solitary confinement in the Santa Barbara County jail, which at that time was at the corner of Anapamu and Anacapa streets on the site of the Anacapa Arch of today's courthouse.

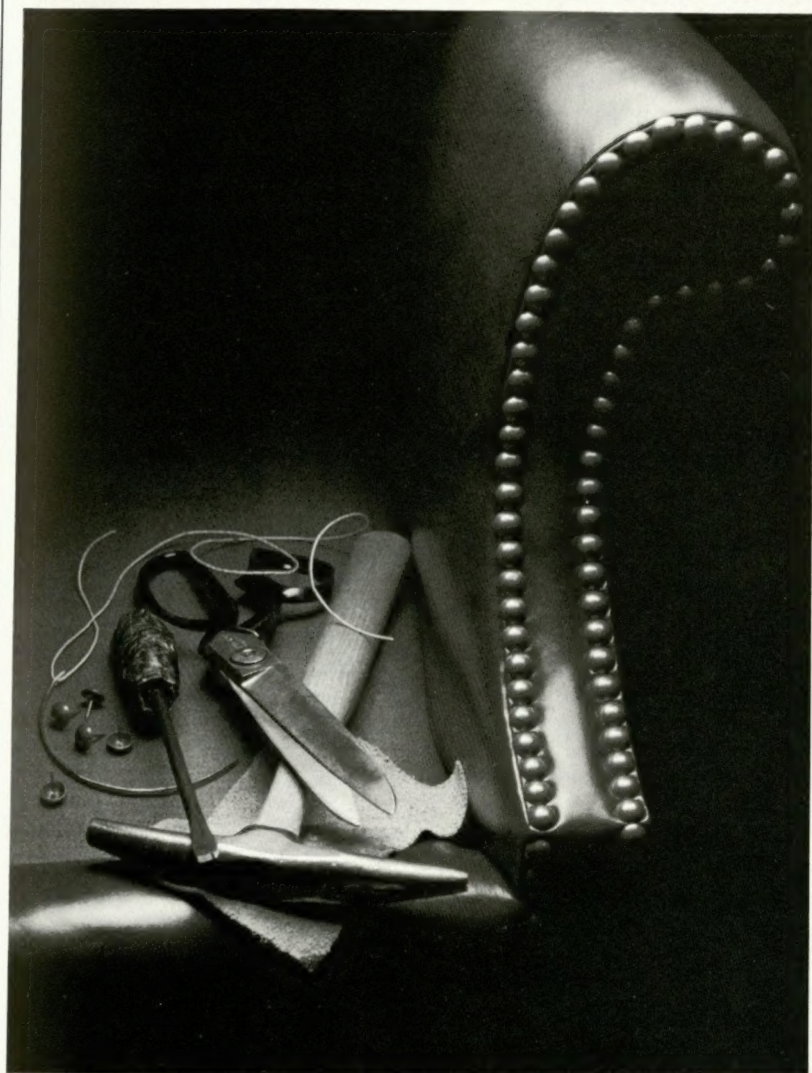
As afore noted, Fellows had developed a great talent for breaking jail, which he now proceeded to demonstrate. Perching himself on a high shelf alongside his cell door, when his jailer came with a supper tray Fellows pounced

down on his shoulders, knocking him to the floor. Fellows snatched the jailer's pistol from its holster, knocked the man out, and departed the jailhouse just as the sun touched the rim of the Mesa bluffs.

Fellows looked left and right through the dusk and saw, at the corner of State and Micheltorena streets, a horse grazing in an unfenced pasture. In view of his abysmal record with the equine species, fugitive Fellows should have known better; but the temptation was too great. That horse was his passport to freedom and another chance to go straight.

No one saw Fellows dart over to the pasture and untie the horse's picket rope from its stake, coil it neatly, and spring aboard. There was one salient detail about the animal that Fellows would learn immediately, but too late. The

Continued on page 74



Pictured above: Detail of a magnificent Drexel Heritage leather Wing Chair. Available at Garrett's Drexel Heritage.

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